A.o.d.

Razor

Corruption of the innocent, in battles of the past
Revolves around an incident, in which the mold was cast
A case of taking orders, a madman in command
Thousands upon thousands destroyed by his own hand
KILL: they're sent to die
KILL: no reason why
KILL: but who's to blame
KILL: who'll face the shame
He's somewhere in hiding, his fate they're deciding
For years they've been hunting him down
A forty year void, yet they want him destroyed
The Angel Of Death can't be found
Relies upon his allies to keep him safe and sound
In some foreign country, there's rumour he's been found
They send special forces to grab him if they can
Their plot has been discovered, he's escaped again
Wanted for his war crimes by descendents of the dead
Never ending search, high price on his head
A weak and aging demon, he's only skin and bone
But those who carry grudges
Won't leave him alone

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