

Children Of Bodom, Iron, Steel, Metal (By Wizzar)

Gods of thunder, lightning, and rain
Lustful succubuses of death and pain
Are gathered tonight up in the steel sky
Down on the field of battle stand
Warriors draped in leather with iron swords in hand
Ready to sing their enemies their last lullabies
The sunlight disappears, only torchlights break the dark
Depressive silence broken only by hard pounding hearts
Mist falls down shrouding the field in mystery
After this night all false metallers will rest in peace

The metal horde raise their swords and hail
Iron, steel, metal
Iron, steel and metal
Sure of their coming victory, they swear on
Iron, steel, metal
Iron, steel and metal

The massive volume of their chanting, false ears bleed
It's nothing but a massacre when the titans clash with the weak
Trying to put us down cries out for revenge
The gods of metal will blow the wimps away

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