

## 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...