

TC

"Out Of Control"

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Drums in the night give me a sign
I hear the sound of war
That is echoing through the streets

I can feel
Cold metal steel

The rhythm of death
Is burning in my mind all the time

Running through the night
To my master
With thoughts of destruction in my brains

Out of control
I can hear the warlord calling:
Give your soul

The bells of fire
Ringing out so loud:
Back to attack!

Drums of the night make me wild
The hounds of hell are getting closer
With their gleaming eyes

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