

Burn In Hell (Tales of Mystery and Imagination)

Nocturnal Rites

I'm a loser, it's tearing me apart
But I've got some news,
I'm not going down this time
Wake up your fools
'cause you don't stand a chance
If I stand or fall,
I'll rise no matter whatDoomsday's bells (Doomsday's bells)
Hear the prophe's word
You're a liar and a thief,
by my hands I'll make you kneelBurn in hell, Burn in hell
By my hands I'll make you kneelChoke on the pieces of your past
Nowhere to run, the luck will take it's turnDoomsday's bells (Doomsday's bells)
Hear the prophe's word
You're a liar and a thief,
by my hands I'll make you kneelBurn in hell, Burn in hell
By my rage and fury fallWake up, you fools don't stand a chance
If I should fall I'll rise again.

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