

Solido

"Believe"

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In this land of the pious
Deceiving one of small mind
Controlled as if - as if the devils tools

I see a horizon - the armies align
Prey upon the weak - twisting their feeble minds
Riding down - a sickend sort takes the reigns and
dominates

[CHORUS]

Pray to your hands for salvation/bend your cross to fit
your ways
We are a species beaten by ignorance
Misguided fools lost in a shell
An open eye soon extinguished
The blind lead the blind
As we chase our death

I believe - in only myself/the dark shall grow/in the end

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