

Saints In Hell

Fates Warning

They laughed at their gods
And fought them in vain
So he turned his back on them
And left them in pain
Now here come the saints
With their banners held high
Each one of them martyrs
Quite willing to die

Wake the dead, the saints are in hell
Wake the dead, they've come for the bell

Cover your fists
Razor your spears
It's been our possession
For eight thousand years
Fetch the scream eagles
Unleash the wild cats
Set loose the king cobras
And blood sucking bats

Wake the dead, the saints are in hell
Wake the dead, they've come for the bell

We are saints
In hell
We are saints
In hell
We're going down
Into the fire
We're going down
Into the fire

The streets run with blood from the mass mutilation
As carnage took toll for the bell

Abattoir, abattoir, mon Dieu quelle horreur
For a time it was like second hell

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The battle is over, the saints are alive
How can we all thank you, we felt so despised

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