

Whom The Gods Love Die Young

Grave Digger

Hang them higher these sons of a bitch
Faceless bastards born from a witch
Cold wind and rain, in the black of the night
Million shining stars our guarding light

Hate, pain and anger
I cast the spell
Hate, pain and anger
I burn in hell

When ever I dream
When ever I scream
Passion reigns in my veins
When ever I die
My soul flies high
Whom the gods love die young
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White and blue the colors of freedom
We scream out loud the words of wisdom
We fight like hell for courage and pride
Only god in heaven knkows for what we died

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