

# Prussian Blue, Hate For Hate: Lamb Near The Lane

Endless years in a prison cell, endless years in a living hell. A soldier of the first, with a tail to tell. C

Some day in Valhala, when he's young once more. He will hold the hand of the image he adore.

It's not right for a lamb near a Lane, to fight with a lion. It's insane, I fell its insane. If the white manv

Some day in Valhala, when he's young once more. He will hold the hand of the image he adore.

This song was written to entertain. dance with horns fight for the lamb near the Lane?

I am that lamb. I'll stand beside the Lane.

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