

Shrapnel Rain

Legion of the Damned

Streets crowded with troubled faces
Under an oppressive reign
Of ruthless radical terror gangs
On a new violent campaign

Restless sons of a cruel creed
Will continue their holy war
Martyrs of a sacred mission
Considered worth killing for

The iron crown of terror
Rest upon death's head

Masked gunmen out to kill
Unleashing the bullet rain
Nailbombs being detonated
Hundreds of victims slain

Ravenous religious killing spree
Streets colored deep red
Human remains lying all around
It's time to collect the dead

The iron crown of terror
Rest upon death's head

Massive blasts detonate
Among the unsuspecting crowds
Shards of metal and glass
Are flying all around
Explosions claiming casualties
Will plague this cursed ground
Headless bodies and severed limbs
Will continue to be found

Emissaries of death
Are the kings of the land
The sons of Dajjal
Wield their deadly hand

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