Running Wild, Lonewolf

Denim, studs and leather all the way
They call him a wilfull grumbler who's going astray
Looking for a grain of fortune for feeling alive
But the know-all and riff-raff never dies

The law demands it's order
He's bored with all their lies
He can't take it any longer,
His anger will arise

He's a lonewolf, furious and castaway
Yes, he's a lonewolf
And he's on the prowl again

He's totally disobedient and he's strong
They disparage and revile him, saying that he is wrong
Unmercifully accused of living free
But the denial of the truth is not a spree

The law demands it's order
He's bored with all their lies
He can't take it any longer,
His anger will arise

He's a lonewolf, furious and castaway
Yes, he's a lonewolf and he's on the prowl again
He's a lonewolf, furious and castaway
Yes, he's a lonewolf and he's on the prowl again
Yes, he's a lonewolf
Yes, he's a lonewolf
A lonewolf on the prowl again

The wrath and the revulsion, are rising on and on
The youth stands strong and tight, until the "War" is won
Politicans and the church are running down the youth
They're trying oh so hard to twist the truth

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He's bored with all their lies
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