South Of Heaven

Words by Tom Araya Music by Jeff Hanneman











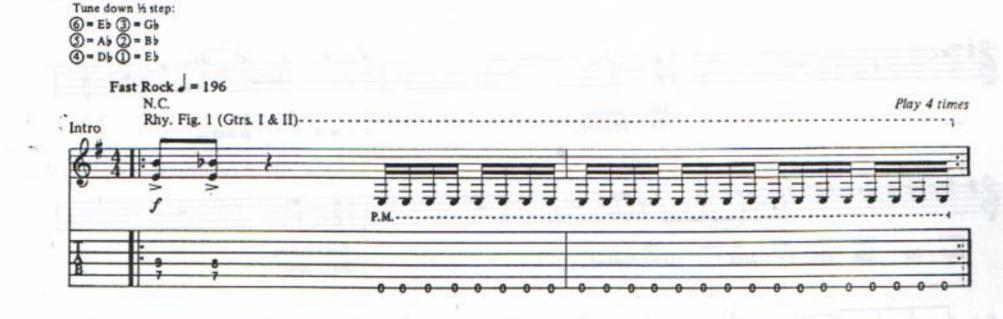


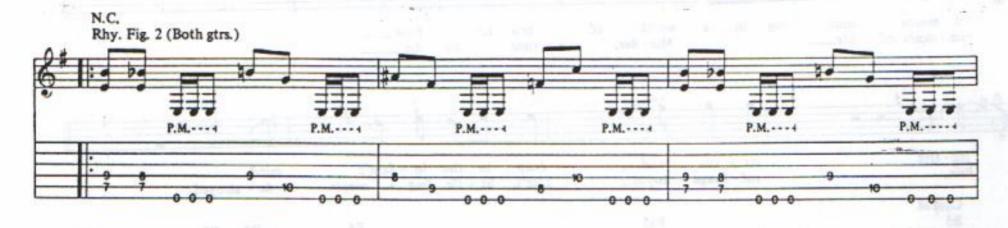


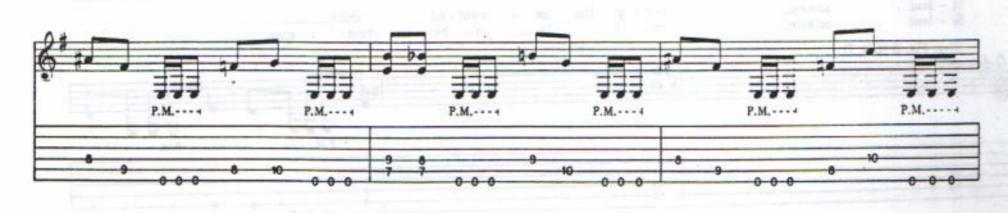


Silent Scream

Words by Tom Araya Music by Jeff Hanneman and Kerry King



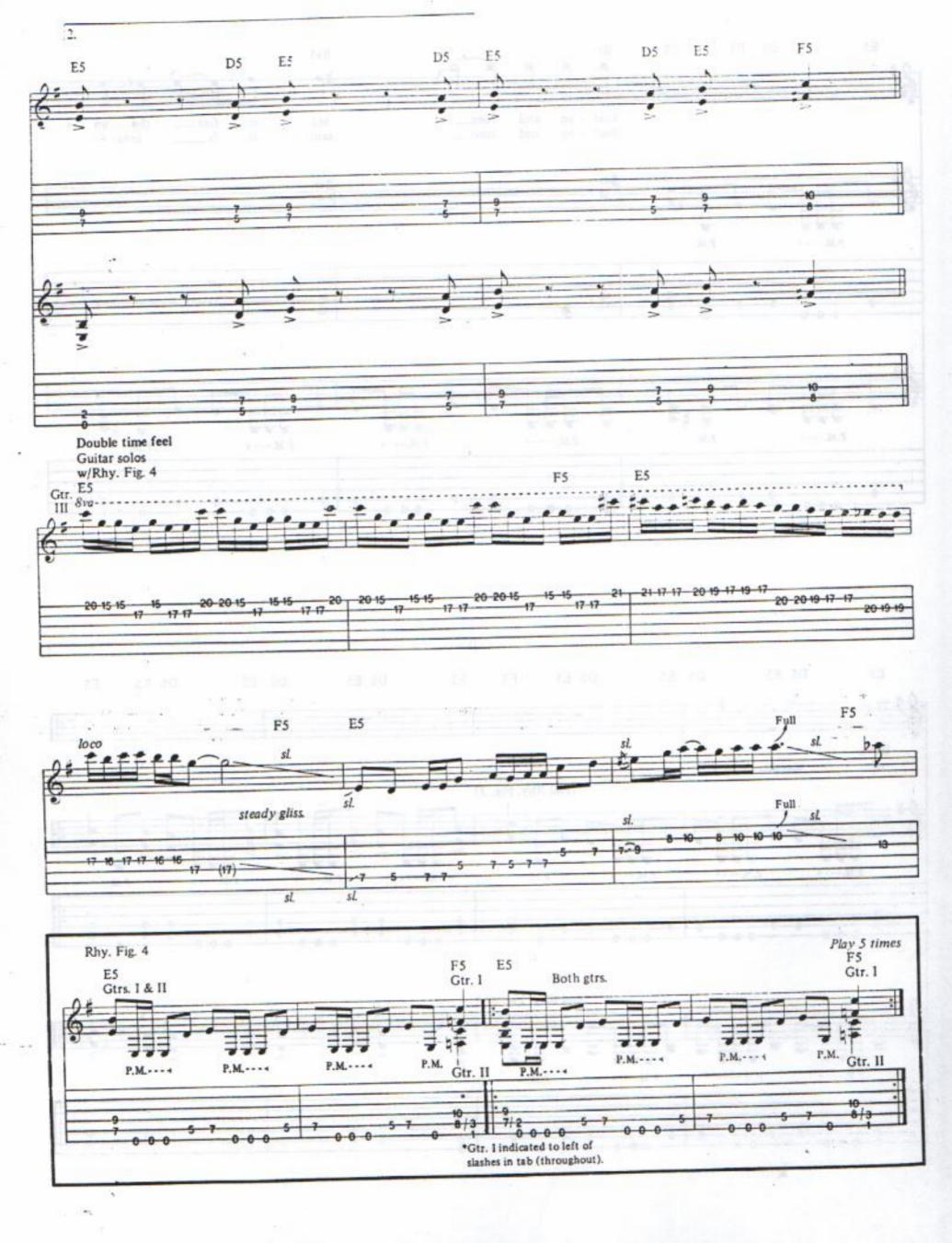






1st, 2nd Verses w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (2 times) N.C. Night- mare,
 Shat - tered, the per - se cu tion. child's an - oth - er dream of death ._ child,_ bear of no name_ Tor - ment, ill Re - strained, for got in - sane games.___ that will nev er rest. Suf - fer Gui - dance, the chil dren con - demned. Scat - tered it means noth ing in world of rem - nants of bru - tal time. life ._ Mur-der, time to die. lec - tric cir - cus wild,. Pain, in the in - fant's deep suf - f'rage toyed ... mind. Life's lit - tle frag ments de - stroyed. Chorus **B5** B15 E5 D5 E5 D5 Si - lent scream, bur - y the Si - lent un want - ed child. scream, cru - ci fy. the bas tard Rhy. Fig. 3 (Gtr. I) sons. P.M. --- 4 P.M .----Rhy. Fig. 3A (Gtr. II) P.M. - - - 4 P.M. --- + P.M .---P.M. P.M. - - - 4 P.M. ---









