

# In the Eye of the Storm

Arch Enemy

The chase is on, the traps are set  
Won't let them drag me back there again  
The ball on that chain, it bears my name  
To tame the beast in me  
I still believe in life before death  
It fuels the fire in me

I will run 'til I die  
Under these black skies  
Tyrannic law, a razor claw  
In the eye of the storm

As darkness falls the hunt goes on  
The hounds of hell have picked up my scent  
The rain pours down, I'm still running  
My breath freezing the air  
We may be born to astride the grave  
But I will not die a slave!

I will run 'til I die  
Under these black skies  
Tyrannic law, a razor claw  
In the eye of the storm

Under these black skies  
In the eye of the storm

I will run 'til I die  
Under these black skies  
Tyrannic law, a razor claw  
In the eye of the storm

I will run 'til I die  
Under these black skies  
Tyrannic law, a razor claw  
In the eye of the storm