

Day of the Butcher

Tysondog

God damn your feeble existance
May your souls rot & burn in hell
God damn your feeble excuses
For the cause we know only too well
God help your innocent victims
You have pushed to one side on your way
And may mankind behold that your souls have been sold
And your minds have been all but decayed

You mock at the land you were born in
You scorn your own kinfolk till death
The people you claim your protecting
Repulse at the stench of your breath
But still you insist that your holy
And still you insist you must fight
Your medieval traits filled with vindictive hate
Will be slaughtered when brought to light

You torture our dignity pride & duration
As out from your holes you all leer
Like sewer rats entombed in the sewer of a nation
You guise your discomfort with fear

Smash the truth with mallets of hate
Burn the survivors before it's too late

When the heat of corruption disperses
And the heat of naivete clears
The memory of dead & disabled
Will be nurtured with acidic tears

By the time you've got what you've wanted
And you've killed till your thirst has been
Who will remain who can suffer the pain
Of being lied to & verbally drenched

In the passing of time your resources
Will diminish till no one is left
Who'll be followed by the voice of corruption
And believe that their lives are pre-set
And because you have shown us no mercy
None shall be shown in return
And the clothes you have worn will be clawed at & torn
From your backs till you sit up & learn