

# Slaughterhouse

Manilla Road

The fires burn red,  
Like hell's inferno  
In The Slaughterhouse

The chainsaws roar,  
In deadly thunder  
In The Slaughterhouse

Destined to kill  
He slays at will  
The murderer,  
Of a thousand faces

Maddened to rage  
Feet in the grave  
Living off flesh,  
Of the victims he has slain

In The Slaughterhouse

No guest is safe,  
From bloody torture  
In The Slaughterhouse

There is no place,  
You can call safe  
Inside this house,  
Is a realm of Chaos

Enter and die  
House of black light  
Butcher of life,  
Could have you under the knife

In The Slaughterhouse

The corpses rot,  
Decapitated  
In The Slaughterhouse