

# Exodus, Strike Of The Beast

Walking down the backstreets  
The noon is full and high  
You feel your body start to sweat  
Someone's about to die

You turn around and run  
It's the only thing to do  
Someone's about to die  
And that someone... is you

Time to run or fight  
Off the strike of the beast

You hear the creature's hooves  
Start to echo through your brain  
You fear the demon's hellish howl  
It makes you go insane

You smell the creature's fowl stench  
Laced with death and waste  
Don't lose your mind he's right behind  
Breathing fire in your face

Time to run or fight  
Off the strike of the beast  
If you fail you'll be  
The hellish demon's feast

Black as night he begins his flight  
Wings outstretched in the cold  
Glowing eyes, he wears no disguise  
His evil has yet to be told  
Breathing fire the beast is flying higher  
Now he swoops down on his prey  
All the world a horrid mess  
Leaving black earth in decay

The beast prepares for battle  
And you prepare to die  
The blood running down your throat  
Dulls your woeful cry  
You can feel the power rage within your soul  
When you die you go to hell and live... forevermore!

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Off the strike of the beast  
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