

# No Quarter

Exhumed

Close the door, put out the light  
You know they won't be home tonight  
The snow falls hard and don't you know?  
The winds of Thor are blowing cold  
They're wearing steel that's bright and true  
They carry news that must get through

They choose the path where no-one goes

They hold no quarter

Walking side by side with death, the devil mocks their every step  
The snow drives back the foot that's slow, the dogs of doom are howling more  
They carry news that must get through, to build a dream for me and you

They choose the path where no-one goes

They hold no quarter. They ask no quarter  
The pain, the pain without quarter  
They ask no quarter  
The dogs of doom are howling more!