

# Bach In the Moors of Mars

## Grim Skunk

The soldiers stand in calm and silence  
Grimly dread the coming violence  
Clutching to their spears  
Sweating through their gear  
The pale one leads them on the field  
In chain-mail armor, sword and shield  
He wears the crimson band  
And chaos guides his hand  
The flag is raised the drums start pounding  
The horns and battle cries are sounding  
A thousand scream in tune  
And ride off to their doom  
Sometimes I feel like I try too hard  
Sometimes I steal things I want too bad  
Sometimes my honor is so misled  
Sometimes the devil's inside my head  
You got me rockin' now, you say you wanna go far  
I got an interstellar overdrive in my car  
Inside of it we'll fly, Lord, we'll be getting high  
We're gonna take off right into that blue sky  
We'll travel to the stars, destination Mars  
You've got me rockin' with your Bach in the moors of...  
You've got me rockin' with your Bach in the moors of Mars

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