

## **Hammers Of Misfortune "Tyrant Dies"**

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Behold I've come Ax in hand  
To lay claim to this your land  
Face me now I stand alone  
Rightful heir to yonder throne

Fool! How dare you come here  
With your insults and delusions  
Guards! Behead this wretch  
And fetch his ax for my collection

Good it is to taste this wine again

And fall upon the necks of mortal men  
Drunk I am upon the blood of slaves  
Kingly blood I deign to taste

"When the Ax is freed from hell  
A single stroke shall break the spell  
When the Ax is free again  
A brutal reign shall meet its end!"

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