

## Storm of the Beast

Kreator

Night is coming down  
Fog is all around  
The beast is leaving his bloody home  
The smell of blood  
Is in the air  
People die if he wants throne

And they fall down, down of their knees  
Mercy is a world that he don't know!

Storm of the beast,  
Storm of the beast.  
Storm of the beast,  
Storm of the beast!

Locked up doors  
Don't get out  
The beast makes death like a game  
He burst heads  
Thrash all down  
He destroys and feels ever the same

And they fall down, down of their knees  
Mercy is a world that he don't know!

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