

## **Eloy**

# **"The Vision - Burning"**

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The counterfeit master of the world  
Will call for his empire!  
He's the demon of illusion, sorrow,  
Darkness, mourning and appearance  
Forests will explode and on red wings  
Spirits will ascend into the sky!  
Cities will catch fire and they'll carbonize  
So unbelievable hot, silent, and dry!  
Choir: We will burn - fire  
These corroding flames they will seize,  
surround us too,  
You is the victim - the dormant peace!  
We will burn, the air will be afraid of our mortal frame

Ethereal we are, the air we breathe  
The storm that's stirring up all fire!  
I see, our life and limb will still  
Not come to harm by this conflagration  
Of everything to be allright,  
Although our hidden souls already dwell  
In seas of flames, red hot solution!  
Voice: How will we stand the fire tomo  
row?

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