

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