

Hell Razor

Halford

Outcast of the morning
He'll always go it alone
They never can cage him
He's got a life of his own

Wild as a lone wolf
Nothing escapes from his eyes
Stars cover his tracks now
With such a brilliant disguise

Hell razor, he's gonna raise hell tonight
Hell razor, he's goin' out for a fight

No sense of tomorrow
He only lives for the day
Their burden of sorrow
Who gives a damn what they say

Call, call of the wild wind
A man only wants to be free
He answers to no one
That's what we all wanna be

He fell out of heaven
Mercifully clipped of his wings
Some say that he's legion
That's when the bad luck begins

Mad ball of confusion
Watch as he makes worlds collide
He answers to no one
See how the matter subside

Hell razor