

# The Right Hand of the Devil

Motorjesus

cold is the grave, down underneath  
another shape appeared from evil  
emerging from my blackest nightmares  
the hunt is on, i stand alone  
i made a pact with all my demons  
sending out the final bullet

wide awake, determination, built up fear of superstition  
grab my soul and I devour, reach out for your final hour

re-ignited - enter nightmare - it won't save my soul

the evil is rising, what to believe  
not dead nor alive now - tile blackness is all i see  
inside me im fighting, i've been deceived  
finally find out, the right hand of the devil is me

the rise, black hour, and i am rolling in the night  
i was demonic, apocalypse is now in sight  
unchain the devil, is in my eyes as you will see  
the aim, the bullet, burning away all underneath

driven and baptized in fire, re-define the broken liar  
say your prayers onto the ashes, outcast now to reach the glorious

its unwinding - no more hiding - reach out for your soul

the evil is rising, what to believe ...

i am the black deceiver, defeat the cold beneath us  
the wolf and sheep are all the same, against each other  
no place for saints and sinners, the evil and the killers  
the bleeding now awaits us all, before the dawning will come

dawning will come, dawning will come

the evil is rising, what to believe...

its beckoning me

the evil rising, what to believe...