

Running Wild "Adrian (C.O.S.)"

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Clock strikes midnight, a wolf adores the moon
The vanguard of hell is coming soon
Bloodstained altar, crucifix inverse
The Devil touched the cradle, God gets his curse

Son of Satan's coming, to free all the slaves
He's coming straight from hell, through its burning
gates
He grew in a womb of a hell possessed whore
Born to be a king to give the badness war

Free and wild, Satan's child
Adrian's taking the crown
Destruction and war, opening hell's door
To bring oppression down, yeah

Pentagram's his landmark everywhere he has grown
He only needs one glance to burn you to the bone
Bodies of the racists are decaying in the sun
He give 'em hell, no place to run

Each hunter becomes a victim of his power and his
hate
Destroying all these bastards, Adrian's their fate
He's the new faith, the Saviour to the weak
Destroying your oppression, he's the freedom you seek

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Adrian, son of Satan
Adrian, son of Satan
Burn

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