

At The Gates, Slaughter Of The Soul

Never again
On your forced illusions to choke
You feed off my pain
Feed off my life

There won't be another dawn
We will reap as we have sown

Always the same
My tired eyes have seen enough
Of all of your lies
My hate is blind

There won't be another dawn
We will read as we have sewn

Slaughter of the soul
Suicidal final art
Children - born of sin
Tear your soul apart

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"Men must attempt to develop
in themselves and their children
liberation from the sense of self
...men must be free from
boundries, patterns and
consistences in order to be free
to think, feel and create in new ways"

- Luke Rhinehart, "The Diceman"
1971