

# Gospel Of The Horns, Slaves

Like the wicked rule the weak  
Like all conquerors have their keep  
I'll tear my marks into your arms  
Paralyzed but still you're charmed  
Like the great white circles it's prey  
I rise above their deceiving ways  
Liars...  
Your hollow words play a hollow tune

My eyes fueled the flames  
As i'm dancing, on your grave

Like the great white circles it's prey  
Desert sands, mourning souls...  
I'll tear my marks into your arms  
Paralyzed yet still you're charmed  
Like the wicked rule the weak  
Like all conquerors have their keep  
Liars... your hollow words play a hollow tune