

# Slaughter of the Soul

## At the Gates

Never again  
On your force fed illusions to choke  
You feed off my pain  
Fee off my life There won't be another dawn  
We will reap as we have sown Always the same  
My tired eyes have seen enough  
Of all of your lies  
My hate is blind There won't be another dawn  
We will read as we have sewn Slaughter of the soul  
Suicidal final art  
Children born of sin  
Tear your soul apart Always the same  
My tired eyes have seen enough  
Of all of your lies  
My hate is blind There won't be another dawn  
We will read as we have sewn Slaughter of the soul  
Suicidal final art  
Children born of sin  
Tear your soul apart Men must attempt to develop  
In themselves and their children  
Liberation from the sense of self  
Men must be free from boundaries, patterns and  
Consistences in order to be free  
To think, feel and create in new ways

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