Rebel Spirits

Danzig

Dark things
Wander free
Keepers of the mysteries
Darkest brethren
It falls on thee
To still the breath
Of your enemies
A thousand miles
A thousand seas
I cross them all eternally
A thousand eyes
A thousand dreams
I walk among them endlessly
On the wings
Of leather and rage
I will fly
In the face of their hate
On the wings

Of leather and rage
I will have
All the things that I crave
Rebel spirits
A call to thee
On this the dawn
Of your destiny
Rebel blood
Strong and free
Will never bow to the heavenly
On the wings
Of leather and rage
I will rise
In the face of their hate
On the wings
Of leather and rage
I will take
All the things that I crave

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