

Guyana (The Cult Of The Damned)

Manowar

We thank you for the Kool-Aid, Reverend Jim
We're glad to leave behind their world of sin
Our lifeless bodies fall on holy ground
Rotting flesh, a sacrificial mound
Were you our God or a man in a play
Who took our applause and forced us to stay?
Now all together we lived as we died
On your command by your side
Guyana in the cult of the damned
Give us your word for the grand final stand
Guyana in the cult of the damned
Give us your word for the grand final stand
In the cult of the damned, we all worked the land
Too afraid to look up, we all feared his hand
Hurry my children there isn't much time
But we'll meet again on the other side
Be good to the children and old people first
Hand them a drink, they're dying of thirst
Guyana in the cult of the damned
Give us your word for the grand final stand
Guyana in the cult of the damned
Give us your word for the grand final stand, oh
Guyana in the cult of the damned
Give us your word for the grand final stand
Guyana in the cult of the damned
Give us your word for the grand final stand, oh, oh
Bigfoot, Bigfoot thrown in a well
Pulled under water, screaming like hell
He told us life was just a hotel
Time to check out when he rang a bell
Guyana in the cult of the damned
Give us your word for the grand final stand
Guyana in the cult of the damned
Give us your word for the grand final stand
Oh, mother, mother, mother

Songwriters

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