

Nation Of 1

"Storm Of The Beast"

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Night is coming down
Fog is all around
The beast is leaving his bloody home
The smell of blood
Is in the air
People die if he wants throne
And they fall down, down of their knees
Mercy is a world that he don't know
Storm of the beast, Storm of the beast
Locked up doors
Don't get out
The beast makes death like a game
He burst heads
Thrash all down
He destroys and feels ever the same
And they fall down, down of their knees
Mercy is a world that he don't know
Storm of the beast, Storm of the beast

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