

# Dominate

## Morbid Angel

(Music : Azagthoth/Lyrics : Vincent)

Weak aside - no place for those our struggle

Leaves behind

Our Lord wont 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 wonderers to certain fate

Another victim reviled

Im staring at you through the eyes of the wolf

Tell me who is going to save you now !

Animal sense 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 bestow

With a bow and a kiss profane

Be a victor or be a victim

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