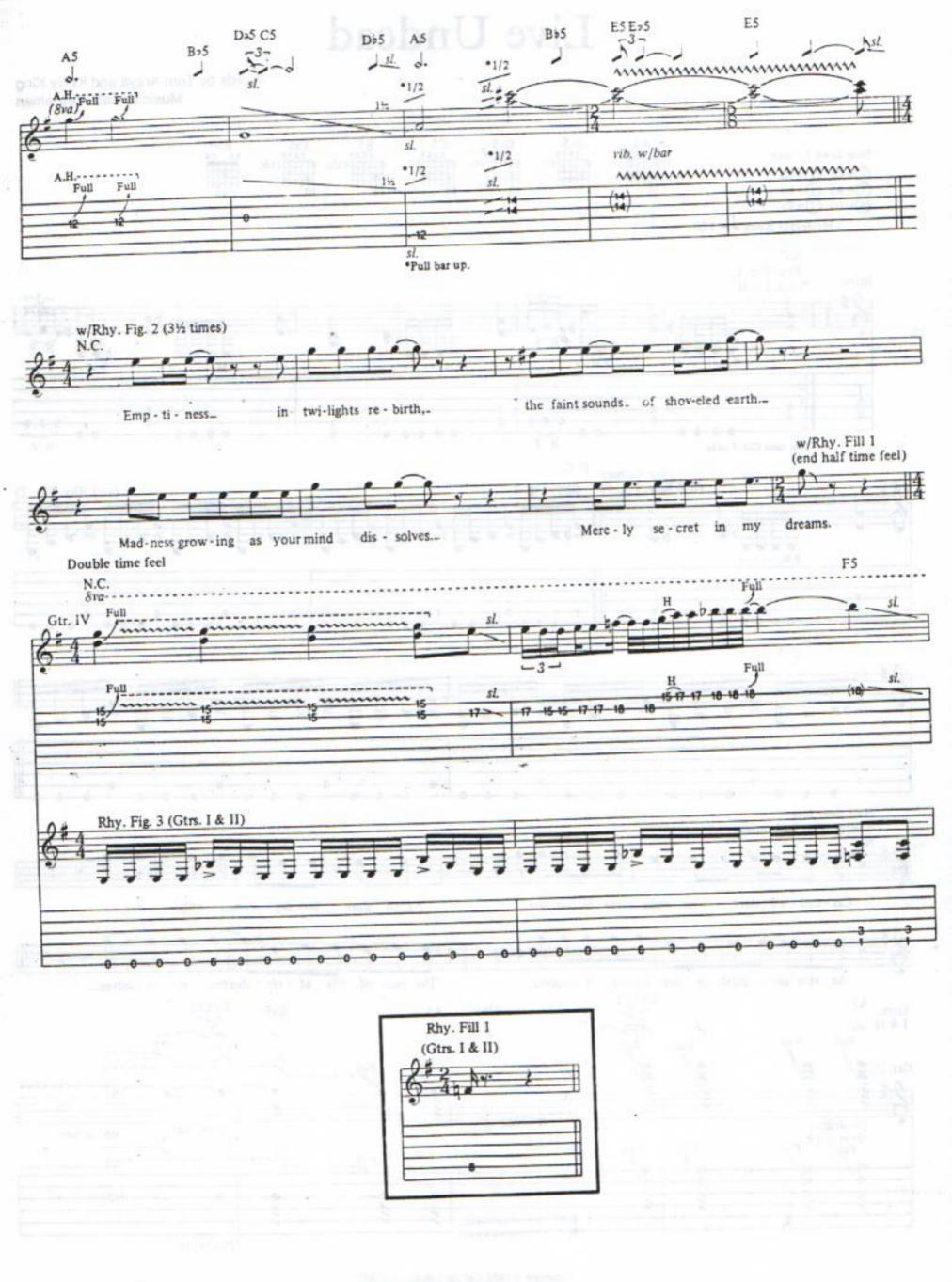




Live Undead

