

Raise Hell, Soulcollector

I might be old but I am the death you know
I was the one who hammered the nails so slow

I come with thunder
I fight with fire
I got the power
I call it my desire

You take your last breath
War not love I make

If there is nothing, there is nothing to see
If there is nothing, there is nothing to be

I come with thunder
I fight with fire
I got the power
I call it my desire

Who the hell are you
I am the soulcollector

I am the one you fear in your dreams
I'm dressed in black and I swing my scythe

I come with thunder
I fight with fire
I got the power
I call it my desire

You take your last breath
War not love I make

If you hear the hooves riding through your mind
Then it's me on a beast and I will end your life

I come with thunder
I fight with fire
I got the power
I call it my desire

Who the hell are you
I am the soulcollector