

Dark Moor "From Hell"

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Pure dark badness
A black cold sadness
Falling into
Hole of madness dying to

Step into the city
breaking out from silence
Iron Gods
Pouring flaming violence

Sirens, don't stop crying
Really crying loud
Murder now
Is allowed

Hissing arrow
Soaked in fire
Wrapped in wire
The souls cry

From hell!
Right from hell!

Crazy driven horden of brothers

Money given to slay others
Richness striven between smothers
Is paid in blood

Keep on fighting no surrender
Judgement coming no defender
Just believing the pretender
Evil rising into

A spiral of madness
For all will be sentenced
And this way
Justice will take vengeance

Power does conspire
Against innocence
Wrapped in wire

The souls cry

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