

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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