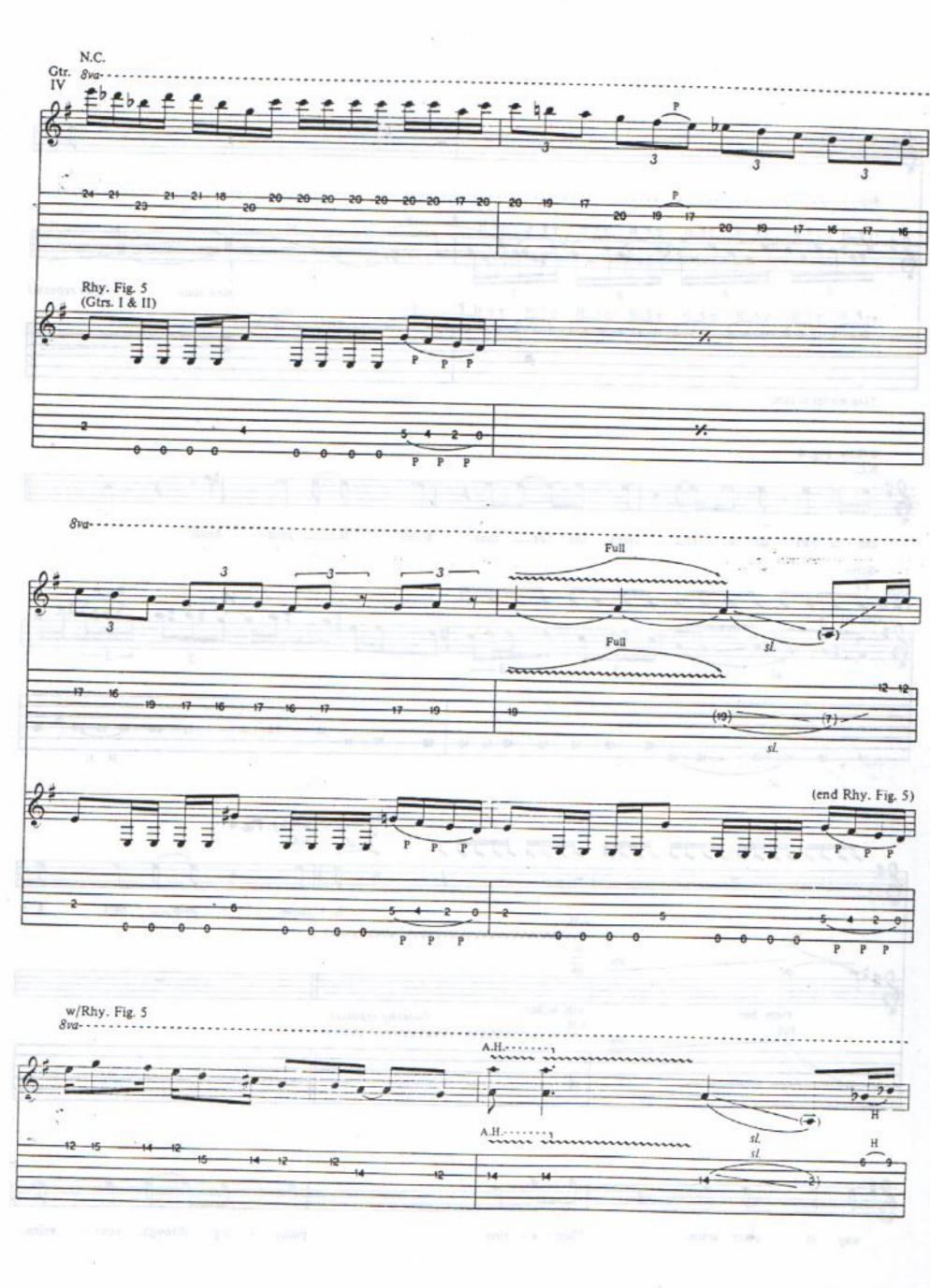
Words by Tom Araya and Kerry King Music by Jeff Hanneman

