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 hatefull eyes
Walk a little faster now
You're fighting for your life
As they walk on closer
A sign that you board 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 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/