

Wizzard "Tormentor"

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A blazing fire flies thru the night at the speed of
Light
Thunder roaring Heavy Metal power the only might
Smell of burning flesh and blood
His fists reap wimps like a scythe
His mouth belches insults like a machine gun
The city walls echo his battlecries
There's no escape from his wrath
Say your prayers ?cos he?s coming for you
Tormentor - he's pure Heavy Metal from head to heels
Wimp Reaper - play him disco and see how it feels
Tormentor - he never stays in he?s out for you every
Night
Wimp Reaper - wimps leave with a broken nose & a pair
Of black eyes
You can see it in his eyes his flammable rage against
Disco pufters
Whenever he hears false metal sounds of breaking
bones
Accompany his laughter
His nose detects a wimp anywhere

You won't have a chance against his might

He's a guerrilla of Metal

Strikes fast and disappears into the night

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