

Xentrix "Incite"

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I am the one your prophets speak of as a curse
Defile my name among the righteous
The vibe I'm giving out is something you conceive as
violation
Cling onto icons made of bone

I fight your false opinions
Destroy with war of nerve
Grip life and strength within me
Until the pain returns
Rise, Erase
Distort a million reasons to despise
A million hollow outlets for your lies
My degradation your stepping stone
This discharge I can take, immune to poison ideals
freeborn

I fight your false
Redress, reanimate the lifeless wills of men
Rejuvenate as one with strength of ten
To take their place in a sick society
And heal from inside lame, afflicted country torn

I fight your false...

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