

Teutonic Terror

Accept

Back to the frontlines, back to the night
Medieval marauders, under the lights
Back for the plunder, the thrill of the flames
The roar of the thuder, back in the game
Storming the castles, swords in the air
Killing the monsters in their own lair
Lightning the torches, setting the stage
You get what you ask for, right in the face.

Six string sabres, screams in the night
War clubs pounding, living just for the fight

So we drive, thru the night
With the howling wind at our backs
Riding on Teutonic terror
We will - Give em' the axe!
We will - Give em' the axe!

String up the razors, sharpen the blades
Tighten the skins up, no one escapes
Crank up the grindstone, load up the sleds
Saddle the horses, off with their heads

Six string sabres, screams in the night
War clubs pounding, living just for the fight

So we drive, thru the night
With the howling wind at our backs
Riding on Teutonic terror
We will - Give em' the axe!
For the roar, of the crowd
for the raging frontal attack
Delivering the teutonic terror
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