

Slayer

"Captor Of Sin 325"

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SLAYER - 1984 - "Haunting The Chapel"
(Hanneman/King)

Halls of Hell spread its wings as I penetrate your soul
Feel the fire shift through your body as I slip into your throne
Cast aside, do as you will, I care not how you feel
Satan's job, I snatch you up, force of my demon's seal

Hot winds of Hell
Burns, in my wake
Death is what you pray,
Behold, captor of sin

As fit of slaves, my manipulation, captive of my vice
Abandon God, thy helpless ones, to relieve you of your plight
Subversive action will not help, it will strengthen me
I see they're glad your every move, death your final plea

Hot winds of Hell
Burns, in my wake
Death is what you pray,
Behold, captor of sin

Your skin turns to never
I ignite your timid blood
You feel my lethal touch
As I grasp your will and soul
I'll take you down into the fire

Halls of Hell spread its wings as I penetrate your soul
Feel the fire shift through your body as I slip into your throne
Cast aside, do as you will, I care not how you feel
Satan's job, I snatch you up, force of my demon's seal

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