

Quest for Vengeance

Metal Inquisitor

The sum of all the general rage and hate felt by his whole race
from Adam down
As if his chest had been a mortar, he burst his hot heart's shell - upon it

Vengeance is his sense of life, brings him to his feet
Raging hot, glowing white, still waters running deep
Riders of Leviathan, want to sell the blood
Riders of the thunderstorm, ignoring any flood

Down on his way like the quest for the Grail
To know no bounds, no hold on ship's rail
No return from his trek, no deliverance
The journey will end in an act of brute force

His tears will try to put it out, emotions counter blow
Anger's vengeance's complement, his heart exploding now
It runs out through with Satan's wrath, it makes the dead arise
Vengeance caused the pain between his reason and his pride

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