

## Marching Again

Primal Fear

On a flight through the night  
There's no sleep at midnight hour  
But I'm eased - heading east  
And I can not wait to hit the stage

That's what I'm born for  
And that's where I live  
It's where I belong

The favoured few are marching again  
Destined for spreading the word  
Time's on our side and the worlds' greatest fans  
Are feeding the flame of our hearts

Another flight through the night  
And no sleep at midnight hour  
Had a blast in the west  
But the time has come to fly back home

That's what I'm born for  
And that's where I live  
It's where I belong

The favoured few are marching again  
Destined for spreading the word  
Time's on our side and the worlds' greatest fans  
Are feeding the flame of our hearts

There's always someone who is bitching and shouting  
Rambling and tramping - intruding and crowling  
We came to spread the word no matter what they're saying  
Over and over - always, forever!

The favoured few are marching again  
Destined for spreading the word  
Time's on our side and the worlds' greatest fans  
Are feeding the flame of our hearts