

Exodus **"Impaler"**

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[Music (K. Hammett, G. Holt, T. Hunting)]

[Lyrics (P. Baloff)]

Comes from the land where night is day

The people live in fear
Been this way for oh so long

Another four thousand tears

Everyday he hunts to kill

You know he can't help himself

Same routine time after time

A way to seize the wealth

Drinking blood don't mean a thing
Life means even less

Impale your wife, slay your son
Another gory mess

Born in hell, left to die

Now out for all your blood
Living his life day to day

To stake you to the mud

What you see, he don't care
Now you bleed, start to stare

Cut you down, rip you up

Watching warm blood run

Crush your skull strike him well

When you land, just impaled

Watching warm blood run

Freshly done, there's no hope

What you see, he don't care

Now you bleed, start to stare

Freshly done, there's no hope

Watching warm blood run

Impaler!

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