

Yngwie Malmsteen, Leonardo

Ab antiquo
Ab integro
Audi vide
Tace si vis vivere in pace
Why cannot man also fly
We're chained down to the earth
Not like birds in the sky
Soaring from birth
Devices of destruction, Devices of death
Find out their construction
Give them life, give them breath
Which God may I thank
Making art from a canvas blank
Paintings from the holy book
Depicting Christ and the chance he took
Oh, tell me
When will you ever learn
the true depths of my work
Future is my concern
You know art is my church
Gaze inside the quest of man
And find a new machine
I learn everything I can
Dig it up, cut it clean
Always tried my very best
To find what lies within
Put myself to the test
Judge me not, it's not a sin
Which God may I thank
Making art from a canvas blank
Paintings from the holy book
Depicting Christ and the chance he took
Oh, tell me
When will you ever learn
the true depths of my work
Future is my concern
You know art is my church
When I'm dead and I'm gone
Will you remember me?
I've seen beyond the sun
Reinventing machines
Ab antiquo
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Tace si vis vivere in pace