

# Unbury the Hatchet

Sodom

Raging generals, serious games  
They don't know what is really going on  
Like a clever move in a game of chess  
To make an enemy of the world

They stick at nothing  
You better give yourself up  
Can't stop to see you suffering  
Time for your blood to spill

Unbury the hatchet  
Kick the mighty from their seats  
Unbury the hatchet  
And exalt them of low degree

Wartime comrades, sure of victory  
With the threat of an air attack  
To strike down the despotical tyrant  
Who measures his strength with god

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Stirred up aggression  
We'll not be defeated  
It's hard enough for me to say  
According to martial law  
We shot them down  
There will be hell to pay

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There will be hell to pay