

Image of the Serpent

Suicidal Angels

Struck within
The lies of discretion
Practicing the formulas
To slave the creation

The lowly sand we trumble on
Burning down the bastard son
The image of the serpent

The onward march
Of feeble human race
Never thought
The fallthrough the disgrace
It lies inert
Dead amid the ruins
Until the time has come
To face your life in ruins

The lowly sand we trumble on
Burning down the bastard son
The lowly sand we trumble on
Burning down the bastard son
The image of the serpent

Enslave than liberate!

Enslave, enslave
Enslave than liberate!
Enslave, enslave
Enslave than liberate!
Enslave, enslave
Enslave than liberate!
Enslave, slave
The march of human race!

The lowly sand we trumble on
Burning down the bastard son
The lowly sand we trumble on
Burning down the bastard son
The image of the serpent