

Suicide Division

Orange Goblin

On wings of death, breathe your last breath
The honour of dying is all we have left
Straight to Hell upon Death we ride
Prepared to die we are suicide
Division
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Wolves in the night, carefree and high
Respect for the few who we fight till we die
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Roads made of bones, the reaper is calling us home
Temple of skulls
Sworn to the dark, brothers in life and beyond
Born to die young
Horses of iron, carry the fearless and free
Outlaw beliefs
Code of the road, the only law we will abide
Forever we ride

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