

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 man

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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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