

Riders Of Doom

The Gates of Slumber

Iron hooves pound the ground
Iron riders from the north
Ice hearts full of hate
Cold touch the whim of fate

Swift come the dogs of war
Swift from the mouth of hell
Steel glints in their hands
Hard the will that drives it home

Oh the riders of doom
Vengeance and fire upon you soon
Oh the riders of doom
Bringers of death
Riders of doom

Wheel and charge in the smoke and flame
Hammer smashed face to spatter the brain
Running men die with an axe in the back
Dying men howl as they press the attack