

Entombed, Serpent Saints

Money, greed and constant fear
The smell of death is everywhere
Got you frozen in your track
And rolling over on your back

You know me, devil inside
You know me godless and wild
You know me, to each his own
But they just won't leave you alone

Sons of the morning
Princes of the world
Black angels of the herd
Part of the system
No way we ain't
We are serpent saints

The little bit of you that got away

Reason lasts but for a while
Kill like it's going out of style
And with a price upon her head
Your mother starts to kook like bread

Sons of the morning
Princes of the world
Black angels of the herd
Part of the system
No way we ain't
We are serpent saints

Redeem the lost tribes
I was buried alive
In the age of disgrace
Waiting to be saved
With lies in the blood
You will never see the day
Rise from the grave
You serpent saints

I'm the bit of you that got away

With the world at your feet
Control alternate delete
And when it's time to thin the herd
Make ten amendments to the word

Sons of the morning
Goddess absurd
Black angels of the herd
Part of the system
Hell no we ain't
We are serpent saints
Sons of the morning
Gods of the worm
Black angels of the herd
Part of the system
Hell no we ain't
We are serpent saints

Living and dying
We are serpent saints
Cheating and lying
We are serpent saints

Killing and crying
We are serpent saints
There's no denying
We are serpent saints