

To the Slaughter

Voices of Destiny

This is the work of the cruelest beast on earth
This is the work of our own hands
Repent of horrors to which we used to close our eyes, used to deny
Now her figure, it scares me
Her wide eyes, they blame me
I'm caught in the very act

Don't dare to look away
You see the look in her face?
Carved in your brains, this look will distort your dreams

One can tell, she must be cold with her slash wounds to the bone
Where once a shining light is now the dark inside her very soul
Well I am sure, she's cold

Cold shivers as I step into a grotesque world
I confess, I am as helpless as frightened sheep
Like a sheep to the slaughter
Blood splatter on the walls
Far too late to animate her will to survive
What could I do when her figure's unmoving
Her wide eyes will haunt me and I have nowhere to run

Nowhere to run
I'm caught in the act
Rise from the cold concrete
Rise

One can tell, she must be cold with her slash wounds to the bone
Where once a shining light is now the dark inside her very soul
Well I am sure, she's cold