

Angel Morbid "Dominate"

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Weak aside - no place for those our struggle
Leaves behind
Our Lord won't tolerate those whom through
Attrition fall

We must dominate!

With iron through our veins and a will made so elite
Hunting for our daily bread and the sinister close in
sight
Hunger always drives the beast and the women fall
prey.

Leading all the wonders to certain fate
Another victim reviled

I'm staring at you through the eyes of the wolf
Tell me who is going to save you now!

Animal senses ever alert
Praise be to the father-war
As a servant I am serving myself and I bathe in
anticipation
Unless you taste it you could never know
All the power our Lord bestows
With a bow and a kiss profane
Be a victor or be a victim.

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