

# 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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