

Arcana, The Calm Before The Storm

Holding heard on to the wings of the angel
So afraid to let loose
And we have kept our hands over the eyes
So afraid to take sides

But now when the dark age has come
Maybe we will see through the storm
Through the lies and the world of grey
All these lies...

So come with me through the storm
See the other side of common sence
We can no longer deny the truth
How horrible it may seem...