

# The Age Of The Cathedrals

IU(???)

This is a tale that takes its place.  
In Paris fair, this year of grace.  
Fourteen hundred eighty two.  
A tale of lust and love so true.  
We are the artists of the time,  
we dream in sculpture dream in rhyme.  
For you we bring our world alive,  
so something will survive.

From nowhere came the age of the cathedrals.  
The old world began.  
A new unknown thousand years.  
For man just has to climb up where the stars are.  
And live beyond life.  
Live in glass and live in stone.

Stone after stone, day after day.  
From year to year man had his way.  
Men had built with faith and love.  
These cathedrals rose above.  
We troubadours and poets sing.  
That love is all and everything.  
We promise you, all human kind.  
Tomorrow will be fine.

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But it is doomed the age of the cathedrals.  
Barbarians wait.  
At the gates of Paris fair.  
Oh let them in, these pagans and these vandals.  
A wise man once said.  
In two thousand, this world ends.  
In two thousand, this world ends.