

## Teutonic Terror

Accept

Back to the frontlines, back to the night  
Medieval marauders, under the lights  
Back for the plunder, the thrill of the flames  
The roar of the thuder, back in the game  
Storming the castles, swords in the air  
Killing the monsters in their own lair  
Lightning the torches, setting the stage  
You get what you ask for, right in the face.

Six string sabres, screams in the night  
War clubs pounding, living just for the fight

So we drive, thru the night  
With the howling wind at our backs  
Riding on Teutonic terror  
We will - Give em' the axe!  
We will - Give em' the axe!

String up the razors, sharpen the blades  
Tighten the skins up, no one escapes  
Crank up the grindstone, load up the sleds  
Saddle the horses, off with their heads

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War clubs pounding, living just for the fight

So we drive, thru the night  
With the howling wind at our backs  
Riding on Teutonic terror  
We will - Give em' the axe!  
For the roar, of the crowd  
for the raging frontal attack  
Delivering the teutonic terror  
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