

Slaughter of the Soul

At the Gates

Never again
On your forced illusions to choke
You feed off my pain
Feed off my life

There won't be another dawn
We will reap as we have sown

Always the same
My tired eyes have seen enough
Of all your lies
My hate is blind

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We will reap as we have sown

Slaughter of the soul
Suicidal final art
Children - born of sin
Tear your soul apart

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