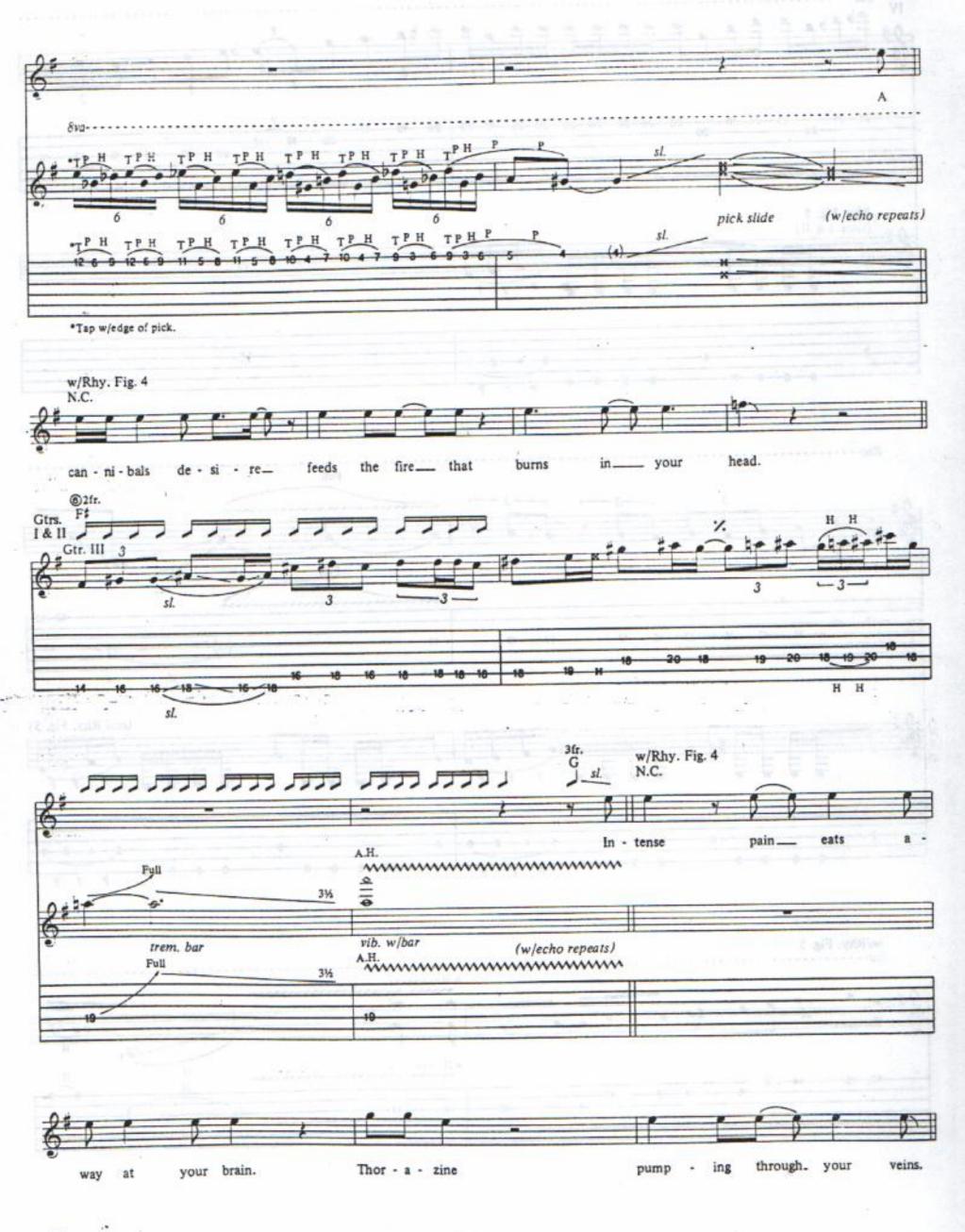
















Behind The Crooked Cross











Mandatory Suicide

Words by Tom Araya Music by Jeff Hanneman and Kerry King







Recitation:

Lying, dying, screaming in pain.

