

Behind The Crooked Cross

Slayer

Time melts away in this living inferno,
Trapped by a cause that I once understood.
Feeling a sickness building inside of me,
Who will I really have to answer to. March on through the rivers of red.
Souls drift, they fill the air.
Forced to fight, behind,
The crooked cross. Do only what is expected of me,
With no emotions my feelings suppressed.
Blind obedience carries me through it all.
Conscience a word I learned to forget. March on through the rivers of red.
Flesh burns, it fills the air.
Forced to fight, behind,
The crooked cross. Time melts away in this living inferno,
Trapped by a cause that I once understood.
Blind obedience carries me through it all,
Do only what is expected of me. March on through the rivers of red.
Souls drift, they fill the air.
Forced to fight, behind,
The crooked cross.

Songwriters

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