

... And Out Come the Wolves

Lay Down Rotten

We are all we are—a horde—a pack
We are chained—death in our eyes
A force that cannot be tamed
Out of control—yet so cold
Trained to kill on a silent night
Show your teeth and smell the fear

Out come the wolves
A damned division
Death to all traitors
Outcome the wolves
For victory we strike
Our will is our testament

Try us—weak as your are

Somewhere caught between the lines
Right or wrong
True or false—good and
The instinct for extinction

Out come the wolves
A damned division
Death to all traitors
Outcome the wolves
For victory we strike
Our will is our testament

The scent of fresh blood
Fills the midnight air
No place left to hide
Now, lead us to war
Hear us scream
We call for you