

Cold Steel

The American Spirit

Hopelessly lost, a battle not won
You're running in panic,
Away from the guns
Panic is striking at those all around
Beware the Grim Reaper,
He rests all around My name is evil
Soon you shall see
You will obey me
Or watch yourself bleed Fight for your life, with cold steel at hand
Run for the forest, live off of the land
You'll seek the dark shadows
for there safety lies
It rests with the tarot,
You hear the wolves cry My name is evil
Soon you shall see
You will obey me
Or watch yourself bleed Stop for a rest, jump at all sounds
Hot on your trail, pursuit all around
You're leaping from cover,
Your sword fills your hand
You fight your last battle
Make your last stand My name is evil
Soon you shall see
You will obey me
Or watch yourself bleed

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