

Ritual Carnage "Far East Aggressors"

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Demon, Demon to some angel to none, unholy
Blaspheme, the feeble cross with no remorse. the
weakened
Coming, right into your face their is no one faster
Fighting, kick'n ass, we won't be last, the masters

Hail from the land, of the rising sun, far east
aggressors
Cast down from heaven, we reign in hell, the harden
warriors of steel
We are the servants, sworn to the black, we walk the
path of the left
The hordes of chaos will steal your last breath, their is
no escape

The storm raging, raging in our minds, rages forever
Never, we will never fail, we won't surrender
Thunder, from the skies you can't deny the power
Prowl'n, in the night it's our witching hour

Metal, feel the firestorm it's our desire
Burning, feeding on our hearts it fuels the fire
Chosen, from the east, forbidden beasts of chaos
Poser, we will crush it's our evil lust for violence

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