Generally Hostile

Jag Panzer

[lyrics by Harry Conklin]Town clock echo splits the night,
the witching hour moves even closer to the brink of time that is at hand.
Sound of heels pound the street from the curse that rules the town.
Chill of death has come to reap the damned.
For years ago he went away and now he's back to claim
the unsuspected souls to justify his death.
Oh, foolish one, you'd best make haste. There is no time
to contemplate. The hammer brings the twelfth and your last breath.He's the one who holds the night in the hollow of his hand.
Evil reigning ruler of the dark
Striking with a furious urge, a thunderbolt from hell.
Everything he touches bears his mark.
Seeking no amusement in any lovers foolish games
but go ahead and let them all begin.
He lives his life in malice, not a single night in shame.
Burning bright the everlasting flames of sin.I'm a man who shows no mercy for the weak.
No mercy! [Repeat]Dangling at the end of your rope, can't you see it's 'round your neck
Desolation of another kind.
Your head's in heaven flying high. Your heart's in hell burning lust
Infatuation's always in your mind
You're the perfect sinner, yes, the one who stabbed me
in the back. You've got no guts, just like the rest.
Thrust my blade in, give a twist, tear a scream from your lips.
One o'clock takes your final breath.

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