

Legion Of Doom

"Lord Of The Files"

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Crashed on distant shores
Stranded in a hostile world
Bereaved of kin and kindred
Now left to survive on their own
Dormant atavistic rage
Emerging once again
Hunters will soon proclaim
Mastery over the meek

Man against man
Fist against fist
Will against will
Strength against strength

Cut the throat and spill the blood
Celebrating the hunters' prey
Insane lust for power
Foreshadows a cruel reign
Pig's head on a stake
Buzzing halo of flies
Rancid smell of decaying flesh
Lord Beelzebub calls

Man against man
Fist against fist
Will against will
Strength against strength

Thin layer of civilization
Evaporates as sovereigns vanish
Antagonism about food and fire
Each must now fend for his own
Malevolent or benevolent
Power is contested
By numbers and sheer force
Losers fly or perish
Violent power takes control
Like a pack of dogs they run
They love the thrill of killing
They are hungry for the smell of blood

Cut the throat spill the blood
Show all who dominates
Chasing those who resist
Through the wilderness they roam
Like the pig's head on the stake
The dissident head they want
Live or to die, that is nature's law
Hear Beelzebub calls

Man against man
Fist against fist
Will against will
Strength against strength

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