

Overkill, Overkill

Riding the wind on a stormy night
Rides a mother's son to take your life.
They say he died ten years ago
But the list of victims seems to grow.
Like father like son the Bible read
Three sixes brand the top of his head
Never heard, seen then too late,
Overkill, seals your fate!!!
Driven by the host of hell
Wicked smile cross, the showing skull.
The victim dies no fucking loss
Overkill, buries the cross
That scarlet sin the soul is weary
Genre et morte, mal vivre
The fallen angel open the cell,
Overkill's victim enters Hell!
Who can tell me who I am
Am I Overkill each death a sin.
Questions linger as I walk the path
I am Overkill, the Devil's wrath!
So when you walk alone, in the night
And your bones are chilled, skin so tight!
Beware the sound of a galloping horse
Overkill has another corpse...
Ride high, ride tall
Overkill will never fall
Full moon, sharp sword
Satan is your Lord
Midnight, dark sky
Overkill will never die
Blood bath, die fast
Overkill the Devil's wrath!!!