

Transilvanian Beat Club, Road To Transilvaninge

You are drunken
and your horse is dead
you can't see the wood for the trees,
the last snifter is too long ago
and you've lost your belief...

but you don't care...
yeah, you don't care

You are drunken and your horse is dead
at the crossing beneath the trees
where the devil will wait for you
and he steals your belief
and he steals your life...

steals your belief,
steals your life...

...you are drunken on the road to Transilvaningen Hell
this is the road without a come back...
...you are drunken on the road to Transilvaningen Hell
this is the road without a come back...

You've seen the devil and he changed your life
nothing is as it was before, your horse is dead and it is war...

but you don't care...
yeah, you don't care...

...and it is war on the road to Transilvaningen Hell
this is the road without a come back...
...and it is war on the road to Transilvaningen Hell
this is the road without a come back...