

Manilla Road "Slaughterhouse"

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The fires burn red,
Like hell's inferno
In The Slaughterhouse

The chainsaws roar,
In deadly thunder
In The Slaughterhouse

Destined to kill
He slays at will
The murderer,
Of a thousand faces

Maddened to rage
Feet in the grave
Living off flesh,
Of the victims he has slain

In The Slaughterhouse

No guest is safe,

>From bloody torture
In The Slaughterhouse

There is no place,
You can call safe
Inside this house,
Is a realm of Chaos

Enter and die
House of black light
Butcher of life,
Could have you under the knife

In The Slaughterhouse

The corpses rot,
Decapitated
In The Slaughterhouse

