

# Impellitteri, Wicked Maiden

Better run from the wicked maiden, she's a war machine  
She strikes without a warning, bring you to your knees  
Her realm is filled with fire, across the battlefield  
I see the death toll rising, a wound that never heals  
Can you see it? Can you feel it?  
Don't believe it? Think you're dreaming?  
Runaway!

You want to wake from this chilling nightmare, but you're not asleep  
Stories tell of mutilation, enough to make you weep  
In the name of an old religion or free democracy  
Many soldiers falling under the sword of fallacy  
In the heat of the confrontation, better say you're prayers  
For the dawn of a new salvation, death is everywhere  
Can you see it? Can you feel it?

Don't believe it? Think you're dreaming?  
Runaway, from the wicked maiden  
Runaway from the deadly war machine  
Runaway from the evil monster  
Runaway from the one who makes you scream  
Wicked maiden!

Runaway, from the wicked maiden  
Hideaway from the deadly war machine  
Runaway from the evil monster  
Hideaway from the one that makes you bleed