

# Deathrider

Anthrax

Riding hard, high in the saddle  
Winged steed of unwearing flight  
Sweeping through air just like fire  
Swift of the foot, great of might

Hear the screams  
Feel the bite  
We ride with death  
Tonight

Here it comes  
You better hide  
Shoot the guns  
You're gonna die

Conquering all, spreading terror  
Hoofs gallop in thunderous pound  
Devouring the souls of the wretched  
Trampling them down to the ground

Gripping the reins of destruction  
Made of steel on his hands  
Holder of forces immortal  
Slaughtering all in his path