

Emancipation Suite Part II: Dawn

Stratovarius

Under burning sky
Flames are rising high
Ground is turning red,
All but one is dead
Dying man his hands
Above his head

Through the ruthless night,
Fought with all his might
Made his final stand,
Made the last demand
Paid the price,
His dying time's at hand

Nothing left to feel,
Nothing left to hear
Heroes die alone

Then he sees

First light

Dawning