

Kreator, Riot Of Violence

Greedy for blood
Paralysed by power
The decision to die
Tales of terror
Deep in the corner
Passion to kill
Corpse on the ground
Minds starts to chill

A man lies in the corner, covered with blood
Bloody wounds on his body, praying to his god
People pass him by, but they say
Why should we care about him? he will die today

Riot of violence

Find your own way
You must go alone
Kill all next to you
They want the throne
The infectious disease
Is the only life
You're scared to death
Die by their knife

A man lies in the corner, covered with blood
Bloody wounds on his body, praying to his god
People pass him by, but they say
Why should we care about him? he will die today

Brutality and mighty wars, warriors start to fight
With bombs and guns, the troops have come to extinguish the light
I'd rather not go wild tonight, but I must save myself

On a field littered with corpses
Stands a lonely flower
It reminds the world how it was
But we kicked it away with power