

Slaves to the slaughter
Marching on to your death
Like a cannonery of beast angels
On the bones of a million dead
Through the womb of night
Into nuclear fire storms
Neuro-active limbic death
Vengeance be fulfilled

Primus tyrant
Nuclear retributionist
War-smith despoiler
Wickedness for the wickeds sake
Ever forward
Sworm in a code... a code of blood
Rend them asunder
Drinking deep of victory... of victory!

Torn into bloody ruins
I want your hands on a plate

Slaves to the slaughter
It is carnifies in the flesh
A steel-clad mass of evil
Heretic dogs & nuclear hearts
Through curtains of atomic death
I can smell your fear
Crested in fields of fire
Screaming blindly into hell

Primus tyrant
Nuclear retributionist
War-smith despoiler
Wickedness for the wickeds sake
Ever forward
Sworm in a code of blood
Rend them asunder
Drinking deep of victory

Torn into bloody ruins
I want your hands on a plate