

Grave Digger "Forecourt To Hell"

Visit "[Forecourt To Hell](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Smell the sweat of their bodies
Hear the screams of the mob
Feel the heat of the atmosphere
It's crackling... see gladiators are here

Morituri de salutant
We are raising the flails
Morituri de salutant
Our lives are for sale

Steel meets steel in the forecourt of hell
Where slaves of the universe say farewell
Blood runs red when the fighting begins
In the forecourt of hell no one will win

The gates are opened, drums of death start to sound
The roman emperor establishes the round
Hate and anger drawn in their faces
The crowd celebrates with rejoicings and embraces

Morituri de salutant
We are raising the flails
Morituri de salutant
Our lives are for sale

Steel meets steel in the forecourt of hell
Where slaves of the universe say farewell
Blood runs red when the fighting begins
In the forecourt of hell no one will win

The mighty and strongest will survive
There will only be one who will leave alive
There's no grace for the struck men
Heads are rolling before the fighting starts again

Steel meets steel in the forecourt of hell
Where slaves of the universe say farewell
Blood runs red when the fighting begins
In the forecourt of hell no one will win

