

Spit out the fire. rage in the air  
Disciple of fate. the final hour  
HAMMERING METAL INTO YOUR HEADS  
Stepping before you  
Your hands on my bullet,  
Tongue on the flame  
Spewing the vision  
HAMMERING METAL INTO YOUR HEADS

Bow of the cynic, whistle your fear  
Signals of warning, message from Space  
Shocking the Nations, exposing predictions  
Shattering dreams of grandeur's delusion,  
Walking the tightrope, never looking  
Back on the sorrows proceed to next flight  
SIGNALS OF WARNING MESSAGE FROM SPACE  
OUR HAMMERS ARE POUNDING INTO YOUR HEADS

NOW WE MUST JOIN Forces and rage!  
Disturbing the Scoffs,  
Neighborhoods fear, THE MERTAL ATTACK  
He's coming to town, He is... THE RAGER  
He will hunt you down, He is... THE RAGER  
He's coming to town, He is... THE RAGER

A black rose he gives you if you're a betrayer  
Branded by metal He speaks what He wants to.  
PUT ON YOUR ARMOR AND HEAD INTO THE STREETS  
HAMMERING METAL INTO YOUR HERDS  
Expensive his tastes, but nature of beast  
Spontaneous lust He loves running wild  
He never forgets a name, or a face  
Denying conformists alive in the lights

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