

# Running Wild, Satan

Night is on the city, street lights are burning bright  
Pest and sulphur in the air, claiming end of life  
Out of dark valleys and rocks comes the Master of Night  
Praying his sacred laws, no chance for evil to hide.

He comes with rage and thunder to break, destroys the idols and gods  
Never gives, your soul he takes, just show 'em the way to hell  
Satan!

Six sixty six is his number, he takes the crown of earth  
His sign is the circle of the beast, destroying only the worst  
Torture and pain to the badness, liberty and peace to the good  
Badness is going into madness  
They wait in vain for his grace

Judgement day is here, the punishment for your deeds  
We're all the sons of Satan, your soul will hell-fire feed  
Nazis, moralists and conservatives are the death of the human race  
Cheating for wealth, raising the badness  
They wait in vain for his grace