Under a Serpent Sun

At the Gates

Web of corruption thick with deceit
The language of destruction, the slaughter of the meek
Under a serpent sun we shall all live as one
No rest for the wicked, the children of God
The final retribution, the final curtain torn
Within us the flames of the end
Survival of the fittest, the hunt for the sacred game
Sweetfleshed, hell bent creature
Artist of the fevered soul
Heavenly venomous rapture
Stricken numb by fear I fall

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