

Haunted

Bob Catley

Fly over the mountains
Through ice and snow
Fly where the flames can't reach you
Reach your wounded soul

There is no magic that can save us
No secret words that will break this spell
Seeking for shelter in the mountains
Fooling ourselves that we can hide

We are walking on sacred ground
We should be safe and sound
No one can reach us here
Catch your breath for just a little while
Stop running from your fear

We are haunted
We are wanted
Evil eyes are watching us everywhere
We are flying
We are dying
Save yourself and fly away if you dare

They are the hunters of man's souls
Can smell our blood from miles away
Their hearts are filled with hate and revenge
Hurry up, we can no longer stay

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Fly away