

# Serve Your Masters

Hatebreed

I've heard them all say the road to hell is paved  
With intentions of the good at heart  
Their morals keep them watching  
Redemption is flaunted  
But temptation is so hard to ward off

Hell, is the grin of the sadist preacher  
Hell, the taste of every sin and vice  
Hell, the eyes of the obedient masses  
At the bottom's where you'll  
Dwell and smile like the smug entitled  
Dwell among the waste in exile  
Dwell with the needle in your fucking arm

You serve your master well  
Now serve your master in hell

Flesh needs flesh  
Blood needs blood  
Have you served your masters well enough  
Lust needs lust  
Hate needs hate  
You live in the hell you create

You serve your masters so well

Their nightmares are made of songs hell's choir sings  
The screams of the damned so clear  
The rivers of fire, oceans of blood  
Will pale in comparison to here

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