

# Nuclear Assault, Cold Steel

Hopelessly lost, a battle not won  
You're running in panic,  
Away from the guns  
Panic is striking at those all around  
Beware the Grim Reaper,  
He rests all around

My name is evil  
Soon you shall see  
You will obey me  
Or wetch your self bleed

Fight for your life, with cold steel at hand  
Run for the forest, live off of the land  
You'll seek the dark shadows  
for there safety lies  
It rests with the tarot,  
You hear the wolves cry

My name is evil  
Soon you shall see  
You will obey me  
Or wetch your self bleed

Stop for a rest, jump at all sounds  
Hot on your trail, pursuit all around  
You're leaping from cover,  
Your sword fills your hand  
You fight your last battle  
Make your last stand

My name is evil  
Soon you shall see  
You will obey me  
Or wetch your self bleed