

Virgin Steele, Guardians Of The Flame

When the winds of ice are raging
And the sun departs for night
There's a thousand eyes upon you
But no one sees your plight
Oh no mercy hath the darkness
No love or heavens rain
You can feel the sound of anguish
Hear the cries of screaming pain

We are the GUARDIANS OF THE FLAME
Masters of the ancient rites
Our duty was ordained
To protect the realm of light

If you cross the gates of wisdom
Beware of the outer sign
Here the wolves of war are feasting
And on who knows what they dine!
Oh if your courage doth forsake you
Invoke thy masters name
We come with swords of fire
To banish the profane

Oh, we are the ones who check the forces of evil
Flames fly from our hands to engulf
The bastard called sin
War, rains through the skies
Our wrath shakes the pillars of heaven, now
The jackal is slain, fountains of blood drench the land
Come light up the torch, we have returned victorious

All's well in the world tonight
Sweet dreams from the palace of light
Sleep well, my children