

The Watching

Jag Panzer

[lyrics by Harry Conklin]Your time has come the full moon's in the air

Hear the cry of the jackal in the hills

Scent of smoke fills your nostrils

as the wind blows back your hair

Paint the canvas black if you willWatch out there's a man who wants your soul

It won't be long till he finds you

Don't look back at the shadow on the wall

With hands outstretched to grab you

So don't let the reaper catch you sitting still. NO!Feel the touch on your shoulder as you turn your head around

Take heed, my friend, of the reaper's blade

Oh, come, you happy hearted, let your empty minds be filled

Don't let your hallowed soul be betrayedFix your eyes on the crowd, don't let your stare astray

See them practice magic in the air

As they cry their incantations, oh, their damned insinuations

Mix the sea with the blood moon, but bewareBlood moon sitting high up in the sky

Oh, you're the spotlight that can kill

Blood moon bleeding on the world tonight

It will take your heart and change your will

"So don't let the reaper catch you sitting still!"

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