

Virgin Steele "The Chosen Ones"

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Marching across the desert sands
Condemned to drift from land to land
No food or water or heaven's rain
So many tears and so much pain
It's a long road the nights are so cold
A thousand miles from my home
Now the wasteland becomes our homeland
There is no peace for those who roam...roam

They call them the CHOSEN ONES
But that's just a lie
They call them the CHOSEN ONES
Yet so many die
If they're the CHOSEN ONES
Under the sky
Who made them the CHOSEN ONES
To suffer and die
Only the pain here now is real...so real

Swords and arrows cannot defame
When they invoke thy masters name
The north star beckons beyond the gate
To live in strife is their only fate...oh
A thousand miles but I still roam....still I roam!!!
A promise foretold, the armies can't hold
The burning secrets on the scroll...still I roam...burn!

They call them the CHOSEN ONES
But that's just a lie
They call them the CHOSEN ONES
Yet so many die
If they're the CHOSEN ONES
Under the sky
Why must these CHOSEN ONES
Suffer and die...
Only the pain here now is real...march!
A million miles away
Oh...my god why have you forsaken me
Oh...we'll never understand

They call them the CHOSEN ONES
But that's just a lie

They call them the CHOSEN ONES
Yet so many die
If they're the CHOSEN ONES
Under the sky
Who made them the CHOSEN ONES
To suffer and die...
Only the pain here now is real...march! march!
(Across the desert...burning sand...black sun...no rain...
Burning in the sand...burn)
Only the pain, only the pain, only the pain keeps us
alive
The pain, the pain keeps us Alive!!!
We'll never understand...

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