

Thrasher's Return

Bywar

Mirror sky, shows me your reflex
Aggressions quickmatch on the hell of land
Washing the floor of this century's end
This Metal difusion is falta, bloody and hatred

Going down the stairs of hell
Search it! Has it's smell
Exploring two mirror's face
Smashing submissive's gate
- Thrasher's Return

We're not blind, we know our fate
Metal ripping your flesh, can't you feel the pain?
You hear hell's sound and your ears explode
So check this out: you're inside the mirror