

Blood of My Enemies

Manowar

Three sons have I
And they ride by my side
The fierce, the black
And the wicked are their names We ride down my enemies
On their half hearted flight
No voice of mercy
No evangels of light Mighty messengers
Heathens rage
Witness our coming
Gods of the dead I ride through the air
I laugh as I die
With powers of evil
Dark knowledge is mine The ride of the wicked
The first sin was trust
Kill without warning
For blood now I lust Strong winds, magic mist
To Asgard the Valkyries fly
High overhead, they carry the dead
Where the blood of my enemy lies Three sons have I
And they ride by my side
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Where the blood of my enemy lies

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