

Tormentor

Wizzard

A brazing fire flies thru the night at the speed of light
Thunder roaring Heavy Metal power the only might
Smell of burning flesh and blood
His fists reap wimps like a scythe
His mouth belches insults like a machine gun
The city walls echo his battlecries

There's no escape from his wrath
Say your prayers 'cos he's coming for you

Tormentor - he's pure Heavy Metal from head to heels
Wimp Reaper - play him disco and see how it feels
Tormentor - he never stays in he's out for you every night
Wimp Reaper - wimps leave with a broken nose & a pair of black eyes

You can see it in his eyes his flammable rage against disco puffers
Whenever he hears false metal sounds of breaking bones accompany his laughter
His nose detects a wimp anywhere
You won't have a chance against his might
He's a guerrilla of Metal
Strikes fast and disappears into the night