

Holy Land

Angra

(Matos)
We were born in a Golden Age
Beyond the creed
Blown with the winds to meet
The ones who creep
And pray
Unshold feet traces on fresh sand
A map unfold
Spreading out knowledge,
Magic and love
And then
... ooh, and then,
Carried by wooden gods
We leave toward the sky
Gushed out the holy blood
>From those who die
To bless
Ooh, and dance...
Ooh, still dance...
Someone has sent
Somebody here
To bring an age
Long disappeared
Holy Land - Throw your scars on me!
My soul just tends to be
Your friend
Holy Land - Holy Land around
Holy Land - Holy Land is all...
Someone has sent
Somebody here
To bring an age
Long disappeared
Holy Land - Show your signs to me!
'cause I'm still here to see
Your face