

Jag Panzer, Reign Of The Tyrants

(lyrics by Harry Conklin)

Neon lights are flashing as the tyrants raise their swords
Sounds of metal crashing the avenue overlords
Kings of black leather with words made of steel
Lock all your doors very soon you will feel

Under the knife. Feel the revenge.
Under the knife. You'll get it in the end.
Under the knife. You'd better run for your life.
'Cause you're under the knife!

Bishops of the street, authors of corruption, leaders
in the night just waiting for an eruption.
A rider dressed in black screams out
"You fuckin' clowns! Bring your best you fools and I will tear him to the ground!"

Hear the rumble around you, it's a blood curdling sound
Blood stained heads and bodies all are breaking on the ground
A .45 caliber flashing life's ending with a bang
Tyrants rule the king is dead! We are the gang that reigns!