The Sentinel

Judas Priest

Along deserted avenues
Steam begins to rise
The figures primed and ready
Prepared for quick surprise
He's watchin' for a sign
His life is on the line
Dogs whine in the alleys
Smoke is on the wind
From deep inside its empty shell
A cathedral bell begins to toll
A storm begins to grow

Amidst the upturned burned-out cars
The challengers await
And in their fists clutch iron bars
With which to seal his fate
Across his chest is scabbards rest
The rows of throwing knives
Whose razor points in challenged tests
Have finished many lives

Now facing one another
The stand-off eats at time
Then all at once a silence falls
As the bell ceases its chime
Upon this sign the challengers
With shrieks and cries rush forth
The knives fly out like bullets
Upon their deadly course
Screams of pain and agony
Rent the silent air
Amidst the dying bodies
Blood runs everywhere
The figure stands expressionless
Impassive and alone
Unmoved by this victory
And the seeds of death he's sown

Sworn to avenge

Condemn to Hell
Tempt not the blade
All fear the Sentinel

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written by TIPTON, GLENN RAYMOND/HALFORD, ROB/DOWNING, KENNETH
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