

Wizzard

"Iron, Steel, Metal"

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Gods of thunder, lightning, and rain
Lustful succubuses of death and pain
Are gathered tonight up in the steel sky
Down on the field of battle stand
Warriors draped in leather with iron swords in hand
Ready to sing their enemies their last lullabies

The sunlight disappears, only torchlight
break the dark
Depressive silence broken only by hard pounding
hearts
Mist falls down shrouding the field in mystery
After this night all false "metallars" will rest in peace

The Metal horde raise their swords and hail
Iron, Steel, Metal
Sure of their coming victory they swear on
Iron, Steel, Metal

The massive volume of their chanting - false ears
bleed
It's nothing but a massacre when the titans clash with
the weak
Trying to put us down cries out for revenge
The gods of Metal will blow the wimps away

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