

# Exodus [Thrash Metal], Tempo of the damned

When you feel the darkness calling out your name  
Don't try to fight the power surge  
Don't you laugh, for this is not a game  
Your powerless, don't resist the urge  
So many black hearts answering the call  
Legions of the musically possessed  
Congregations joining in our free-for-all  
Unleashing all the rage they've repressed  
Come to us  
Succumb to lust  
Giving in to our ministry of sin  
You know the drill  
Do as you will  
Dance like the demons of the din  
All will yearn  
For our nocturne  
The dawning of our cult is at hand  
Come and pray  
We know the way  
Bow to the tempo of the damned  
We are all leaders of the horde  
Keepers of the apes of wrath  
Heed the call of the volume lord  
High priest of the bloodbath  
Serve unto us, surrender us your souls  
And great rewards you'll receive  
And when the tempo has taken the control  
Even the heretic's will believe  
Come to us  
Succumb to lust  
Giving in to our ministry of sin  
You know the drill  
Do as you will  
Dance like the demons of the din  
All will yearn  
For our nocturne  
The dawning of our cult is at hand  
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