

# The Phantoms of Prends-Toi-Garde

Vanden Plas

Rush away from hell  
Run for your life a long long way  
To find a place to feel secure  
Afar the house  
Where love's betrayed  
And the seekers in the night  
Waiting for their burning pitch  
To rain down on me again  
Dark shadows of the past do befall me

No one take away the pain  
Wash my soul in burning rain

Soul aviators from hell  
Wash away the tears  
The silent fears the dried up blood  
Gideon Grace - ceci est mon nom  
Hanté par mes démons à Prends-Toi-Garde  
And the caracinous skies  
Waiting for my life down here to go out

Under rusted iron skies  
Fears cut deeper than a knife  
No one take away my pain  
Wash my soul in burning rain

Soul aviators from hell  
Coming to find me  
Soul aviators  
And they know  
I live anxious in the ruins  
Of a long forgotten fair  
Down in forever darkness wood  
Earl kings will find my circus of twilight

Under rusted iron skies  
I'm still running for my life  
And no one take away my pain  
Wash my soul in burning rain