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Black Mountain ''Slaves''

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Like the wicked rule the weak Like all conquerors have their keep I'll tear my marks into your arms Paralyzed but still you're charmed Like the great white circles it's prey I rise above their deceiving ways Liars...

Your hollow words play a hollow tune

My eyes fueled the flames As i'm dancing, on your grave

Like the great white circles it's prey Desert sands, mourning souls... I'll tear my marks into your arms Paralyzed yet still you're charmed Like the wicked rule the weak Like all conquerors have their keep Liars... your hollow words play a hollow tune

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