

Prozzak

"The Lamb Near The Lane"

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(words by David Lane and music by Lamb)

Endless years in a prison cell, endless years of a living hell. A soldier of the Folk, with a tale to tell. Of why he fought to save his own kind, an image of beauty, he sees in his mind Of a beautiful maiden, now forced to the fight. Because to many White men chose wrong over right.

Some day in Valhalla, when he's young once more. He will hold the hand of the image he adores

It's not right for a Lamb near a Lane. To fight with a lion is insane. If the White men won't battle for Life and Race. The women and children, the Terror will face.

This song was not written to entertain. Will Rams with horns fight for the Lamb near the Lane?

I am that Lamb I'll stand beside the Lane I am that
Lamb I'll stand beside the Lane I am the Lamb I'll stand
beside the Lane

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