

Visions Of Atlantis, Lords Of The Sea

Fighting their fear and facing the wrath,
Of others to join them and flames to impact,
No rules of engagement, no spoilers for violent desires.
Hungry for power the beasts clash within,
The walls of the town hall, where soon one will sing,
Of merciless battles, fought by the lords of the sea.

The beating fists, the fiery breath,
Of all the dragons,
Fills the place with its own scent,
The scent of hate!
No mercy! No mercy!
For the faint at heart, the weak!
They're falling! They're falling!
But no one of them does weep!

Acting as if they were thirsty for death,
Unfilled and still mighty their hunger for flesh,
Bones cracking loud when the end takes control of those living.
Honor is asking a price much too high,
When moments of agony soon pass them by,
Victory's got its own hell for them as they defend it.

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Driven by hate I feel for all of them who take control,
of all my want and all my will, I can't deny their end is near.

So my hero takes his final breath,
Not a word left before he falls for me.

Failed to knock them down, I saw thy image crumble as they pass,
Your dead body lying on a stone as your soul is drained within.

Before thee, end thee, save thee, behold me,
Force thee, hate thee, kill thee, can't do that.

Every moment I can get to take a hold of my heart,
I try to find a way to keep my life a lasting second on the run.

Eye for an eye, son for a son
Life for a life,
Not! Resist your hate!

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