

Stormy Death

Entrails

Clouds in the sky

Rain pouring down

Protect your head

Lightning strikes again

Stormy weather

Blood on leather

Death is rising

Blood is flowing

Piles of flesh and bones

Ripped off by the dead

Awakened by the storm

You're now without head

We are all helpless

Weather have such power

Black clouds are forming

They want you dead

Cloud dark and ugly

Thunder can be heard

Give me your best shot

Goodbye bastards