

# Colors

## Iced Earth

Walking in the subway  
Alone late at night  
New York City gangs  
Everywhere in sight You feel their anger upon you  
You feel their hateful eyes  
Walk a little faster now  
You're fighting for your life As they walk on closer  
Their eyes burn down your back  
You feel a thousand cries  
Not prepared for their attack A mission bell sent sign  
A sign that boards soon  
You've come this far, no turning back  
We hope you make it too Don't expect, sympathy  
We don't know, the word  
You've walked my turf, insanity  
But in this place you die Your life is wasted  
Your blood is tasted  
As it drips down the blade  
You didn't make it You couldn't take it  
You walked the subway you paid  
Your money's gone  
Your clothes they're torn You're lying in a pool of blood  
You know you're leaving  
We watch you grieving  
But in this place you die Don't expect sympathy  
We don't know the word  
You walked my turf, insanity  
But in this place you die

Songwriters

GLENN, MARROW Published by  
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