Colors

Iced Earth

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

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