

At The Gates "Captor Of Sin"

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Harlots of hell spread your wings
As I penetrate your soul
Feel the fire shoot through your body
As I slip into your throne

Cast aside, do as you will
I care not how you plead
Satan's child now stalks the earth
Born from my demon seed

Hot wings of hell
Burns in my wake
Death is what you pray
Behold captor of sin

Infernal slaves of manipulation
Captive of my vice
Abandon God the helpless one
To relieve you of your plight

Subversive action will not help
It will strengthen me
I see decline in your every move
Death your final plea

Hot wings of hell
Burns in my wake
Death is what you pray
Behold captor of sin

Your skin turns to leather
I ignite your timid blood
You feel my lethal touch
As I grasp your weary soul
I'll take you down into the fire

Harlots of hell spread your wings
As I penetrate your soul
Feel the fire shoot through your body
As I slip into your throne

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