

Young Guns "At The Gates"

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I see the vultures over head,
They're circling for the waking dead.
Walking the line,
Mile after mile,
Seems so much further than I ever thought.
Have I lost my way?

So I'll stand at the gates,
Screaming "I am not afraid",
But there's no-one listening to me.
I know I'm to blame,
For my hands amongst the flames,
I just want to feel alive.

As I stumble down this unlit road,
My legs buckle underneath the load.
Though it twists and turns,
And my muscles burn,
I keep going to stop me from thinking,
That I've lost my way.

So I'll stand at the gates,
Screaming "I am not afraid",
But there's no-one listening to me.
I know I'm to blame,
For my hands amongst the flames,
I just want to feel alive.

March on, march on.
Until I'm at the gates.
March on, march on.

So I'll stand at the gates,
Screaming "I am not afraid",
But there's no-one listening to me.
I know I'm to blame,
For my hands amongst the flames,
I just want to feel alive.

March on, march on.
I feel alive.
March on, march on.

I feel alive.
March on, march on.
I feel alive.
March on, march on.

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