

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,
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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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