

Booze Control, Attack of the Axemen

Fires in the night, the sound of battle
As warriors and victims come to lay down side by side
The weapons clash, they prove their mettle
There is no glory lost on those who'll never rise

No remorse, this is our own way
Our enemies know better than the fools who died alone
Pushing on, this will be my day
I see them running from the axe that soon will bite their flesh

Run for your lives
When you hear the everlasting sound
Run for your lives
There's no chance to stand your ground
Run for your lives
Feel the fingers round your neck
Don't you ever turn your back
When the axemen attack

I'll never doubt, this is my hour
As suddenly the ground beneath my feet is giving way
I cough up blood, the bile tastes sour
And with my final breath I see the error of my ways