

## Stone Cold Metal

Ensiferum

Howl of a coyote wakes up a man,  
A haggard shadow in this wasted land.  
Vultures rise with the scorching sun.  
A dry wind blows in a silent town.

Some Whiskey to clear his head  
And some for the brothers who are dead.  
Another day, another chase,  
Vigilantes will meet their fate.

Saddle your steed  
We are riding tonight  
Be ready to kill  
Don't flee from a fight.  
Pillaging is in our blood,  
We bow to no one and no one at all!

Stone cold metal in his hand,  
Stirs wild rival of righteous man.  
Life of an outlaw; the gallows await.  
Until then they shall reign!

No border is too sacred  
To cross and to spill the cup of hatred.  
Days to come are still unveiled,  
Take whats yours, no time to bewail!

Waning daylight, time to move on  
Under a looming crescent moon.  
Another town, again to raze,  
Surely someone will pass deaths gate.

In the silence of the night  
Treacherous lady of the evening,  
Deceived the whereabouts of marauders.

Ten bounty hunters are heading to the hideaway.  
A dark red desert moon  
Shimmers it gloomy light.  
Upon a baneful affair of honour.

For a fleeting moment, eye meets eye.  
Silent respect before an inevitable solution.  
Dead or alive, Its all the same...