

Revamp "The Trial Of Monsters"

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He is a man with no soul
For he must have sold it years ago
Laws don't apply to him anymore

On top of the world, he guides those who will listen or
else your death's a fact
With or against him; choose your game, choose his
game!

Fall!
The fall of a tyrant, his loss
Soon it breaks him
The trial of this monster. Our fight.
Soon will crack him

Words are binding, deeds talk
Such clear language when your life's at stake
While he's immune for every threat

Battered, disgraced but still strong
Even violence won't break all of us
And even gods get what they gave; they'll have it all!

And we see a proud man fall
Victim's triumph
Burn it all; every memory he turned black
Every ally turned against
He, the man who reigned them all
Prove his guilt, confirm his fall
Innocent till proven wrong
End this nightmare, hear my song, hear our cry!

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