March on

Running Wild

Out in the park where they gather in the dark It's a scaring atmosphere Wide open eyes which are following the sign It's soiled with blood and fear One by one they're casting the unholy spell My promise of murder, a present from hell Danger for the free, woman hanging on a tree Law and order is their goal Shadows are behind you, run and take good care They will snatch you if you fall See them marching, hear them screaming, never See them marching, hear them screaming Never we'll follow their way March on straight to hell With the signs of death in hand March on, scream and yell Bound for a wasted land One after one they prepare for the run Latest catchword is to choose Face to face in an awful race The pack of hounds is loose Mortis comes with his loudest boots, beware A message of yesterday's horror, take care Wrath in their mind, there's no reason to find They will never comprehend Time is too late for a world to create That is worth it to defend See them marching, hear them screaming, never See them marching, hear them screaming Never we'll follow their way March on straight to hell With the signs of death in hand March on, scream and yell Bound for a wasted land March on straight to hell With the signs of death in hand March on, scream and yell Bound for a wasted land One by one they're casting the unholy spell A promise of murder, a present from hell March on straight to hell With the signs of death in hand March on, scream and yell Bound for a wasted land March on straight to hell Signs of death in hand March on, scream and yell Bound for a wasted land March on straight to hell Signs of death in hand March on, scream and yell Bound for a wasted land March on straight to hell With the signs of death in hand March on, scream and yell Bound for a wasted land March on straight to hell

With the signs of death in hand March on