

# Booze Control, Attack of the Axemen

Fires in the night, the sound of battle  
As warriors and victims come to lay down side by side  
The weapons clash, they prove their mettle  
There is no glory lost on those who'll never rise

No remorse, this is our own way  
Our enemies know better than the fools who died alone  
Pushing on, this will be my day  
I see them running from the axe that soon will bite their flesh

Run for your lives  
When you hear the everlasting sound  
Run for your lives  
There's no chance to stand your ground  
Run for your lives  
Feel the fingers round your neck  
Don't you ever turn your back  
When the axemen attack

I'll never doubt, this is my hour  
As suddenly the ground beneath my feet is giving way  
I cough up blood, the bile tastes sour  
And with my final breath I see the error of my ways