

Sons of Thunder

High on Fire

Drive the fist into your face
and blacken your eye
Unearthly sounds rumble guts
and stomp your insides
Riffs have come, your fate is sung,
don't even try
Blacks the set, kills all the rest,
the slay masters fly

Enter in the battle ground,
you've come to my time
Black arena, till the death,
a game we play blind
You've stepped your bounds, beg for life,
if we'd be so kind
Drive the fist into your face
and blacken your eyes