

Running Wild, Satan

Night is on the city, street lights are burning bright
Pest and sulphur in the air, claiming end of life
Out of dark valleys and rocks comes the Master of Night
Praying his sacred laws, no chance for evil to hide.

He comes with rage and thunder to break, destroys the idols and gods
Never gives, your soul he takes, just show 'em the way to hell
Satan!

Six sixty six is his number, he takes the crown of earth
His sign is the circle of the beast, destroying only the worst
Torture and pain to the badness, liberty and peace to the good
Badness is going into madness
They wait in vain for his grace

Judgement day is here, the punishment for your deeds
We're all the sons of Satan, your soul will hell-fire feed
Nazis, moralists and conservatives are the death of the human race
Cheating for wealth, raising the badness
They wait in vain for his grace