

March of the Skeletons

White Wizzard

Holy roller not some kind of sage
You're never gonna know his patronage

On a mission to christen you insane
He'll strike the spell deep into your brain

Destroy the night divide the day
Just an ancient astral plane

It's menacing this spell on me

Implore the might that sings the word
His grip on you is quite absurd
Yet in it's form can never be

Gotta get away
Don't be led astray
You know that he'll be back again

The march of the skeletons never opened their minds
Because the march of the skeletons led the profit to more blind

Only I know the way around the rule
You know you've only got your soul to lose

I can show ya the way around the pain
Once you go you won't return again

Destroy the night divide the day
Just an ancient astral plane
It's menacing this spell on me

Oh from the fire of wind and sea
Pound the ground that's under me
I watch the flame that's dancing free