

## Wizzard

# "Tormentor (Wimp Reaper)"

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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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