

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