

Prozzak

"Aryan Man Awake"

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When the man who plows the fields is driven from his lands. When the carpenter must give away what he's built with his own hands. When a mother's only children belong to her no more. And black masked men with guns come bashing down the doors. Where freedom exists for only those with darker skin. Where lies and propaganda will never let you win. Where symbols of your heritage are held with such contempt, and benefits of country 'cept tax are you exempt .

Aryan man awake, How much more will you take, Turn that fear to hate, Aryan man awake.

Can you see how they lie to warp your daughter's minds? Can you let your sons be trodden down or held behind? Can you apologize for things you did not do, and leave this battle that we fight to the proud and the few? What will it take for you to waken to the truth? What will it take for you to remember your own youth? What will you give up to help this worthy Cause, and strike with force and fury, without a single pause?

What will it take for you to remember your own folk? What will it take for you to break that heavy yoke? Why do you still cast your eyes downward to the ground? Worry lest what you say have prejudicial sound. Who will stand beside us when the war begins? Who will run and hide their heads and wait to see who wins? Who will face the end and watch a Valkyrie ride forth To join the gods and fallen stormtroopers of the North?

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