

Dark Millennium "Medina's Spell"

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Raise your breath, crypts of Medina.
Towards the realm of ritual
Leaded by the grief
The faith in spiritualism
Possesses your belief.
The master won't remit your sins
The judgement has arrived
The atmosphere will bear the fate
The seven mists will rise.
Consecrate the gates to the magicians' hall
Raise the silence, lead the barons to their seat;
Fallacious thoughts die away,
Pernicious doubt begets decay
When the omen prays to heaven for relief.
Hear the prophet's call:
"Woe to the valley of the seventh mystique."
(The curse of Medina:)
A new sin will be born
Upon a life's relic
Redeemers will be torn
For the reign of this mystique.
The guardians to the spell
Protect the ritual
The barons of the dark
Confess.
Let the rubin touch the spirit,
Take the fragment to the king.
Awake the valley of the witches
The curse will form the seventh sin.

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