

Sinner rider, rides in with the storm
The Devil rides beside him
The Devil is his god, God help you mourn
Do you, do you hear it? Do you
Hear the thunder
Deafen every living thing about?
Can you, can you see it? Can you
See the mountains darken yonder?
Black sun rising, time is running out

Sacrifice to vice or die by the hand of the sinner
Sinner
Sinner
Sinner

His steed of fury
Eyes of fire and mane ablaze
Demonic vultures stalking
Drawn by the smell of war and pain
He roams the starways
Searching for the carcasses of war
But if it's hungry then its very presence
Disrupts the calm into the storm

Curse and damn you all, you'll fall by the hand of the sinner
Sinner
Sinner
Sinner

God of the devils, god of the devils, god of the devils
Won't you help them pray?
God of the devils, god of the devils, god of the devils
Is there no other way?
Can't you hear their souls calling out in their plight?
Can't you see their blood is boiling, setting them alight?

Thirty years now sleeping so sound, sound, sound, sound
War raises its head and looks slowly around, around, around, around
The sinner is near, sensing the fear
And the beast will start movin' around

Can't you see their souls calling out in their brain?
Can't you hear their blood is boiling, setting them alight?

Sinner, sinner, sinner, sinner
Sinner
Sinner
Sinner
Sinner

Sacrifice to vice or die by the hand of the
Curse and damn you all, you'll fall by the hand of the sinner