

Overkill, Kill On Command

They came to the land, to kill on command.
They ride through the dark of the night.
Metal warrior stands over victims whose hands
Grab for their last chance of life.

Bright shields! sharp swords!
March forward for their Lord.
Set the bow, rulers come
Meet your maker.
Battle cries! silent screams!
Submerge the Devil in evil dreams
Feel the blade, rulers come
Meet your maker.

I live for the kill, I do it at will
Let the weak ride back to the lair.
Now they will kneel to leather and steel
Gasp for the last breath of air.

Blood runs! heads roll!
Enemy fear, take the soul
Set the bow, rulers come
Meet your maker.
Lash out! strike first!
Blood of the dead quench my thirst
Feel the pain, rulers come
Meet your maker.

A gilded warrior wonders why...
His fear becomes new life on high...
Looking down... the dead won't tell.
Why his soul existence lives on in Hell.
Long live the spirit...!
In a life that knows no end...
Many pass before him...
Many in the wind.