

Glory or Grave

Grave Digger

Black clouds are moving
Covering the sun
Out in the battlefield
The killing has begun

When war was over
Everything was evil
Shadows of the fallen
Praise the devil

Without tears it's hard to cry
No chance to stay alive
A ballet of silhouettes disappear
No scream, no whisper to hear

Demons crawling under my skin
A lasting rest from my pain and sin
Only the good die young and brave
Choose between glory or grave

I wash my cold hands
In your blood
All the ghouls of the past
Coming out of the mud

The delight of killing
Will never stop
Run for your life
From the angry mob

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No chance to stay alive
A ballet of silhouettes disappear
No scream, no whisper to hear

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