

## Moonspell "At Tragic Heights"

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And the first went and poured the vial upon the earth  
And there fell a grievous sore upon the men  
Which had the mark of the beast

And the second angel poured out his vial upon the sea  
And it became as the blood of a dead man  
And every living soul died in the sea  
It is done

And the fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun  
And power was given unto him to scorch men with fire

And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air  
And there came a great voice  
Out the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, ?It  
is done?  
It is done

At tragic heights, a failure pure  
Surrender to nothing but the truth  
Fall now, endlessly into the ashes  
And dare to know

At tragic heights  
She hangs from the stars  
A requiem played  
In a broken heart

At tragic days, the weight of truth  
Trust no one but your own blood  
Shed now, eternally into the hearts  
Then don't be cruel

At tragic heights  
She hangs from the stars  
A requiem played  
In a broken heart

At tragic heights  
She hangs from the stars  
A requiem played  
In a broken heart

And the first went and poured the vial upon the earth  
And there fell a grievous sore upon the men  
Which had the mark of the beast

And the second angel poured out his vial upon the sea  
And it became as the blood of a dead man  
And every living soul died in the sea

The stars are born  
All has begun  
The shadow sun  
Delirium

At tragic heights  
She hangs from the stars  
A requiem played  
In a broken heart

At tragic heights  
She hangs from the stars  
A requiem played  
In a rotten heart

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