

# Serve Your Masters

## Hatebreed

I've heard them all say the road to hell is paved

With intentions of the good at heart

Their morals keep them watching

Redemption is flaunted

But temptation is so hard to ward off Hell, is the grin of the sadist preacher

Hell, the taste of every sin and vice

Hell, the eyes of the obedient masses

At the bottom's where you'll

Dwell and smile like the smug entitled

Dwell among the waste in exile

Dwell with the needle in your fucking arm

You serve your masters well

Now serve your masters in hell Flesh needs flesh

Blood needs blood

Have you served your masters well enough

Lust needs lust

Hate needs hate

You live in the hell you create You serve your masters so well Their nightmares are made of songs hell's choir sings

The screams of the damned so clear

The rivers of fire, oceans of blood

Will pale in comparison to here Hell, hell, hell

You serve your masters well

Hell, truest horrors of man come to life

Hell, ancient lies that dull and deprive

Hell, preying on confusion and torment

At the bottom's wher you'll

Dwell, with everyone casting judgement

Dwell, imprisoned by belief and mindset

Dwell, never being true to yourself You serve your masters well

Now serve your masters in hell Flesh needs flesh

Blood needs blood

Have you served your masters well enough

Lust needs lust

Hate needs hate

You live in the hell you create

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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