Gates Of Ishtar, A Bloodred Path

While shaking the mists of slumber I recall fragments of visions The sights of a world in flames A dying land, without religion

I've cleansed my mind and now tears are falling I watch the light of dawn and hear the dark one calling

I saw the fallen angel, his throne of light and dark I saw the faceless rulers and they all wore his mark

I've cleansed my mind And now their tears are falling I watched the light of dawn And joined the dark crusade

Waiting at my gate of dreams Wondering of what's to come A bloodred path in the virgin snow