

Pinball Death Machine

Grailknights

Grailknights, welcome to your perdition
There is no way to perish in style so do not even try to
You are locked up in my Pinball Death Machine, you little Scheissers

Trapped under glass, no exit in sight
The machinery is starting to howl
Armies of lights to the left and the right
Marching to ensure our fall

Break the high score, tilt and turn
Level up! All bumpers must burn
Use the force, the recoil, the momentum of the ball
Battlechoir, we're standing tall

Toss the coin - unleash the fury
Pull the trigger, fire up the Pinball Death Machine
Raise your fist - it's death or glory
The outcome of this fight is clear, there is nothing in between

The mechanical menace is out for revenge
The scenery is starting to roil
Our muscles are blown up to stand the defense
Ready to tear up the boil

Strike, neon lightning
A harsh roaring cry
Our demons of current arise
Dazed from the force of the ball passing by
He chokes on his own bloody lies

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