

Manhunt

Arakain

They follow up your scent
it's their favourite hunt
quarry is near
for starveling pack

They follow up your scent
searching all around heart
full at fear
and no way back

They're near, so near
you hear bloodthirsty howling
It must be hells bent
to have control of bounds

what's truth, what's lie
who will be next
Oh fear, great fear
machine of power's rolling

Masters prefer the manhunt ...
They follow up your scent ...
They're near, so near ..
It must be hells bent ...

Oh fear, great fear ...
Masters prefer the manhunt ...