# Manowar - Blood Of My Enemies

Three sons have I, and they  
Ride by my side. The fierce,  
The black, and the wicked are  
Their names we ride down my  
Enemies on their half-hearted flight.  
No voice of mercy no evangels of light.

Mighty messengers heathens rage  
Witness our coming gods of the dead.  
I ride through the air  
I laugh as I die with powers of evil  
Dark knowledge is mine.  
The ride of the wicked.  
The 1st sin was trust.  
Kill without warning for blood now  
I lust.

Strong winds magic mist  
To Asgard the Valkries fly  
High overhead they carry the dead  
Where the blood of my enemy lies.

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No voice of mercy no angels of light.