

## Slaves On Dope "Captor Of Sin"

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(hanneman/king)

Harlots of hell spread your wings  
As I penetrate your soul  
Feel the fire shoot through your body  
As I slip into your throne  
Cast aside, do as you will  
I care not how you plead  
Satan's child now stalks the earth  
Born from my demon seed

Hot winds of hell  
Burns, in my wake  
Death is what you pray,  
Behold, captor of sin

Infernal slaves of manipulation  
Captive of my vice  
Abandon god, the helpless one  
To relieve you of your plight  
Subversive action will not help  
It will strengthen me  
I see decline in your every move  
Death your final plea

Hot winds of hell  
Burns, in my wake  
Death is what you pray,  
Behold, captor of sin

Your skin turns to leather  
I ignite your timid blood  
You feel my lethal touch  
As I grasp your weary soul  
I'll take you down into the fire

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