

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