Begging, pleading, bullets drop like rain.

Minds explode, pain sheers to your brain,
Radical amputation, this is insane.

Fly swatter stakes drive through your chest.

Spikes impale you as you're forced off the crest.

Soldier of misfortune, hunting with bated breath.

A vile smell, like tasting death.

Dead bodies, dying and wounded, litter the city streets.

Shattered glass, bits of clothing and human deceit.

Dying terror, blood's cheap, it's everywhere.

Mandatory suicide, massacre on the front line.

Ghosts Of War

Words by Kerry King Music by Jeff Hanneman and Kerry King





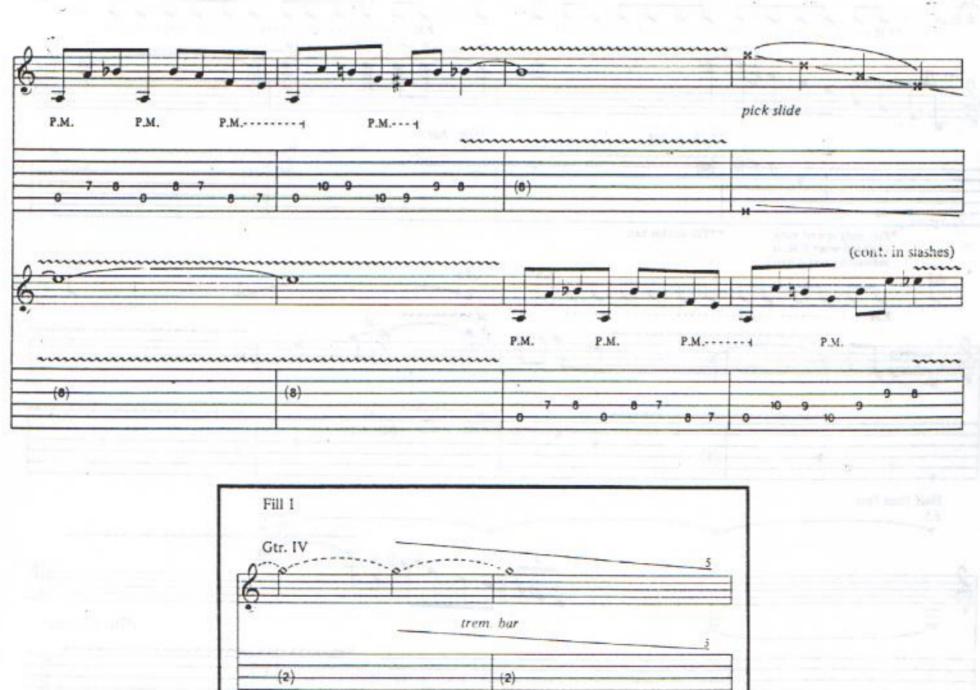








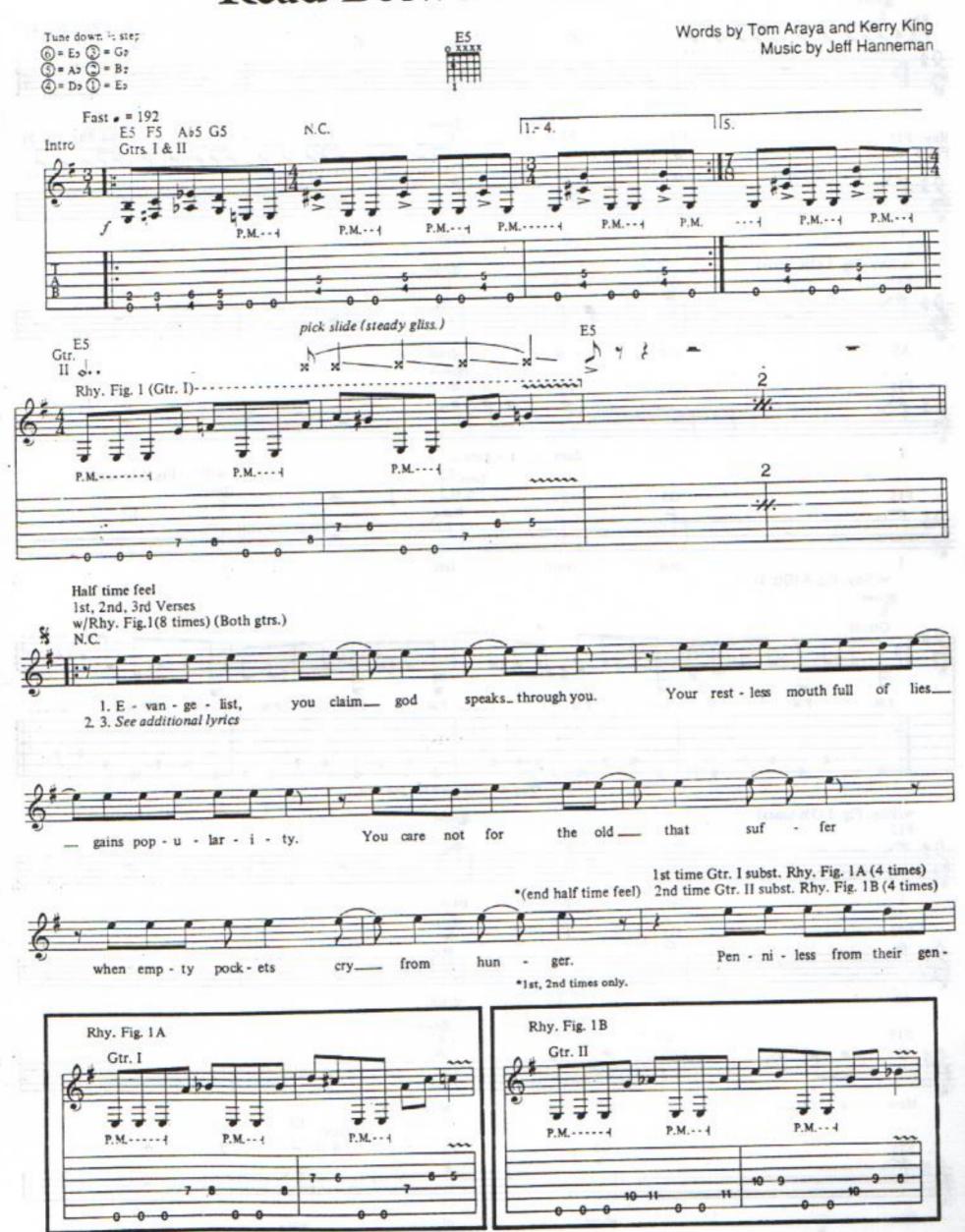








