

## Petrified Eyes

Angra

We're armed and ready to attack  
To strike the city of all desires  
Then calm the waves that lead to passion  
When all reality turns back to ashes  
Over the hills, across the sea  
Into the abyss of a bygone time  
Lest we forget what really matters  
And the bewildered look up to the sky  
Fallen comrades lay on the ground  
Victors in death they make no sound  
Petrify my eyes  
Behold the sights of battle lost  
In this unchanging world  
What does the poor life of a warrior cost?  
Oh can't you see  
Many faces from God's own races are waiting  
To fight the good fight  
Even though the animals of time have passed you by you still don't see  
Oh, you won't see  
They've petrified your eyes  
Deep desires of mine  
Dark thoughts tyrannize my mind  
When will this torture end  
Into the mire, to battle again