

Slaves Beyond Death

Thy Art Is Murder

Slaves, slaves beyond death
Pain, can you feel the pain hiding under your breath
Slaves, slaves beyond death
Pain, can you feel the pain hiding under your breath

It never lets go, overwhelming suffering
Piles of pointless possessions
They smother all hope for serenity
The hunted find no seclusion
In a landscape constructed to crash
The final collection of wealth and worth
Herds of servitude reduced to ash

All that is yours is but a waste
A life of selfishness and disgrace
Time trials, failure recycles
Existence that bears no weight
Too fucking late, no hope for a world of

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A life of no consequence, is now your fucking death sentence
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It never lets go, the mouth of the leech
Drawing out the lifeblood
Salivating for the taste of treachery
The hunted find no seclusion
In a landscape constructed to crash
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Herds of servitude reduced to ash

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