

# The Devil's Deadly Weapon

## The Hell

Hear the sound of distant thunder, the time has come again  
the pagan gods with their whips all lashing, roar the sound of  
satans name  
bursting up through sodden wastelands, a dire and fearsome sigh  
t  
the hideous blackened lords of hell are come to try your might  
soul destroying o mind corrupting o eyes of fire o rancid breat  
h  
leaving roots of manhood bleeding, blazing trails of death

hell spawns fire - the devil is within us - a funeral pyre for  
all  
out of the brimstone mire - satan is within us  
screaming with rage - and bent on destroying  
the earth, the mighty gates of hades, shuddering, slowly lurch  
in storms the noxious and victorious hordes of satans church  
the devil is within us all

what worthless creatures flock behind him o sinners seeking gra  
ce  
wildly wielding wicked weapons, wresting souls to waste  
painted lakes are stained with crimson o rivers burst their blo  
odied banks  
shredded sinews, burning bodies, panic reigns amongst the ranks

soldiers from their graves rising, lift up our hopes of salvati  
on  
saintly swords from scabbards leaping, scatter the devils crea  
tions  
horses eyes in sockets bulging, charging again and again  
snorting nostrils flared with anger, from our breasts leap flam  
e  
the devil turns his pointed tail and fires a vile retort  
as we vomit and phlegm, he rekindles his men, and commences the  
second onslaught

butchered o slaughtered o hung, drawn and quartered  
massacred o murdered, and maimed  
flayed alive o crucified o bellies ripped open wide  
disfigured o dismembered, and slain  
our gallant defenders are rendered senseless, helpless we watch  
them die  
with the stench of defeat growing stronger and stronger  
we scatter and flee for our lives