

## The Armour of Armageddon

Panzerchrist

Called on to rid the world of scum  
To see them die by the smoking gun  
We seek them out, the timeless creep  
They dare not fight back nor even weep

We listened when the prophet said:  
"Let them die by the hand grenade."  
To change this world we must aspire  
To live our lives in cannon fire

We march as one  
Our salvation is steel  
Beneath the tracks they yield

We only seek to serve the panzer beast  
The general is its priest  
The gun and bullet's our rod and staff  
And those who resist are cut in half

The ringing from the steeple is a deadly discharge  
Behind us is waste and on we charge  
The passing bell tolls with a horrible crack  
Heard a thousand times as we attack

We march as one  
Our salvation is steel  
Beneath the tracks they yield