

March on

Running Wild

Out in the park where they gather in the dark
It's a scaring atmosphere
Wide open eyes which are following the sign
It's soiled with blood and fear
One by one they're casting the unholy spell
My promise of murder, a present from hell
Danger for the free, woman hanging on a tree
Law and order is their goal
Shadows are behind you, run and take good care
They will snatch you if you fall
See them marching, hear them screaming, never
See them marching, hear them screaming
Never we'll follow their way
March on straight to hell
With the signs of death in hand
March on, scream and yell
Bound for a wasted land
One after one they prepare for the run
Latest catchword is to choose
Face to face in an awful race
The pack of hounds is loose
Mortis comes with his loudest boots, beware
A message of yesterday's horror, take care
Wrath in their mind, there's no reason to find
They will never comprehend
Time is too late for a world to create
That is worth it to defend
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