

Wicked Maiden

Impellitteri

Better run from the Wicked Maiden, she's a war machine
She strikes without a warning, bring you to your knees
Her realm is filled with fire, across the battlefield
I see the death toll rising, a wound that never heals

Can you see it? Can you feel it?
Don't believe it? Think you're dreaming?
Runaway!

You want to wake from this chilling nightmare, but you're not a
sleep
Stories tell of mutilation, enough to make you weep
In the name of an old religion or free democracy
Many soldiers falling under the sword of fallacy
In the heat of the confrontation, better say you're prayers
For the dawn of a new salvation, death is everywhere

Can you see it? Can you feel it?
Don't believe it? Think you're dreaming?

Runaway, from the Wicked Maiden
Runaway from the deadly war machine
Runaway from the Evil Monster
Runaway from the one who makes you scream
Wicked Maiden!

Runaway, from the Wicked Maiden
Hideaway from the deadly war machine
Runaway from the Evil Monster
Hideaway from the one that makes you scream

Runaway, from the Wicked Maiden
Hideaway from the deadly war machine
Runaway from the Evil Monster
Hideaway from the one that makes you bleed