

Slaves On Dope

"The Final Command"

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(lyrics - king; music - hanneman, king)

Screams of terror across the sea
Begging for mercy in their one final plea
Soldiers prepare to fight to the death
Fighting and killing to their very last breath
Blitzkrieg tactics of the german command
Born with the power of God in his hand
He makes his move to conquer the land
Turning all hopes of life to sand

(chorus:)

Machine gun fire, blood level higher
Visions of torture and terror to all
Ready for battle awaiting the final command

Hiding in darkness from enemies unseen
Awaiting our victory ending his dream
Cursed are the souls who defy his will
All of which are tortured and ruthlessly killed
Blitzkrieg tactics of the german command
Born with the power of God in his hand
Shocking the world with his mass devastation
He puts all his power in the trust of one nation

(chorus)

At the crack of dawn they storm again
Hunting, fighting and killing all men
The end is near our time now short
Our kingdoms have fallen as a result of his sport
Blitzkrieg tactics of the german command
Born with the power of God in his hand
Withdrawn from fighting he now takes his leave
Seeking out goals that can't be conceived

(chorus)

