

Death Breath, Heading For Decapitation

You awake at dawn
As they drag you away
Through dungeons that reek
Of rot and decay
Your final road
To ruin and slump
You wonder how the Hell
You ended up in this dump

The headsman is ready
Got axes to grind
Your black hooded butcher
With your head on his mind

Heading for decapitation

Blinded by the sun
As you enter the square
An abhorrent stench
Is stinking up the air
From the screaming mass
Of incestous freaks
Blindly cheering on
The justice technique

Deafened by the noise
Of the hollering mob
As you're covered in their spit
Infectious dribble and gob

Heading for decapitation

[lead: Andersson]
[lead: Pehrsson]

Down on your knees
Head on the block
You squeal hail Mary
And the crowd they mock

Heading for decapitation