

Vassago, Agent 666

(Lyrics: Turner)

(Music: Pepa)

In mortal flesh attired, walking on man-made streets
Human tongue and human conduct, human manners and human ways
Yet the warm white breast holds deep in the chest a ravenous heart
A big bad wolf clad in sheepskin, lurking, craving to reap

(Lead; Suckdog)

The wolf clad in sheepskin, lurking
And the hand held out is craving to reap
Harvesting souls, the flea within
Agents of hell, agents of hell
Turning the righteous on
Burning the righteous down

Agent 666

In mortal flesh attired, walking on man-made streets
Human clad in clay has a rockmachine
Agent of hell on infernal mission
He won't never ever land

(Lead; Suckdog)