

Cryonic Temple, Mercenaries of Metal

Final hour is here I don't fear the reaper
Fighting against the legions of hate
It's time to choose where you belong
Death comes quicker than, than you know
It's an illusion of what is fact of fiction
It's an illusion of why we have to die
We are the mercenaries of metal
We take no prisoners, kill or be killed
We are the mercenaries of metal
We take no prisoners make a stand
Why am I here where will I go
Enemies die so fast by your sword
The quickening is here I live again
I will never die a holy man
It's an illusion of what is fact of fiction
It's an illusion of why we have to die
We are the mercenaries of metal
We take no prisoners, kill or be killed
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We take no prisoners make a stand