

Serve Your Masters

Hatebreed

I've heard them all say the road to hell is paved
With intentions of the good at heart
Their morals keep them watching
Redemption is flaunted
But temptation is so hard to ward off

Hell, is the grin of the sadist preacher
Hell, the taste of every sin and vice
Hell, the eyes of the obedient masses
At the bottom's where you'll
Dwell and smile like the smug entitled
Dwell among the waste in exile
Dwell with the needle in your fucking arm

You serve your master well
Now serve your master in hell

Flesh needs flesh
Blood needs blood
Have you served your masters well enough
Lust needs lust
Hate needs hate
You live in the hell you create

You serve your masters so well

Their nightmares are made of songs hell's choir sings
The screams of the damned so clear
The rivers of fire, oceans of blood
Will pale in comparison to here

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