

Chaos In The Flesh

Asphyx

Moving forward, driven by speed
This instrument is made by hardened steel
Its goal is to crush with a fiendish power
Remorse is a term abolished for ages

The tracks are revelling in soil and flesh
When its mouth roars, it's spreading lead
Destruction, pain, sorrow and death
Complete is the diabolical pact

Stare into the eyes of chaos
Initiation by fire, giving birth to terror
Kill after kill, ornaments to adjust
Silver skulls, grateful as they laugh

Building up an intense speed
Wastelands made of blood and flesh
Opposing the black beast has no chance
Fire-spitting image destroys the land

Stare into the eyes of chaos
Initiation by fire, giving birth to terror
Kill after kill, ornaments to adjust
Silver skulls, grateful as they laugh

Grim is chaos in human flesh
Sickened thoughts, brutalized act
Black/white crosses, driven by hate