

Opus Atlantica, Judas Call

A mystery child call of the wild
Raging through the badlands
Titans of old hearts made of gold
Odin hear me calling
I'm cold inside a mask of disguise
Fighting through the heartland
The kingdom will come to everyone
The devil's daughter calling
We will stand and fight
There are blood on his hands I know that now
He will try to cheat and lie cry of pain
It's his wicked game
In his tower so high the devil s child
Glory to the brave we hail the sail tonight
Judas call
Glory and pride a sorcerers spell
The dragon demon he will tell
Taking his toll from young and old
A magical kingdom he knows it all
Counting the days to my dying day
When the reaper will come my way
The earth and the sky will never die
Seeking for shelter don't ask me why
We will stand and fight