

# Jag Panzer

## "The Watching"

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(lyrics by Harry Conklin)

Your time has come the full moon's in the air  
Hear the cry of the jackal in the hills  
Scent of smoke fills your nostrils  
as the wind blows back your hair  
Paint the canvas black if you will

Watch out there's a man who wants your soul  
It won't be long till he finds you  
Don't look back at the shadow on the wall  
With hands outstretched to grab you  
So don't let the reaper catch you sitting still. NO!

Feel the touch on your shoulder as you turn your head  
around  
Take heed, my friend, of the reaper's blade

Oh, come, you happy hearted, let your empty minds be  
filled  
Don't let your hallowed soul be betrayed

Fix your eyes on the crowd, don't let your stare astray  
See them practice magic in the air  
As they cry their incantations, oh, their damned  
insinuations  
Mix the sea with the blood moon, but beware

Blood moon sitting high up in the sky  
Oh, you're the spotlight that can kill  
Blood moon bleeding on the world tonight  
It will take your heart and change your will  
"So don't let the reaper catch you sitting still!"

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