

The Stand

Phantom

I hear the thunder, a distant roar
Block 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