

# The Script for My Requiem

Blind Guardian

Hallowed be the richer land.  
God, he knows how long I've stayed away.  
From here there's no way back  
To my own world of disease.  
I still you cry out  
From the old cellar tonight.

Reading the rune of medieval.  
The inner voice stops never asking why.  
I came from nowhere. The bringer of a new age's gone.  
Don't fear my evil. Fate, so God, please lead me through.

Forgotten realms of golden days come true on armory.  
I'll finish what I started once. My body beam again.  
So I'm falling down.

Returning of the miracles.  
It's my own requiem.  
The jester's tears, they are inside me.  
Agony's the script for my requiem.  
Returning of the miracles.  
It's my own requiem.  
Is the script already written?  
Jester's tears I cry.  
Yes, I cry.

Oh, I'll once feel the pain of their attack.  
Believing the runes, that I'd be back.  
(Divided she's brought against the evil?)  
(Divided she'd burn against the evil?)  
(We violate his birth against the evil?)  
The mad crops enthralled by another god.  
Come, torment, taste my last revenge.  
I can't fail.

I can feel the pain of thousands.  
Crucify, crucify.  
Bring us back medieval centuries.  
Without you we all have to die.  
Save us from the evil storm.  
You know the answers, come save us tonight.

Returning of the miracles...

Battle rages higher and higher.  
Akron starts to feel my hate.  
There's no escaping for the dark souls  
I can't control anymore, anymore.  
What started in the underworld,  
It should be finished here and now.

I know his tricks, black magic power.  
But now it's time for him to say goodbye.  
There's only one thing left, the dawn shall arrive.  
We've got to get it past, fear the dark side.  
Turn off his light.  
Turn off his light.

Returning of the miracles...