

Dr. Death, Blind

They stand in front of you,
Weapons in their hands.
Helmets of hate cover their heads,
Too blind to see their fate

They cannot see the abyss
That twists the holy ground.
It's going to devour:
"May never they be found";

Behind them burning cities,
Souls that scream in pain.
Flames enlightning the darkness,
Pure greed will be their shame.

Daring the final step,
Driven by their greed.
They are falling in the darkness:
"Die! You devil seed";

They cannot see the abyss
That twists the holy ground.
It's going to devour:
"May never they be found";

Behind them burning cities,
Souls that scream in pain.
Flames enlightning the darkness,
Pure greed will be their shame.

"Die! You devil seed";