

Opus Atlantica, Holy Graal

The silent scream filled with anger
He's the king of all the kings
In the wisdom of the prophets tale
Crowned in his ancient glory
Some will say it's just a tale
In his own eternity wings of pain
Winged with steel do or die
He knows it's suicide
Blood red skies will burn tonight
In his holy grail
Holy father
Quest of our time
I'm looking for the seventh son
Distant voices all that I hear
In his wasteland
Of the holy grail... holy grail
All the children of tomorrow
Hell is just a sea of pain
Wise up or he's gonna steal your brain
The crystal soldier is coming
Clear vision genocide
Take a look and you'll see what is in his eyes