Virgin Steele, Blaze Of Victory (The Watchman's

[MUSIC & LYRICS BY DAVID DEFEIS]

[THE WATCHMAN:]
Blessed Gods, Cold Stars, release me from my long suffering
Anxious, Weary, my Mind wracked by Fears unnatural I Scan The Horizon
Watching, hoping for Signs of the Signal Fire
Great Gift of Prometheus, reward me with the news that Troy has
Finally Fallen!
It is She who commands me thus to remain upon this Palace roof
Watching, waiting... that willful, calculating Woman, who plots
And Schemes, like a King!!!

No sleep, no Dreams, only Fear descends upon my couch and Ravages
My Heart
Yes Sorrow and Fear for what's become of this House
Once so Great, now lost and cold, Hungry Spirits stalk these Halls
But still I'll keep my Faith and Pray for our release from all
This suffering...

Look there... at last... Conquest! Great Blaze of Triumph,
I Greet thee, I Honour thee most Welcome Visitor from the Depths
Of the Night
Rape the Sky like a Royal Sun, turn this Mournful Night into
Shining Day!

Awake Queen of Agamemnon, rise from thy sleep
Cry the Morning Song of Victory, for the Kingdom of Ilion has Fallen
The God of Fire proclaims it so
We'll reap this Harvest of Flame, give Thanks and Pay Tribute
To the Deities that made us...

Oh let it be so, let our Fleet return in Honour
Over Lord Poseidon?s Sea, safe from Wind and Storm
Let me stand before my King and Pledge him Sword and Life for his Glory

A Thorn grips my voice, no more from me now
Yet if this House could speak what a Tale it could tell
Of Savage Murder, Betrayal, Ravenous Feasting and a Daimon with an
Unquenchable thirst for Blood and Torn Flesh!!!
No, no more from me, let actions speak! AWAKE!!!