

Decades ago, a time now long gone
Death metal had its pure form
So easy then amongst global friends
A bold scene never to conform
Changes set in, pollution begins
Despicable developments
The duty to return and make all traitors burn
On to your knees and repent

Deathhammer

Vocals so poor, like frogs in a moor
Guitars like clouds of fruit flies
Where's the bass sound, drums that don't pound
Hear how our iron church cries
They don't give a fuck, just collecting bucks
Acting like statues on stage
Our final call to all those false
We summon thou bastards to rage

Deathhammer

Writing the pages, lasting for ages
Restore purity that once was
Deathhammer bloodstained, death will die again
This is our doctrine and cause
Chapters demanding, episodes ending
Delivering the death metal bill
The years of the leech, finished as we preach
If you won't face death we will

Deathhammer