

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