

# Wildpath, Necromancer

Madness in his head, his heart's filled by the rage  
/Cause his wife has been taken by the plague  
of the devil who darkened his holy soul  
Return for the way to save her  
Gaining power by the corpses he wakes  
Blood is flowing while hope is growing  
Reason and faith fade away  
He lives his nights like his days  
Graveyards are quickly empty  
But the undead are ugly

Might of a God, for playing with Death  
Curse of doom love, is such a madness  
There's always some hope, Lord, send me a sign  
Her soul may be lost, but love never dies

Flesh, bones and movement but no trace of soul  
He could have managed to rule all the world  
Love blinds his mind, he wants her by his side  
Now's the time to try to reopen her eyes

There's always some hope, Lord, send me a sign  
Her soul may be lost, but love never dies  
Trading a life, some useful sacrifice  
Trusting the fire can turn hope in ice

From every crypt, every tomb, quakes this dark fury  
The gate of shadows are now opened  
All the undead running towards their master  
This hopeless and now disarmed necromancer  
Fleeing can save everything but all seems to be lost  
He runs, he's lost, forever

Suddenly he feels in his veins the power of life  
His will is not bad, the sky not spiteful  
All the undead running towards their Father  
This reborned mind, brightened by angela's glance  
Feelings can save everything, even when there's no hope  
He wins, he loves, forever