

Satan's Host

Metal Inquisitor

Up into the dying tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands

"Crime, doesn't pay" what the preacher told
Time, fight against four walls
Ride, there is no moment to lose for the - Satan's Host

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward to fairy land
Where the monsters run to hide
And all the playthings come alive

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