

Burn Them All

Metal Inquisitor

Wheels around me, awaken from the phone
A voice, deathly, hurts me to the bone
A force of darkness, led by demons hands,
The head, the chief, end of dreamlands

I want to listen to some sirens in the night
I'm going to prepare me, soul becomes a light
Trashing members of my past
reflecting shadows of the last
In the night, needle bight

Right, in front, the bastards coming down
Number, plate, the pest is my town
Stiff, fat, an ignorant stupid mob
Smug, people, the slit swims on top

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