

Abattoir de la Mort

Manilla Road

Hear the thunder and roar of the crowd each night
Drawing magik from the soul
In the circle of friends the lightning strikes
Into the labyrinth we shall go

We shall emerge from the flames

In the padded chamber of the lab
Built upon our blood and bones
We have sacrificed upon the slab
Opened gates to the unknown

We shall emerge from the flames

We have come from the negative veils
To wield the steel refrain
In the chambers the Old Ones are hailed
The slaughterhouse of pain

Death can be the life of thee
Rise above the flames

From the taste of the blood in my mouth
I know that I am evil
Dark the deeds we have done in this house
L'abattoir de Mort

Death can be the life of thee
Rise above the flames

In this grindhouse of slaughter and sound
We reach for glory's light
Spill the blood upon Crom's holy mound
Spin tales of honor's fight

You can see the majesty
Look inside the flames

Morbid dreams mystic tomes of the gods
The muses are to blame
In the quest for the chord that was lost
One tends to go insane

Kill us and we'll rise again
Out of the hell hence we came
We shall emerge from the flames

From the taste of the blood in my mouth
I know that I am evil
Dark the deeds we have done in this house
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