

# Carry the Blessed Home

Blind Guardian

Pale faced, the innocent  
Will drown in blood  
Hurt and withdrawn.  
Don't dare to steal my grief  
In this haze of green and gold  
He's gone.

Blind my eyes  
And I still  
Can see through the mist  
To the very end  
There I'll face  
What I fear the most.  
Blind my eyes  
But it all doesn't matter  
Right now.

I would bury my dead  
And keep on  
'Til the end  
I won't give up  
I won't give up  
I'll turn  
To the "red fields of none"  
There's a grave  
There's a rose.

Drift away  
I can hear me say  
Soon you all shall be free.  
Carry the blessed home  
No one's left here but me  
And I'll sing out your name.

You call me insane, I know.  
I've open my heart  
And my soul to you son  
So pale turns the innocence  
And all I feel is pain.  
Suddenly I understand  
He's gone.

Blind my eyes and I still can see through the mist...

But it all doesn't matter  
Right now

Carry the blessed home  
No one's left here but me  
And I'll sing out your name.  
Driven insane?  
No  
What I feared the most  
I have faced, and that's truth.  
The grey faced is not innocent  
Though I cry in dismay  
I will follow decay

I'll move on  
Is there anyone here  
Who knows  
How it feels to be wrong?

Blind my eyes and I still can see through the mist...

But it all doesn't matter  
Right now

Matter right now  
Matter right now