Read Between The Lies









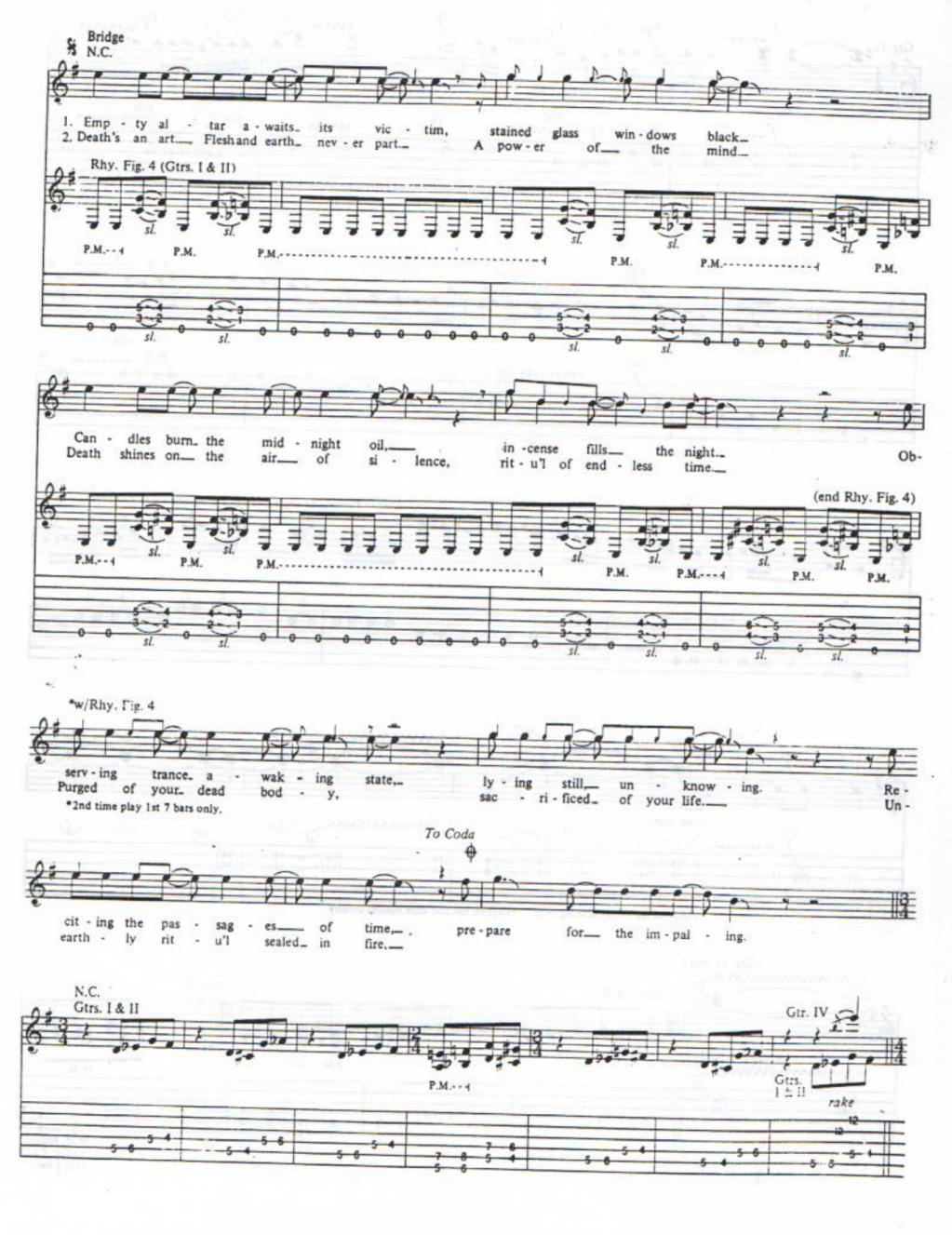
Additional Lyrics

- 2. His spirit lives and breathes in me. The almighty transformed to your screen. The meaning's lost in its translation. No holy words describe his deception. You say you'll help us find the lord. Tell me, preacher, how do you know? A simple quest for a visible savior To lead us through our final prayer.
- 3. When doubt subsides his honesty,
 An inquiry, is it blasphemy?
 Impure the soul that's made to suffer.
 No sermons left to hide or cover.
 An empty promise, lie unfulfilled,
 To steal a dream or get it killed.
 They claim your trip to heaven's nearby.
 You may believe it, but satan wouldn't lie.

