

Slaves To Metal

Accept

We hold the seeds of metal
And we scatter them around
We'll eat you up and spit you out
Like a pack of wolves on the hunt
We are the kings of madness
We are the sons of evil
Burning down every house
We are the metal gladiators
Unchain the beast and let it loose
Come raise your hand and shout it out
We want it now we want it loud
'Cause we are slaves to metal
Locked into the taste of steel
Slaves to metal
We'll march you to the beat
We are slaves to metal
Chained up to the sound
Slaves to metal
We'll rock you to the ground so evil
Born to be the bloodhounds
In the legions of the damned
A million miles of madnesses
On the battleground of screaming guitars
Will you taste the sweat of metal
Will you lick the open wounds
It's the ultiment commandment
Which will guarantee your doom
Come raise your hand and shout it out
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Songwriters

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