

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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