

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