

Wizzard

"Feathers Burn, Leather Doesn't"

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Above the lake of fire there's fighting in the air
An invasion of the warriors of love
Attempting a re-conquest of the realm down below
They should know they do not stand a chance because

Feathers burn, leather doesn't
Without their wings they fall
Screaming they fall into the lake
We will get them all
Feathers burn, leather doesn't
Without their wings they fall
Their bodies will be collected by us
And the cook pot is ready to boil

This war began before all time we will never serve
And bow to the Meek and the Mild
But they keep on trying and they keep on dying
And soon we will feast upon holy flesh

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