

Straight out of hell

King Leoric

We heard the speech of wisdom
Looked into the crystal ball
Two kinds of destination
The strong will stand and the weak will fall

When the last walls are crumbling down
To live is to die

Straight out of Hell
Come the Masters of Hate
Straight out of Hell
They want to rule our Fate
As they set the World on Fire, Mankind's forced to fight
To resist their bad Desire and we're claiming our right !!!

Armies march like thunder
Prayers of poverty
"Cleanse our souls in fire"
The final prophecy

The hordes begin to storm our walls
But we will survive

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Are we few? Are we weak?
Will we die?