

Eloy, The Vision - Burning

The counterfeit master of the world
Will call for his empire!
He's the demon of illusion, sorrow,
Darkness, mourning and appearance
Forests will explode and on red wings
Spirits will ascend into the sky!
Cities will catch fire and they'll carbonize
So unbelievable hot, silent, and dry!
Choir: We will burn - fire
These corroding flames they will seize,
surround us too,
You is the victim - the dormant peace!
We will burn, the air will be afraid of our mortal frame
Ethereal we are, the air we breathe
The storm that's stirring up all fire!
I see, our life and limb will still
Not come to harm by this conflagration
Of everything to be alright,
Although our hidden souls already dwell
In seas of flames, red hot solution!
Voice: How will we stand the fire tomorrow?