Doro, The Four Horsemen

By the last breath of the fourth winds blow
Better raise your ears
The sound of hooves knocks at your door
Lock up your wife and children now
It's time to wield the blade
For now you have got some company

The Horsemen are drawing nearer
On the leather steeds they ride
They have come to take your life
On through the dead of night
With the four Horsemen ride
or choose your fate and die

You have been dying since the day
You were born
You know it has all been planned
The quartet of deliverance rides
A sinner once a sinner twice
No need for confession now
Cause now you have got the fight of your life

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Time
has taken its toll on you
The lines that crack your face
Famine
Your body it has torn through
Withered in every place
Pestilence
For what you have had to endure
And what you have put others through
Death
Deliverance for you for sure
There is nothing you can do

So gather round young warriors now
and saddle up your steeds
Killing scores with demon swords
Now is the death of doers of wrong
Swing the judgment hammer down
Safely inside armor blood guts and sweat

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