

March of the Innocent

Grave Digger

Wooden walls around my mind
My soul has left memories behind
We walk around like ghosts
Like puppets on a string of despair

As bells toll - a call for the chosen ones
Outside the window I see loaded guns
The caravan of dying flowers,
moving to the showers
Moving through doors of steel

Black flowers in cities of death
Where sun turns to grey
And love fades away

It's the march of the innocent
It's the march of the innocent

Prayers don't find
The right words to help
Speechless they move through
Thousands of tears
Touching the head of a child who cries
Defending the fear of those who will die

Through fire we walk no chance to survive
The army of terror steal our lives
Now faith is the substance
Of things we hope for
We're starting the journey
To heaven's door

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Where sun turns to grey
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