

Stone Cold Metal

Ensiferum

Howl of a coyote wakes up a man,
A haggard shadow in this wasted land.
Vultures rise with the scorching sun.
A dry wind blows in a silent town.

Some Whiskey to clear his head
And some for the brothers who are dead.
Another day, another chase,
Vigilantes will meet their fate.

Saddle your steed
We are riding tonight
Be ready to kill
Don't flee from a fight.
Pillaging is in our blood,
We bow to no one and no one at all!

Stone cold metal in his hand,
Stirs wild rival of righteous man.
Life of an outlaw; the gallows await.
Until then they shall reign!

No border is too sacred
To cross and to spill the cup of hatred.
Days to come are still unveiled,
Take what's yours, no time to bewail!

Waning daylight, time to move on
Under a looming crescent moon.
Another town, again to raze,
Surely someone will pass death's gate.

In the silence of the night
Treacherous lady of the evening,
Deceived the whereabouts of marauders.

Ten bounty hunters are heading to the hideaway.
A dark red desert moon
Shimmers in gloomy light.
Upon a baneful affair of honour.

For a fleeting moment, eye meets eye.
Silent respect before an inevitable solution.
Dead or alive, it's all the same...