

# Projecto, Guardian Soldiers

In the dusk I lie I can't move I feel buried here  
Tryin' to get out I fall and see a storied bier  
It's a glorious hall with gold and treasures everywhere  
In the distance shines a torch I'll try to go right there

I can see two men with strange clothes standing at the door  
Speaking words in a strange language I've never heard before  
They are watching me astonished it seems that they're quite scared  
But at once they start to chase me I know they want my death

Suddenly I find myself in front of a wall of stone  
There's no other way to go I know I'm not alone  
There's a strange design of this wall that is barring me  
Like a stair that leads up to the sky of liberty

So it seems there is a passage hidden here behind  
That's the only chance of way out that I know I have to find  
In a flash the soldiers have come and they throw their spears  
I succeed in avoiding them and they strike a hidden gear

The guardian soldiers are at my back now they'll attack  
Through lifeless dungeons few flames of light  
Blaze in this night  
Terrifying shadows in every site with evil might  
Through deadly dungeons pursued by fear  
They are too near

At last the old gear that blocked the wall has been released  
With a rumbling noise the barrier now begins to lift

It appears a steep flight of stairs that's also too much sheer  
I am climbing it very quickly to rush away from here  
Now I'm getting to the top of it and a narrow room I find  
On the ceiling there a trap-door I open it and climb