Close the door, put out the light, you know they won't be home tonight ooh The snow falls hard and don't you know, the winds of Thor are blowing cold, cold, cold, cold cold, they're wearing steel that's bright and true, they carry news that must get through. They choose the path where noone goes. They hold no quarter, they hold no quarter, Ah, Walking side by side with death, the devil mocks their every step, ooooooh The snow falls hard and don't you know... the dogs of doom are howling more. They carry news that must get through to build a dream for me and you, they choose the path where noone goes. They hold no quar-ter. they ask no quar ter. (repeat-to-end)