

Strike of the Beast

Exodus

walking down the backstreets
the noon is full and high
you feel your body start to sweat
someone's about to die
you turn around and run
it's the only thing to do
someone's about to die
and that someone... is you
time to run or fight
off the strike of the beast
you hear the creature's hooves
start to echo through your brain
you fear the demon's hellish howl
it makes you go insane
you smell the creature's fowl stench
laced with death and waste
don't lose your mind he's right behind
breathing fire in your face
time to run or fight
off the strike of the beast
if you fail you'll be
the hellish demon's feast
black as night he begins his flight
wings outstretched in the cold
glowing eyes, he wears no disguise
his evil has yet to be told
breathing fire the beast is flying higher
now he swoops down on his prey
all the world a horrid mess
leaving black earth in decay
the beast prepares for battle
and you prepare to die
the blood running down your throat
dulls your woeful cry
you can feel the power rage within your soul
when you die you go to hell and live... forevermore

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