

Transilvanian Beat Club

"Road To Transilvanigen Hell"

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You are drunken
And your horse is dead
You can't see the wood for the trees,
The last snifter is too long ago
And youve last your believe

But you don't care...
Yeah, you don't care...

You are drunken and your horse is dead
At the crossing beneath the trees
Where the devil will wait for you
And he stelles your belief
And he steels your life...

Steels your belief,
Steels your life...

... you are drunken on the road to Transilvanigen Hell
This is the road without a come back...
... you are drunkenon the road to Transilvanigen Hell
This is the road without a come back...

Youve seen the devil (and) he changed your lief
Nothing is at it was before, your horse is dead and it is
war...

But you don't care... yeah, you don't care...

... and it is war on the road to Transilvanigen Hell
This is the road without a come back...
... and it is war on the road to Transilvanigen Hell
This is the road without a come back

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