

Appalachian Terror Unit **"Endless Bloodshed"**

Visit "[Endless Bloodshed](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

There's a stench in the air,
Death draws near.
Innocents scream as the warmachine starts it's gears.

A conquest of butchers,
The bodies pillied high.
So the victor can raise his sword to the sky.

The warplanes above,
Insure their banners will fly.
By releasing hellfire
Into winds of genocide.

You have been chosen
To feel deaths embrace.
So lay down your life and accept your fate.

It's your leaders command,
To take the reapers hand.
Give your life to the rulers land.

Ages of man,
With blood on their hands.
Nothing has been learned through centuries of war.

Except that soilders are meat,
And kings are swine.
From the flesh of the fallen the pigs will dine.

If they call on me,
Let it be known.
That I will take my own life before I die for the throne.

Visit [Appalachian Terror Unit](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.