

Anthrax, Deathrider

Riding hard, high in the saddle
Winged steed of unwearing flight
Sweeping through air just like fire
Swift of the foot, great of might

Hear the screams
Feel the bite
We ride with death
Tonight

Here it comes
You better hide
Shoot the guns
You're gonna die

Conquering all, spreading terror
Hoofs gallop in thunderous pound
Devouring the souls of the wretched
Trampling them down to the ground

Gripping the reins of destruction
Made of steel on his hands
Holder of forces immortal
Slaughtering all in his path