

# The History Turns

Lunatic Gods

You fate is in our hands  
Nation of the Blind  
We have won the war  
I am the conqueror  
There's no paradise when the dark prevails  
There's no paradise for the conquered  
Hold my hand above the joyful masses of the blind

The worms  
Their final victory  
Their path to light  
Beneath the shining star  
The words  
Now they are finally here  
Raising our heads  
Looking at the sky  
His eyes  
Cry for their destiny  
Their path to paradise  
Closed for evermore  
The Sun  
Forever disappeared  
Now it is time to meet  
The tragedy of war

This is where the history turns - Blood covers your existence  
Your fate had been decided - Blood covers your existence  
Forget your wisdom great  
Forget your paradise  
New words will be followed  
New leader of the world  
Your fate is in our hands  
Nation of the Blind

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