

Witchtrap

"Metal Army March"

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The metal troops are marching from the evil lair
They arrive at the stage to bang your heads till the end
The band climbs the stage the crowd burst like a roar
To this wild invocation, Satan answer with his
venomous breath

We rush to you with strings and drums
Your fists in the air and your heads banging the stage
We have no manners, we're mad and fierce
United we stand in the metal army march

The metal watts explode like TNT in their heads
The speakers blow their ears to make'em feel the
power inside of the heart
They're drunk, filthy and mean, they break the laws
They've got no prejudice because their command is
living fast and dying young

We rush to you with strings and drums
Your fists in the air and your heads banging the stage
We have no manners, we're mad and fierce
United we stand in the metal army march

Close your doors and run for cover 'cause the metal
beasts are here
Lurking in the shadows we've found the power of steel
If for metal we died for metal we would be reborn
We expect the metal gods to star the metal war.

We rush to you with strings and drums
Your fists in the air and your heads banging the stage
We have no manners, we're mad and fierce
United we stand in the metal army march.

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