

## **Destroy Destroy Destroy "The Berserker's Field Of Whores"**

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The smell of murder runs down your filthy thighs  
A martyr's not a martyr if he doesn't fucking die  
You can't go slow with it  
Your ribs will show with it  
Your skin will rip off leaving you exposed

The bezerker in his docile mode

His campaign of terror  
On fetal souls ungrown  
The seed of mortal wives  
To keep for his own

Slumber is the hunger for the whores he has sown  
In fields of wretched women who have sold him their  
souls  
You can't grow with them  
They're just thrown  
Into a pile that will rot and implode

I am the harvester of woe  
I live beneath this tyrants throne  
I seek for that which he throws  
To have for my own

The bezerker in his docile mode  
The bezerker in his docile mode

I'll take what is thrown from his field of whores

His campaign of terror  
On fetal souls ungrown  
The seed of mortal wives  
To keep for his own

The bezerker in his docile mode

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