

# Whitechapel

## "Exalt"

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I have no patience for a cowardly prejudice  
What's done is done and what's dead is dead  
I have my colony united for commemoration, listen  
My proposal slowly manifested  
Pleading as if I care for a worthless excuse  
Imminent I am to a victory  
All who deny, shall burn alive  
No time for weak states of mind  
So wake up  
His awakening is near  
The stipulation is obvious  
Kneel before me or be cast down  
How I hope you feel the magnitude  
Kneel before me or be cast down  
How oblivious could one be  
Humiliated are the false allies  
Infidel, into the fiery depths you go  
Bring me the head of treachery and greed  
I won't let this escape my grasp  
No time for weak states of mind  
I have no patience for a cowardly prejudice  
So wake up

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