

## 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  
And love fades away

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