

Slaughter Brute "Dictatorial Might"

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Black nights hide the horror of unholy violent days,
Coming up with a force of war,
Dictatorial rites cannot do without the gore,
A human is panic stricken and broken,
It pays with a lethal sore.

Remains of forgotten heroes are flooded within a
concrete,
Some corpses make from their selves monolith,
Tanks and machines crush it into uniform mass,
Dictatorial gaze watch this scene through the pane of
glass.

The shadows are spanned by fire,
Burning in screaming silence,
Screaming inhuman voice,
Graved by bones in the history science.

A smell of a scorched skin interlace into dance with a
death,
Tongues of flame envelop the pile of tortured flesh,
Only ash disperse through the dried grass,
Dictatorial gaze watch this scene through the pane of
glass.

A sorrowful truth is calling for us
Cannot be chosen another path,
Hanged humans are dusted such as a crust,
Time will not turn back in the past€!

The shadows are spanned by fire,
Burning in screaming silence,
Screaming inhuman voice,
Cannot be done another choice,
Dictatorial gaze need a death,
I'm watching this scene through the pane of glass.

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