

The Showdown "Man Named Hell"

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Through the mouth of Hell we rise
Leather up and grab your axe
There's no better time to die
Scale the walls, destroy the doors
No respect for the demon's cry
No fury like mine

Hell, Hell hath dominion of air and sky
I, reject and deny it's right
Pride, selling our souls to the source of a debt,
Owed to a man named Hell

Follow us down to the man named Hell
Take back the crown from the man named Hell

The night we own, we'll claim his throne
Execute the winged spawn, their domain overrun
Burn the gates, no escape
Metal-clad we ride to die, or be free of your curse

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Owed to a man named Hell

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