

Gospel Of The Horns "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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