

# 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