

Angel Of Death

The Gates of Slumber

The world on fire, scarred by war...
Millions falling to Hell's floor...
The human race, bled to death...
Poison gas chokes the breath...

Booted feet crush the ground...
In slaves chains you're beaten down...
Tortured hand claw the sky...
And burned survivors beg to die...

The fire touch of the brand...
Mace and Chain in a bloody hand...
Legions die at his command...
His iron will shall rule the land...

Angel of Death
Rides the skies
Angel of Death
Choose who dies