

The Right Hand of the Devil

Motorjesus

cold is the grave, down underneath
another shape appeared from evil
emerging from my blackest nightmares
the hunt is on, i stand alone
i made a pact with all my demons
sending out the final bulletwide awake, determination, built up fear of superstition
grab my soul and I devour, reach out for your final hourre-ignited - enter nightmare - it won't save my soul
the evil is rising, what to believe
not dead nor alive now - tile blackness is all i see
inside me im fighting, i've been deceived
finally find out, the right hand of the devil is methe rise, black hour, and i am rolling in the night
i was demonic, apocalypse is now in sight
unchain the devil, is in my eyes as you will see
the aim, the bullet, burning away all underneathdriven and baptized in fire, re-define the broken liar
say your prayers onto the ashes, outcast now to reach the gloriousits unwinding - no more hiding - reach out for
your soulthe evil is rising, what to believe ...i am the black deceiver, defeat the cold beneath us
the wolf and sheep are all the same, against each other
no place for saints and sinners, the evil and the killers
the bleeding now awaits us all, before the dawning will come
dawning will come, dawning will comethe evil is rising, what to believe...its beckoning methe evil rising, what
to believe...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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