

Pounded Into Dust

Cannibal Corpse

Forces of hate meet, gather for the siege
Encircling their foe, the raid begins
Their revenge is sought through violence
Smashing, killing, stabbing, pounding Iron weapons clash, evil warriors strike
Hammers cracking skulls, axes chopping heads
The revenge is now through violence
Squashing, murdering, hacking, pounding Blood soaks the ground
In their own, they will drown
Surrounded by disgust
Pounded into dust Battle rages on, bleeding wounded scream
Clubs shatter bones, swords sever limbs
Their blind rage compels their frenzy
Bloodlust, madness, burning, hatred Berzerkers overwhelm, defenders run in fear
No prisoners today, the end is near
Their blind rage endless, no mercy lay waste
Wipe out, kill them, kill them Their struggle to defend
The attack will never end
Surrounded by disgust
Pounded into dust The captured will be crucified as warning to the rest
When the killing is completed the city will be burned
Their way of life will be destroyed, no trace of them remains
Annihilate, they lay waste, eradicate victory for their
Hatred, fury, raging, pounding Blood soaks the ground
In their own, they will drown
Surrounded by disgust
Pounded into dust

Songwriters

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