

# Slaves to Metal

Accept

We hold the seeds of metal  
And we scatter them around  
We'll eat you up - and spit you out  
Like a pack of wolves on the hunt

We are the kings of madness

We are the sons of evil  
Burning down every house  
We are the metal gladiators  
Unchain the beast and let it loose

Come raise your hand and shout it out  
We want it now we want it loud

'cause we are slaves to metal  
locked into the taste of steel  
Slaves to metal  
we'll march you to the beat  
We are slaves to metal  
chained up to the sound  
Slaves to metal  
we'll rock you to the ground - so evil

Born to be the bloodhounds  
In the legions of the damned  
A million miles of madnesses  
On the battleground of screaming guitars

Will you taste the sweat of metal  
Will you lick the open wounds  
It's the ultiment commandment  
Which will guarantee your doom

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Tiskáno z pisnický-akordy.cz

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