

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 masters well
Now serve your masters 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
Hell, hell, hell
You serve your masters well
Hell, truest horrors of man come to life
Hell, ancient lies that dull and deprive
Hell, preying on confusion and torment
At the bottom's where you'll
Dwell, with everyone casting judgement
Dwell, imprisoned by belief and mindset
Dwell, never being true to yourself
You serve your masters well
Now serve your masters 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

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