

Brimstone

"King Of My Kind"

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For idiots life
Seems to be a game
A constant hunt
For grace and fame
I hear them laugh
And I think to myself
My life was meant
For something else
My throne is made of heresy
I detest your faith
My mind is filled with contempt
And burning hate

I am an uncrowned king
Of them human race
We are the masters
And you are all our slaves

For someones life
Seems to be a dream
Feeble minded losers
With no self esteem
I see them fail
And pride fills my mind
I am a king of my kind

King of my kind
My throne is made of heresy
I detest your faith
My mind is filled with contempt
And burning hate

I am an uncrowned king
Of the human race
We are the masters
And you are all our slaves

Maggots!

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