

Byron Cage

"Thrasher's Return"

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Mirror sky, shows me your reflex
Aggressions quickmatch on the hell of land
Washing the floor of this century's end
This Metal difusion is falta, bloody and hatred

[Chorus]
Going down the stairs of hell
Search it! Has it's smell
Exploring two mirror's face
Smashing submissive's gate
- Thrasher's Return

We're not blind, we know our fate
Metal ripping your flesh, can't you feel the pain?
You hear hell's sound and your ears explode
So check this out: you're inside the mirror

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