

Jag Panzer "Death Row"

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(lyrics by Harry Conklin)

So you think you got it made
Standing so close to the stage
Hear the sound like a battering ram

But what you don't know
Is Jag Panzer's got control
And the power is all in our hands

Yes, as decibels raise
Your eardrums will split
Like fire from hell and the grave
With vengeance and malice
We'll yell and we'll scream
Our violence evolves from the stage

So I'll give you my body
To do what you want
I'm boiling with passionate flare
You know it's controlled
But not for very long

Take your soul with my deadly stare

Death Row
Your standing in the
Death Row
Ringing inside your head
Death Row
First seven rows
Death Row
Louder till we raise the dead

So keep raising your hands
Oh you're such loving fans
We're headbangers, one and all
I'm aiming to please
Bring you down to your knees
You've suddenly lost all control

Death Row

Your standing in the
Death Row
Ringing inside your head
Death Row
First seven rows
Death Row
Louder till we raise the dead

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