

Die With Your Boots On

Sonata Arctica

Another prophet of disaster who says the ship is lost
Another prophet of disaster leaving you to count the cost
Taunting us with visions, afflicting us with fear
Predicting war for millions in the hope that one appears
No point asking when it is, no point asking who's to go
No point asking what's the game, no point asking who's to blame
'Cos if you're gonna die, if you're gonna die, if you're gonna die

If you're gonna die, die with your boots on,
If you're gonna try, well stick around
Gonna cry, just move along
If you're gonna die, you're gonna die
13 the beast is rising, the Frenchman did surmise
Through earthquakes and starvation, the warlord will arise
Terror death destruction pour from the eastern sands
But the truth of all predictions is always in your hands

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