

# Slaves Beyond Death

Thy Art Is Murder

Slaves, slaves beyond death  
Pain, can you feel the pain hiding under your breath  
Slaves, slaves beyond death  
Pain, can you feel the pain hiding under your breath

It never lets go, overwhelming suffering  
Piles of pointless possessions  
They smother all hope for serenity  
The hunted find no seclusion  
In a landscape constructed to crash  
The final collection of wealth and worth  
Herds of servitude reduced to ash

All that is yours is but a waste  
A life of selfishness and disgrace  
Time trials, failure recycles  
Existence that bears no weight  
Too fucking late, no hope for a world of

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A life of no consequence, is now your fucking death sentence  
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It never lets go, the mouth of the leech  
Drawing out the lifeblood  
Salivating for the taste of treachery  
The hunted find no seclusion  
In a landscape constructed to crash  
The final collection of wealth and worth  
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