

All Pigs Must Die

"Sadistic Vindicator"

Visit "[Sadistic Vindicator](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He has spoken
Rise not falter
Scythe must cut them down
They are nothing
Herds of fodder
Simple pawns of deaths cold sermon
I climb the stairs
I scale the walls
Pry open doors
I feel their breathing
Weave amongst them unrelenting
Con them as their own
Darkened spaces
Ritual graves
Simple pawns of deaths cold sermon
To take the knife to empty souls
This hymn of blood
I feel their breathing
All led up to this
Boundaries cease to exist
Slave brandish the whip
Master forced to submit
All led up to this
Womb untimely ripped
Slave brandish the whip
Master forced to submit

Visit [All Pigs Must Die](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.