

Pounded into Dust

Cannibal Corpse

Forces of hate meet
Gather for the siege
Encircling their foe
The raid begins
Their revenge is sought
Through violence, smashing, killing, stabbing, pounding
Iron weapons clash
Evil warriors strike
Hammers cracking skulls
Axes chopping heads
Their revenge is now
Through violence, crushing, maiming, hacking, pounding

Blood soaks the ground
In their own, they will drown
Surrounded by disgust
Pounded into dust

Battle rages on
Bleeding wounded scream
Clubs shatter bones
Swords sever limbs
Their blind rage compels
Their frenzy, bloodlust, madness, burning, hatred
Berzerkers overwhelm
Defenders run in fear
No prisoners today
The end is near
Their blind rage endless
No mercy lay waste, wipe out, kill them, kill them

Their struggle to defend
The attack will never end
Surrounded by disgust
Pounded into dust

The captured will be crucified as a warning to the rest
When the killing is completed the city will be burned
Their way of life will be destroyed, no trace of them remains

Annihilate
They lay waste
Eradicate
Victory for their hatred, fury, raging, pounding

[solo-O'Brien]

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