

## Scent Of Flesh "Dark Years Of Carnage"

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Behold with me  
New tragic dawn  
Another day of bloodshed  
Once again on the bloodstained earth  
Slayers we are, merciless  
Rule with the force, eternal war  
Tools of the pain, deep to your flesh

Thousands are they  
Like lambs to the slaughter  
Flesh ripping, bones crushing  
Blood floods the field we stand  
Throats open, heads falling  
Make them bleed, make them cry  
Let them suffer before they die  
Make them die

These years are gone  
For new years to come  
Dark years of carnage

Through the times, through the wars, vicious hordes  
Seek for blood in thousand battlefields  
Demonized, wrath within  
Ride into another massacre  
Genocide, lunacy  
Impure we stride  
Through the times, through wars, seek for blood  
Dishonoured destructors, messengers of the death

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