

Visions Prelude

Angra

[Adapted from Chopin]
[Op. 24 Prelude in C minor]
Cold wind, sad moonrise
Dark clouds in the sky
Storm ends the mourning time
Howling in the night
Vision of the land
After the horrid end
We build again from the start
Holy lenient heart
A treasure of the land
Torments have brought the end
We build again from the start
Holy lenient heart
Visions come from the sea
Oceans bring to me
I reach the sand with a kiss
Treasures bristling from a bliss