

Meadows End, Elven Dreams

And they were cursed!!

Passing my way to the woodlands again, now in a shape I don't know.
Using the pass for dead angels, I'm starting to feel on my own...
Woodlands in ruins I barely believe, Trees and leaves turned into stone.
A dark shade of light barely seeps through, and they were cursed!

Form me the sense of what is real, a body, tormented, faltering.
All these scars I bear cannot heal.
My suffer in life, the dream
Starting to feel again.
But my senses grow fear, I'm not mortal yet here.

Greeting the elders, now council of vengeance, arming for war!
I lay my blade in order up here.
As we stride through the calm!

So serene life is viewed through your eyes when your'e dead!
Lushious and green, mountains rise high, forests gleam pure from the sky.
Soulcaged and scarred my soul bears the hatred, as I'm back on the fields... Ravenfields!!

I once again witness the clash, as both evil and good interfere.
Marked by the hatred and led by the light.
Nature will stop breed out here.
Scholars they fear that the lives of the elvens will cease.
I'm brought by the council of "Deadwalk";
As an angel I guard all their dreams.

An Angel leads the pilgrim band from the curse, they are in, back into their native land

Meadows filled with'em mourning cries, dancing their way through the mist.

But none of them will ever reach...
The land of souls' domicile of angels.
The Deadlands which of where we speak.
Which they seek for remedy.
Where's he gone the heathen demon I sought?
The battle seems to be going our way!
I don't know, but sense a treasure old of elvens saved.
The magic sustained...