

Sodom, Unbury The Hatchet

Raging generals, serious games
They don't know what is really going on
Like a clever move in a game of chess
To make an enemy of the world

They stick at nothing
You better give yourself up
Can't stop to see you suffering
Time for your blood to spill

Unbury the hatchet
Kick the mighty from their seats
Unbury the hatchet
And exalt them of low degree

Wartime comrades, sure of victory
With the threat of an air attack
To strike down the despotical tyrant
Who measures his strength with god

They stick at nothing
You better give yourself up
Can't stop to see you suffering
Time for your blood to spill

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Kick the mighty from their seats
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Stirred up aggression
We'll not be defeated
It's hard enough for me to say
According to martial law
We shot them down
There will be hell to pay

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Kick the mighty from their seats
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And exalt them of low degree

Unbury the hatchet
Unbury the hatchet
There will be hell to pay