

Slaughter of the Soul

At the Gates

Never again
On your force fed illusions to choke
You feed off my pain
Fee off my life There won't be another dawn
We will reap as we have sown Always the same
My tired eyes have seen enough
Of all of your lies
My hate is blind There won't be another dawn
We will read as we have sewn Slaughter of the soul
Suicidal final art
Children born of sin
Tear your soul apart Always the same
My tired eyes have seen enough
Of all of your lies
My hate is blind There won't be another dawn
We will read as we have sewn Slaughter of the soul
Suicidal final art
Children born of sin
Tear your soul apart Men must attempt to develop
In themselves and their children
Liberation from the sense of self
Men must be free from boundaries, patterns and
Consistences in order to be free
To think, feel and create in new ways

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