

Crowbar, No Quarter

Close the door, put out the light
You know they won't be home tonight
The snow falls hard and don't you know
The winds of Thor are blowing cold
They're wearing steel that's bright and true
They carry news that must get through

They choose the path where no one goes

They ask no quarter
They want no quarter
They need no quarter

Walking side by side with death
The devil mocks their every step
The snow drives back the foot that's slow
The dogs of doom are howling more
They carry news that must get through
To build a dream for me and you

They choose the path where no one goes

They ask no quarter
They want no quarter
They need no quarter