

# Sculptures Of Pain

Morgana Lefay

Satan is calling  
But we can't be free  
With him we were falling  
Now we stand as we are  
Turned to stone  
We were giants of heaven  
Now we are doomed for two thousand years  
We burned in sulphur and fire  
Now we are sculptures in chains  
Sculptures of pain  
Our dreams of Utopia  
Were dreams that were real  
And some day we'll be there  
In a time when our souls  
Have been healed  
But wings have been broken  
Eyes have been darkened by hate  
We're trapped in this nowhere  
Awaiting the time when we all shall  
BE FREE  
Sculptures of pain  
I - Gabriel the angel  
A sculpture of pain  
In the middle of nowhere  
Not heaven nor hell  
I hear him calling  
From his throne, I hear him cry  
He's crumbled and broken  
And he sits where he sits  
Made of stone  
We're sculptures of pain  
We're turned to stone  
But we shall be free  
His words are clear  
We were before  
We shall be again  
We are sculptures of pain  
Crumbled angels of hell  
We're meant to be  
We shall rule again, we shall be again  
We are sculptures of pain  
Crumbled angels of hell  
We're meant to be  
We shall rule again  
We shall crack the shell and fly