

Wizard, Lost Souls

Fire of black demons lightnings in the dark
Whispers of creeping shadows evil never dies
Storms of darkness are on their way
To catch your soul and bring it to hell
Streets of the undead cross
The streets of the living

Death and destruction is all they are giving
Hordes of evil on their march of pain
Let the fire of destruction rain
Burning heat will reach you
kneel down for the lord
He will laugh and torture you

Lost souls on their way on the river
of death they sail
Lost souls in hell on their aim is torture and pain

Eternal torture is the price for all the
things you've done
The brain and heart is screaming
There is no way to run

Look in your hellfire pain waits for you
Hear the laughing of demons you must be their guest