

# Master Of Thunder

## Metal Law

Metal or die / Be blessed or be dead  
Those are the words / I repeat in my head  
Metal or die / Be a genius or be mad  
A demon told me once / It was all he ever said

Wherever we decide to be  
Somebody is at our side  
His hands cast living fire  
His soul is as black as the night

Wherever we go - whatever we do  
His hands are guiding us well  
We feel as if we're hypnotized  
He put us under a spell

High above the mountains  
The demon watches us all  
Spreading his wings and grinning  
Whenever he hears our call:

Metal or die...

We're doomed to do his bidding  
And to obey him 'til the end  
Through his power we gain strength  
In infernal union we stand

High above the mountains...

Metal or die...

Screaming guitars and the thunder of drums  
Are the weapons during our quest  
They cannot cause you lethal wounds  
But through them we're eternally blessed