

From Hell

Dark Moor

Pure dark badness
A black cold sadness
Falling into
Hole of madness dying to Step into the city
breaking out from silence
Iron Gods
Pouring flaming violence Sirens, don't stop crying
Really crying loud
Murder now
Is allowed Hissing arrow
Soaked in fire
Wrapped in wire
The souls cry From hell!
Right from hell! Crazy driven horden of brothers
Money given to slay others
Richness striven between smothers
Is paid in blood Keep on fighting no surrender
Judgement coming no defender
Just believing the pretender
Evil rising into A spiral of madness
For all will be sentenced
And this way
Justice will take vengeance Power does conspire
Against innocence
Wrapped in wire
The souls cry

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