

# At Vance, Dragonchaser

Chasing the evil  
Is like chasing a dream  
Haunting the bad  
Is like a poem with no theme  
Race with no end  
Fight you can't win  
Try to defend  
Or you'll pay for your sins

Darkness has come  
Spreading its wings  
But you're the chosen to lose or to win

Chasing a dragon  
That's the war of your life  
Eye of the eagle  
That cuts like a knife

Sharp like a razor  
To tear down the bad  
The force will be with you  
When you fighting like mad

That's why call you the DRAGONCHASER  
Call you the DRAGONCHASER

You cover your skin  
With the blood of your victim  
But the leaf of an oak  
Leaves woundable spot

The blood that you bleed  
Is liquid as steel  
The wounds that you cause  
Will never heal

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That's the war of your life  
Eye of the eagle  
That cuts like a knife

Sharp like a razor  
To tear down the bad  
The force will be with you  
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[Chorus]