

The History Turns

Lunatic Gods

You fate is in our hands
Nation of the Blind
We have won the war
I am the conqueror
There's no paradise when the dark prevails
There's no paradise for the conquered
Hold my hand above the joyful masses of the blind

The worms
Their final victory
Their path to light
Beneath the shining star
The words
Now they are finally here
Raising our heads
Looking at the sky
His eyes
Cry for their destiny
Their path to paradise
Closed for evermore
The Sun
Forever disappeared
Now it is time to meet
The tragedy of war

This is where the history turns - Blood covers your existence
Your fate had been decided - Blood covers your existence
Forget your wisdom great
Forget your paradise
New words will be followed
New leader of the world
Your fate is in our hands
Nation of the Blind

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