

# Through The Eyes Of The Dead "Dominate"

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Weak aside - no place for those our struggle  
Leaves behind  
Our Lord won't tolerate those whom through  
Attrition fall

We must dominate!

With iron through our veins and a will made so elite  
Hunting for our daily bread and the sinister close in  
sight,  
Hunger always drives the beast and the women fall  
prey

Leading all the wanderers to certain fate  
Another victim reviled  
I'm staring at you through the eyes of the wolf  
Tell me who is going to save you now!

Animal senses ever alert  
Praise be to the father-war  
As a servant I am serving myself and I bathe in  
anticipation  
Unless you taste it you could never know  
All the power our lord bestows  
With a bow and a kiss profane  
Be a victor or be a victim

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