

Slaves on the Run

Axel Rudi Pell

Working all day and all night in the heat and the storm
The sun turned black on the day they were born
The king gave 'em no reason to carry on
But torture and pain for those who remained strong

Runnin' in circles and almost blind
But not the only one of its kind

Slaves on the run
Even heaven cries
Slaves on the run
Another someone dies
Slaves on the run
Even heaven cries
Slaves on the run
Another someone dies
Someone dies

The slave drivers' tool are swords, whips and chains
There's an easy way out of this dangerous game
They're cryin' out for mercy on their way
Too late for them to recognize another day

Runnin' in circles and almost blind
But not the only one of its kind

Slaves on the run
Even heaven cries
Slaves on the run
Another someone dies
Slaves on the run
Even heaven cries
Slaves on the run
Another someone dies
Another someone dies

Slaves on the run
Even heaven cries
Slaves on the run
Another someone dies
Slaves on the run
Even heaven cries
Slaves on the run
Another someone dies
Another someone, someone dies

Slaves on the run
Slaves on the run
On the run