

# Overkill "Overkill"

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Riding the wind on a stormy night  
Rides a mother's son to take your life.  
They say he died ten years ago  
But the list of victims seems to grow.  
Like father like son the Bible read  
Three sixes brand the top of his head  
Never heard, seen then too late,  
Overkill, seals your fate!!!

Driven by the host of hell  
Wicked smile cross, the showing skull.  
The victim dies no fucking loss  
Overkill, buries the cross  
That scarlet sin the soul is weary  
Genre et morte, mal vivre  
The fallen angel open the cell,  
Overkill's victim enters Hell!

Who can tell me who I am  
Am I Overkill each death a sin.  
Questions linger as I walk the path  
I am Overkill, the Devil's wrath!

So when you walk alone, in the night  
And your bones are chilled, skin so tight!  
Beware the sound of a galloping horse  
Overkill has another corpse...

Ride high, ride tall  
Overkill will never fall  
Full moon, sharp sword  
Satan is your Lord  
Midnight, dark sky  
Overkill will never die  
Blood bath, die fast  
Overkill the Devil's wrath!!!

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