

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