

Running Wild, Black Wings Of Death

The churchbell of doom is tolling
The angel of death is near
The ghost with the cowl and the sickle
Spreading terror and fear

He's taking your breath,
He's twisting your spine
He poisons your soul
And he poisons your mind

Grim reaper will gather in his seed
Blood will splatter his path
A phantom that's sealing your doom
The damned's foreboding of death

He's taking your breath,
He's twisting your spine
He poisons your soul
And he poisons your mind

Riding high on the black wings of death
Like a nightmare that's choking your breath
Like the terror that blackens your soul
It's the dream where you fall on a six foot deep hole

The dices of life are falling
The weak and the poor will lose
The rich in their ivory towers
Can't feel that their head's in the noose
No chance to talk him round
The black death is spreading its wings
He's the Jonah of unbridled fear
The pain to beggars and kings

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