

## The Stand

Phantom

I hear the thunder, a distant roar  
Black vultures take wing, rumors of war  
At Death's doorstep we tall or stand  
I hear the engines of destruction roar to life again

The wolves are howling, a ghostly call  
Slaughter survivors after the fall  
Like silent shadows against the night  
with taste for vengeance, an appetite  
At Death's doorstep we tall or stand  
I hear the engines of destruction roar to life again  
In the silence we face The Stand

Out in the darkness Death takes its place  
The Crucifier, eyes with no face  
Screaming Death riders, poor conquered souls  
Riding the East wind, taking their hold  
At Death's doorstep we tall or stand  
I hear the engines of destruction roar to life again  
In the darkness we make our stand