Cleanse The Soul







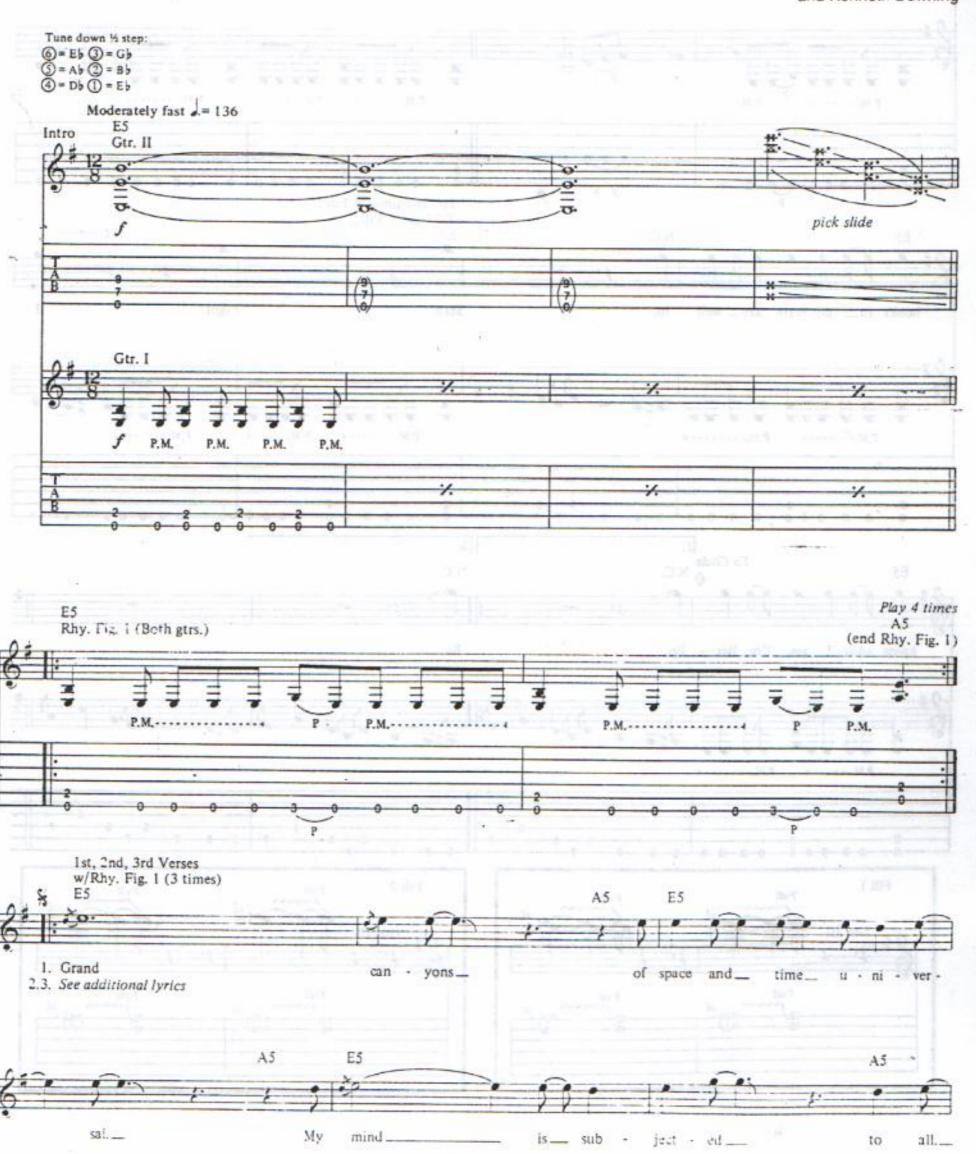




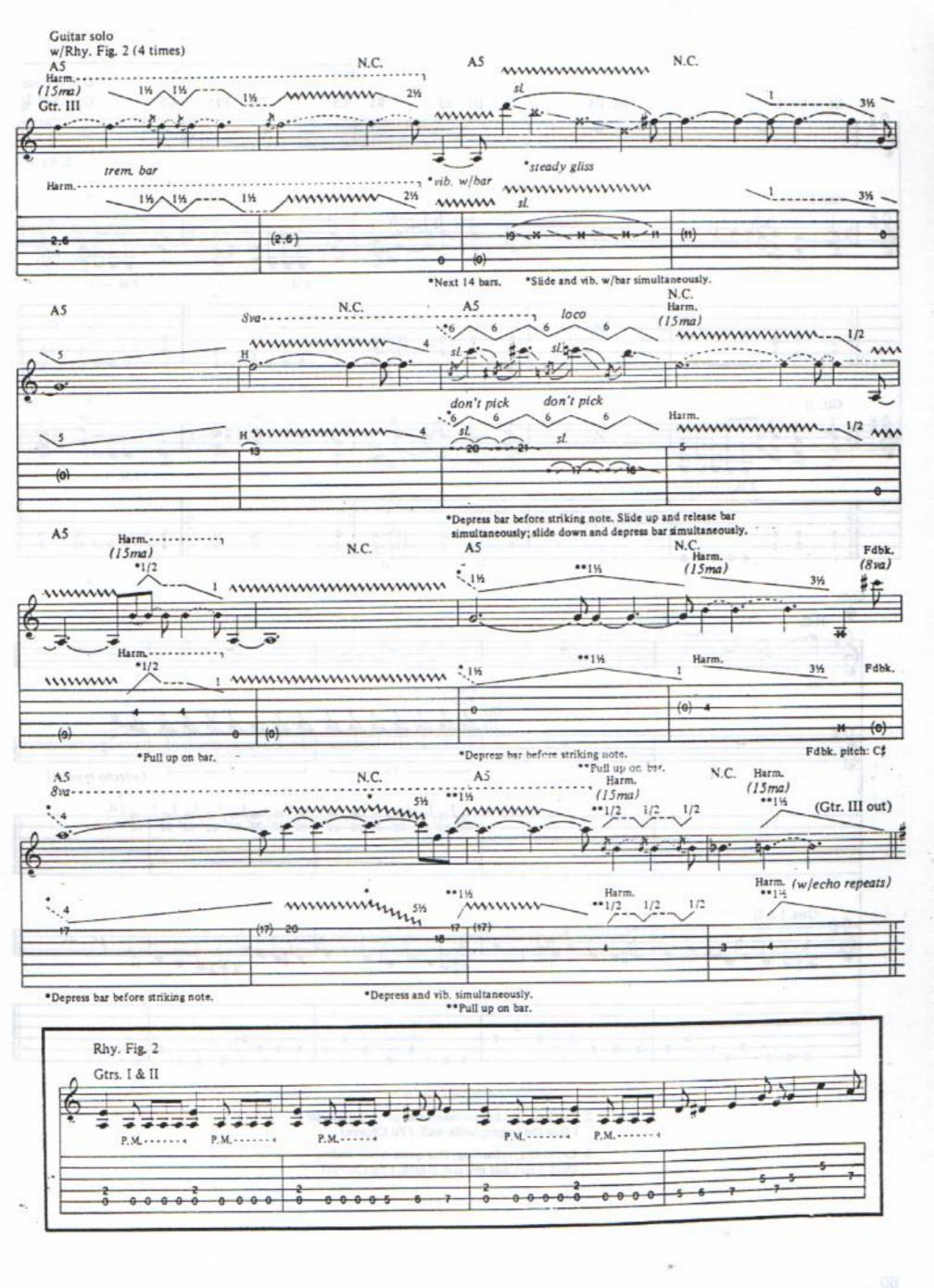


Dissident Aggressor

Words and Music by Glenn Tipton, Robert Halford and Kenneth Downing









Spill The Blood

