

When the sun goes down

Grave Digger

Blood and anger spill over the land
An untold story, written in the sand
The ground starts burning smoke's rising up
I'm falling asleep in the arms of the world
Shooting the lion up on the hill
Bite out his heart and send me your bill

When the sun goes down
Welcome the hangman
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Environment dies, heat comes up, everything's black
Collecting his debts, with a smile, the hangman's back
An angel of attack with eyes of red
A figure in white watching the dead
Kill the lion up on the hill
Bite out his heart and send me your bill