

Savatage "Warriors"

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As the edge of midnight falls
The warrior stands alone
Visions of the fighting past
A thousands tales are told

Immortal

Let the battles of street life begin
Don some leathers and chains
They live their life
And they feel their own pain
The times that is chilling their bones
And they can't get away
Alone in the cold
Watching night turn into day

Armed to attack
The soldiers react
Kill or be killed
Is the life they live

Warriors, Warriors
Warriors of the world
Warriors, Warriors
Warriors of the world

On the streets they are roaming the night
Out to claim their domain
One more Pointless battle
With nothing to gain
And life is a hell for them
Living with the shadows of death
Scratching and clawing
Till no souls are left

Armed to attack
The soldiers react
Kill or be killed
Is the life they live

Warriors, Warriors
Warriors of the world

Warriors, Warriors
Warriors of the world

They call the streets of hell their home
They're not alone
A thousands tales are told
The streets of hell their home

Warriors, Warriors
Warriors of the world
Warriors, Warriors
Warriors of the world

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