

Braveheart

Pipes And Pints

This on is dedicated to all the bravehearts!
I was kicking for a team of blue angels
Entering gates of burning hell
Walking through the purgatory
Facing all the sorrow
How many aces does death hold in its hands?
This goes out to the bravehearts

Depending on the call
Running into a rain of fire
Or sticking our hands in a bloodbath
Smelling sweat or breath of death
Our hearts will never calm down
This goes out to the bravehearts

Now farewell, we have to go
There is a braveheart in each and one of you
I believe this is true
There is a braveheart in each and one of you
This goes out to the bravehearts