Bound For Glory "Over The Top"

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Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!

Can't you hear my warcry, as I cry for victory. Can't You hear the thunder raging across the sea. Can't you See the lightning as it races across the sky. Can't you Feel the power and the strength of my warcry.

We are the new order. Hail! We're goin' over the top. We are the new order. Hail! Restless aggression that Can't be stopped.

I'm on a mission get outta my way. There's thousands of

Others that'll say. We're rising to power and we're Rising fast. People say that we're insane. They say That we ain't got no class. Well they can take their Cultured lives and stick 'em up their ass.

With a strong will and fists of iron, we will come to Reign. And to all of those who oppose our force, we'll Let 'em know the meaning of pain. White youth around The world let me see your outstretched hands. Hail! Our

Time is coming to revolt, to cleanse our once Aryan Lands.

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Hail! Hail!

Gotta save our lands from the Zionist's hands, we're Goin' over the top. The time's at hand for the final Stand, we're goin' over the top. Gotta save our lands From the Zionist's hands, we're goin' over the top. The Time's at hand for the final stand, we're goin' over The top.

Over the, over the top. Over the, over the top. Over The, over the top.

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