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Halford (Rob Halford) "Genocide"

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[Tipton/KK/Halford]

Mercenary battalions

Are poised to strike us down

Terminations conquest

Upon us now full grown

Save me my hearts open wide

Help me no question of pride

Save me my people have died

Total genocide

Devastation hungers she waits to leap to earth

Imminent liquidation

Before the grand rebirth

Sin after sin I have endured

But the wounds I bare

Are the wounds of love

Frantic mindless zombies

Grab at fleeing time

Lost in cold perplection

Waiting for the sign

Generations tremble

Clinging face to face

Helpless situation

To end the perfect race

Slashing senseless sabres

Cut us to the ground

Eager for the life blood

Of all who can be found

Slice to the left slice to the right

None to retaliate none will fight

Chopping at the hearts snuffing out the lives

This race departs and no one will survive

Heads to the feet - feet to the air

Souls in the soil heavy in despair

End of all ends bodies into dust

To greet deaths friend extinction is a must

On the rocks

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