

## Locomotive

### Running Wild

Hundred-fifty tons of steel, rolling through the night  
Sparks are dancing in the smoke, the fire's raging wild  
Hundredweights of blackest coal to feed its burning  
hunger

A melting pot of glowing steel, a hell of grime and  
smoke

Pre:

Smoke and fire, run that pyre

Chorus:

Steam and thunder gonna roll you under

Rage and fury gonna spell its name, Locomotive

The railway's gonna squeaking hard, wheels are dragging  
over

Red hot grease is on the steel, oiling all the bars

Rhythm's gonna pounding hard, the monsters own thunder

The whistle-pipe is blowing strong, foretelling what to  
come

Pre:

Smoke and fire, run that pyre

Chorus:

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Rage and fury gonna spell its name, Locomotive

The stoker's gonna shoveling coal to melt it in the  
fire

Sweat is dripping from his brow, vaporizing in the heat

Pressure's gonna rising high, speeding up the engine

Purgatory comes alive to burn on fires rage

So comon now

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