

# Virgin Steele, The Chosen Ones

Marching across the desert sands  
Condemned to drift from land to land  
No food or water or heaven's rain  
So many tears and so much pain  
It's a long road the nights are so cold  
A thousand miles from my home  
Now the wasteland becomes our homeland  
There is no peace for those who roam...roam

They call them the CHOSEN ONES  
But that's just a lie  
They call them the CHOSEN ONES  
Yet so many die  
If they're the CHOSEN ONES  
Under the sky  
Who made them the CHOSEN ONES  
To suffer and die  
Only the pain here now is real...so real

Swords and arrows cannot defame  
When they invoke thy masters name  
The north star beckons beyond the gate  
To live in strife is their only fate...oh  
A thousand miles but I still roam....still I roam!!!  
A promise foretold, the armies can't hold  
The burning secrets on the scroll...still I roam...burn!

They call them the CHOSEN ONES  
But that's just a lie  
They call them the CHOSEN ONES  
Yet so many die  
If they're the CHOSEN ONES  
Under the sky  
Why must these CHOSEN ONES  
Suffer and die...  
Only the pain here now is real...march!  
A million miles away  
Oh...my god why have you forsaken me  
Oh...we'll never understand

They call them the CHOSEN ONES  
But that's just a lie  
They call them the CHOSEN ONES  
Yet so many die  
If they're the CHOSEN ONES  
Under the sky  
Who made them the CHOSEN ONES  
To suffer and die...  
Only the pain here now is real...march! march!  
(Across the desert...burning sand...black sun...no rain...  
Burning in the sand...burn)  
Only the pain, only the pain, only the pain keeps us alive  
The pain, the pain keeps us Alive!!!  
We'll never understand...