

# From Autumn To Ashes, Deth Kult Social Club

On the might of kings and captains  
On the eyes of midnight watchmen  
I know my hatred is perfect for the culprit  
Who deserves  
It dead meat  
Against your broken bones  
Thrown in a ditch to die alone  
But there is no dream  
Worth pursuing  
When there is no body embracing  
And there is no war worth fighting  
When there is no blood worth spilling  
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When there is no body embracing  
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I know my hatred is pure  
For the new recruit  
123 go imposters  
On the fast track to public execution  
Beggars for morely unite  
But your pleas are ineffective  
And if you ever come back  
Beautiful incarnation  
I'll lay down at your feet  
And accept my punishment  
You better save yourself  
You better save yourself  
You better save yourself  
There is no dream worth pursing  
When there is no body embracing  
And there is no war worth fighting  
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