

Jag Panzer, The Watching

[lyrics by Harry Conklin]

Your time has come the full moon's in the air
Hear the cry of the jackal in the hills
Scent of smoke fills your nostrils
as the wind blows back your hair
Paint the canvas black if you will

Watch out there's a man who wants your soul
It won't be long till he finds you
Don't look back at the shadow on the wall
With hands outstretched to grab you
So don't let the reaper catch you sitting still. NO!

Feel the touch on your shoulder as you turn your head around
Take heed, my friend, of the reaper's blade
Oh, come, you happy hearted, let your empty minds be filled
Don't let your hallowed soul be betrayed

Fix your eyes on the crowd, don't let your stare astray
See them practice magic in the air
As they cry their incantations, oh, their damned insinuations
Mix the sea with the blood moon, but beware

Blood moon sitting high up in the sky
Oh, you're the spotlight that can kill
Blood moon bleeding on the world tonight
It will take your heart and change your will
"So don't let the reaper catch you sitting still!"