## Overkill, Overkill

Riding the wind on a stormy night Rides a mother's son to take your life. They say he died ten years ago But the list of victims seems to grow. Like father like son the Bible read Three sixes brand the top of his head Never heard, seen then too late, Overkill, seals your fate!!! Driven by the host of hell Wicked smile cross, the showing skull. The victim dies no fucking loss Overkill, buries the cross That scarlet sin the soul is weary Genre et morte, mal vivire The fallen angel open the cell, Overkill's victim enters Hell! Who can tell me who I am Am I Overkill each death a sin. Questions linger as I walk the path I am Overkill, the Devil's wrath! So when you walk alone, in the night And your bones are chilled, skin so tight! Beware the sound of a galloping horse Overkill has another corpse... Ride high, ride tall Overkill will never fall Full moon, sharp sword Satan is your Lord Midnight, dark sky Overkill will never die Blood bath, die fast Overkill the Devil's wrath!!!