

# Die With Your Boots On

Sonata Arctica

Another prophet of disaster who says the ship is lost  
Another prophet of disaster leaving you to count the cost  
Taunting us with visions, afflicting us with fear  
Predicting war for millions in the hope that one appears  
No point asking when it is, no point asking who's to go  
No point asking what's the game, no point asking who's to blame  
'Cos if you're gonna die, if you're gonna die, if you're gonna die

If you're gonna die, die with your boots on,  
If you're gonna try, well stick around  
Gonna cry, just move along  
If you're gonna die, you're gonna die  
13 the beast is rising, the Frenchman did surmise  
Through earthquakes and starvation, the warlord will arise  
Terror death destruction pour from the eastern sands  
But the truth of all predictions is always in your hands

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