

# Thunder Red

W.A.S.P.

There's a creature coming born  
Of your pagan blessed  
There is thunder coming down  
Around your head  
Ride the fire now momma  
Thunder's come again  
A soul to flame and rain down on ya  
Red rider said

The hills are running red  
Better hide under your bed  
Hide your children mother  
Thunder red  
The hills are turning red  
Get on you knees and beg  
Thunder red's a-coming  
Thunder red

You're reaping nothing more  
Than your shamelessness  
Then sew it all together  
When he comes  
Ride it down now momma  
Fire's come again  
Come to claim the souls to blame and  
Riding off with them

The hills are running red  
Better hide under your bed  
Hide your children mother  
Thunder red  
The hills are turning red  
Get on you knees and beg  
Thunder red's a-coming  
To get you red

Fathers and nuns, nowhere to run  
Four horseman riding on the wind  
Momma hide your sons  
Daddy get your gun  
Four hooves of thunder's come again  
Oh, run red

Red thunder's coming home  
For your blamelessness  
And rolling you forever in your dust  
Ride the fire now momma  
Thunder's come again  
Ain't no time to hide and cry, get  
On your knees and beg