

Rat Pack

Helltrain

Fuck off, what do you want?
Like a fistfull of metal we hunt
We're the bastards of your dreams
A mean machine, we always come clean
A mean pack of sinners, no saints
Sons of Satan and black is our paint
Warriors of Sodom, metalheads unite
We are the ratpack, won't back for a fight
So sound asleep you wish you were not on your own
We're the devil in a black dress, now look at the seeds we've sown
Fuck you and your holy crew, like if we
would care or stay
We don't want your bullshit here and we never cared anyway

Songwriters

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