

Slayer "Final Six"

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Surrender your cloth and collar priest
There's no need for your beliefs in war
This is a place for heathens
Into that darkness fires illuminate

Grotesquely swollen by the heat
A half-burned corpse hanging naked
A stream is poisoned by the dead
In the ghostly light, debris of war

Lead us to the brink of extinction
The time has come for you now to finish it

What has man become a funeral pyre
Now that judgment's near, prepare to die
Need to suffer, lust for power
Mindless hunger never win
Final six is here, the cycle ends

I have come for you, my child
And the gift I bring is murder
Sumerian death in eastern winds
Face the father of your terror

Godless warheads wait to breathe
Set their sights on history
Distant silhouettes of the dead
Blacken face screams through the ashes

Lead us to the brink of extinction
The time has come for you now to finish it

What has man become a funeral pyre
Now that judgment's near, prepare to die
Need to suffer, lust for power
Mindless hunger never win
Final six is here, the cycle ends

Mankind owes his pain to hell
As he brings the end upon himself
Arms rising from the ashes
In the ghastly light of human flares

Berith soldiers capture souls
Shadows of human sacrifice
The return of everything that's dead
A cryptic promise from the heavens

Lead us to the brink of extinction
The time has come for you now to finish it

Dead flowers for a faceless dead
A city engulfed by the smell of the death
Bodies piled beneath the mist
Walking dead among the living

The world will bleed while horseman ride
Now that God has wept for Judas
Days are numbered, find your grave
Forever trying to escape to hell

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