

On They Slay (Live Radio Broadcast 1992)

Atheist

On they slay through clouds of death
No mercy or no fear
The sound of twisting flesh
Is the last thing you will hear
Take your final breath
You dying time is near
Fear clutching on the threshold of death
Spilling your remains' arrogance
Thinking of a way you will die
Rip through your flesh and through your bones, obey
See you lying limbless, you'll decay
Fall amongst the dead, on they slay
Eagerness to kill, the meager presence of their sight
You know your blood will spill, your end's tonight
Praying to be saved, now where's your god?
Infest your putrid mind
Death calls start to unwind
Beware, for some day soon
They'll come to seal your doom

Songwriters

KELLY SHAEFER
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