

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

Joseph Demaio Published by

INAR MUSIC (*INAR*) Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>