

Dead Thrashers Rising

Exile

We are the following generation possessed by the old
Riding dead unicorns in the name of thrash lord
We are free, thinking we are mad and odd?
We are loyal and we'll never break the metal oath

We are murderers for those who stand in our way
Our fury will turn the sky from blue to gray
We will hunt you - can't run - you're our pray
Flag of hate will always fly, burning those who defy

Breaking the rules
Rule the world
Crushing the fools
You're gonna crawl

We are your nightmares nightmare it's better to beware
Seeking revenge we're gonna rip your body apart
You will be buried under and we will piss on your grave
Malevolent strikes upon you, dead thrashes rising

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