

Rogues March

Hades

Flying from a mountain top
He sees the world below
Don't question authority
It's not for you to know
He'll rise up from the ocean's floor
And grasp you by the hand
Through the center of the sky
A far and distant land

Turmoil in the dead of night
Get your fix, it will turn out right
Crashing down, you cannot find
the only friend to ease your mind

Hear me calling

On the streets, this side of Hell
Alley's dark and creatures fell
Still you trudge along their path
If you stray, they'll seduce their wrath

Hear me calling

On the run, you cannot hide
from the thorn burning in your side
Ease your pain, the way is clear
Hold on, the end is near

Hear me calling

Your life is in ruins
Syringe is in hand
Despite all your sorrow
you might understand
The troubles you face
can be dealt without
the use of the copouts
of someone in doubt