

Fright

"Slaughter Blues"

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Sittin' here
My hands are reds
Blood drips all around
Stayin' here
Like in the past
Hear the dying sound
Of animals, It's all the same
Animals or humans

Slaughter Blues
Who wil survive and what will be left or them

I live the art
The art of kill
Art of bones and skin
To butcher here like in the past
Right, right, rtight into the flesh

Of animals, It's all the same
Animals or humans

Slaughter Blues
Who wil survive and what will be left or them

From face to face lifes passing by
And those who ignore still believe
Take take take their pain away
Take a look at the misery
In our better world

Slaughter Blues...

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