

At The Gates, Captor Of Sin

Harlots of Hell spread your wings
As I penetrate your soul
Feel the fire shoot through your body
As I slip into your throne
Cast aside, do as you will
I care not how you plead
Satan's child now stalks the earth
Born from my demon seed

Hot winds of Hell
Burns, in my wake
Death is what you pray,
Behold, captor of sin

Infernal slaves of manipulation
Captive of my vice
Abandon God, the helpless one
To relieve you of your plight
Subversive action will not help
It will strengthen me
I see decline in your every move
Death your final plea

Hot winds of Hell
Burns, in my wake
Death is what you pray,
Behold, captor of sin

Your skin turns to leather
I ignite your timid blood
You feel my lethal touch
As I grasp your weary soul
I'll take you down into the fire