

## Austrian Assault

Cloven Hoof

Our plane flew into Munich, expectations running high.  
We drove through the German borders, Tyrolean valley lies...

Straight ahead on the rise,  
Lion heart battle cries.  
Screaming demons at night,  
feel our megawatt might.

Stand up for Metal,  
the time is now at hand.  
Get up or get out,  
there ain't no second chance.

Chorus  
We're the Kings,  
the Kings of the mountain man.  
Like a train that cannot halt.  
We're the Kings,  
the Kings of the mountain man.  
On an Austrian Assault

Like a hot mean machine,  
we were rolling we were tight. Smashing ear drums making music,  
and the fans were outta sight.  
Me and Bruder were there,  
with our fists in the air.  
With our brothers of steel,  
you don't know how it feels.

(Repeat bridge and chorus)

(Chorus)