

Feedback, Blood, And Distortion

Toxic Holocaust

A burst of confusion rocks your mind
As the shadows from the warhead fills the sky
Endless rioting of the masses
as we heed Satan's call
as we fan the flames higher
and disintegrate you all.

The blood of the victims drench the walls
But every night they still fill the halls
Coming for the chaos to witness and partake
in the fight for their lives
and the wall of sonic hate.

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In the gutter we're fighting for our lives
Our metal weapons gleaming in the night
Your fate is in our hands
your funeral's just begun
as the weak are cast aside
and the soldiers are marching on

An overdose of death...