

# Make Them Die Slowly

## One Man Army and the Undead Quartet

And their naked bodies fall to the ground  
It's a cold, cold death solution  
Their screams vanish up in smoke  
High might of perverted evil

Yeah, they know how you feel it  
When your body is shaking  
Yeah, they know how to end you  
But do they know that the dead comes back?  
Generations of vengeance  
Warfare remembrance  
Yeah, they will know how you felt it  
The true meaning of agony

Make them die slowly  
Forsaken  
Push them to the chamber

Slaves and whores, bred to die  
Millions of lowlives begging for salvation  
Shattered in the failure of the system  
The reaper is your closest friend

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Make them die slowly  
Forsaken  
Push them to the chamber  
Deathbound  
Make them die slowly  
Lowlife  
Do you love the pain?

All your civil rights are crushed  
And moulded to ashes  
Yesterday's golden boy

Do you see the ghost  
In your dreams that is you?  
Lives in vain on a pile of shit

Forsaken souls  
Are gathered in the waiting  
Yesterday's finest challenge

Time to let go and let the future  
Await those of the dark  
The future tell no lies

Give me some more fucking pain

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