

## 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?