

Sonata Arctica, Die With Your Boots On

Another Prophet of Disaster,
Who says this ship is lost.
Another Prophet of Disaster,
Leaving you to count the cost.
Taunting us with Visions,
Afflicting us with fear.
Predicting War for millions,
In the hope that one appears.

No point asking when it is,
No point asking who's to go.
No point asking what's the game,
No point asking who's to blame.
Cause if you're gonna die, if you're gonna die.
Cause if you're gonna die, if you're gonna die.

If you're gonna die, die with your boots on.
If you're gonna try, well stick around.
Gonna cry, just move along.
If you're gonna die, you're gonna die.
13 the Beast is Rising,
The Frenchman did surmise.
Through earthquakes and starvation,
The Warlord will arise.
Terror, Death, Destruction,
Pour from the Eastern sands.
But the truth of all predictions,
Is always in your hands.

They died with their boots on,
Yes they died.
They died with their boots on.
We died We died We died.

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