

Line Of Death

Metal Church

Just the other day
I heard the newsman say
Enemy missiles fired
And coming out our way
Will we all be told
Just who the hell we are
Where we take our ships
Of trade to port calls very far

Beyond the line of death
He says he'll get you
If you dare defy him
To laugh at his orders
Cross over the line

So three ships went down
And all there hands were lost
If he's gonna spit on us
He's gotta pay the cost
You angry little madman
Whith fist raised to the sky
Your people just like sheep
They follow never wonder why
Blood and death his calling cards
They seem as though the answer
Spreading through this world
And growing like a cancer

His mind must be tormented
Rotting yet alive
Terrorism tactics
When will we draw the line

How many times must we die
In the name of peace
Now we all know
The time is running short
And the devil sees
The world as his whore

If you see a psychopath with a loaded gun
Killing all your neighbors
Will you stand or run
Just the other day
I heard the newsman say
Enemy missiles fired
And commin out our way
CHORUS