

Europe, Scream Of Anger

(Joey Tempest / Marcel Jacobs)

I won't live to see tomorrow
There won't be another breath
None of them will ever sorrow
Those who sentenced me to death

I've been waiting here for ages
For the hangman to appear
Soon the priest will read some pages
From the Bible for my fear

I see a place an evil place
Comin' my way
What can I do where can I run
I'm gonna die anyway
Things are getting clearer
This is the price I have to pay
I feel like screaming out my anger
There is so much left here to do
When it happened I was younger
And my destiny was you

I see a place an evil place...

What can I do
About leaving you
We were only halfway through
What can I say
There was no other way
They wouldn't let me stay