

Rob Halford, Genocide

(Tipton/KK/Halford)

Mercenary battalions
Are poised to strike us down
Terminations conquest
Upon us now full grown

Save me my hearts open wide
Help me no question of pride
Save me my people have died
Total genocide

Devastation hungers she waits to leap to earth
Imminent liquidation
Before the grand rebirth

Sin after sin I have endured
But the wounds I bare
Are the wounds of love

Frantic mindless zombies
Grab at fleeing time
Lost in cold perplection
Waiting for the sign
Generations tremble
Clinging face to face
Helpless situation
To end the perfect race

Slashing senseless sabres
Cut us to the ground
Eager for the life blood
Of all who can be found

Slice to the left slice to the right
None to retaliate none will fight
Chopping at the hearts snuffing out the lives
This race departs and no one will survive

Heads to the feet - feet to the air
Souls in the soil heavy in despair
End of all ends bodies into dust
To greet deaths friend extinction is a must

On the rocks