

Piledriver, The Lord Of Abominations

The Lord of Abominations lurks outside the abyss
He's the rider of the howling winds, trailing rottenness
His face is a mass of entrails of animals and men
His breath the stench of rotting flesh, of vomit and of sin

[SUBCHORUS]

HE'S THE DARK ANGEL OF ALL EXCRETION
AND ALL THAT WILL TURN SOUR
LORD OF THE FUTURE, A TIME OF GROSS DECAY...

His perfume is cold death, the stench of filth and pain
He corrupts the food of life with lepers he has lain
Your destiny is written on the walls of his domain
He's the master of the fates, your doom he can proclaim

[SUBCHORUS]

March.... March....

[CHORUS]

LORD OF ABOMINATIONS, LORD OF DECAY
LORD OF ABOMINATIONS, RULER OF DISMAY

[2X]

[SOLO]

[BRIDGE]

[SUBCHORUS]

[CHORUS]