

Slaves On Dope

"Flesh Storm"

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Take a deep breath
'Cause it all starts now
When you pull the fuckin' pin
The shrapnel burns as it tears into your skin

Ever wonder what it takes
To be questioning your faith
This is what it's like when
It happens every God damn Day

Violence is a way of life

Shards of life
Like confetti in the air
The flesh storm grows
As it breeds despair

You hear the screams
In the distance, fighting the resistance
Not cries of war
These are just the sounds of pain

It's all just psychotic devotion
Manipulated with no discretion

(Lead - Hanneman)

Killing's in style
And it's now the main event
The cameras are whores
For the daily bloodshed
Like a junkie
Hungry for a fix of anything
The media devours and feasts upon the inhumane

Violence is our way of life

It's all too fuckin clear
We can never coincide
So lets all drink to genocide
All the venomous sights

Border on the arcane
In times of war
Everything is bound by pain.

Its all just psychotic devotion
Manipulated with no discretion
Warfare knows no compassion
Thrives with no evolution
Unstable minds exacerbate
Unrest in peace.

(Lead - King)

There's no future
The world is dead
So save that last
Bullet for your head
Only the fallen have won
Because the fallen can't run
My vision's not obscure
For war there is no cure
So hear the only law
Men killing men for someone else's cause
Its all just psychotic devotion
Manipulated with no discretion
Its all just psychotic devotion
Manipulated with no discretion

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