

Angra

"The Shadow Hunter"

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I remember the blood on his hands
So ashamed regretting his faults
So defenseless he came from the darkness
We spoke and had a good talk

Dark old hat reminds me of someone
I find hard to recall
Bowed his head surrendering to sorrow
Wears the face of war
Desperate cries:

(Desperate cries)
Running in circles
(Mourning in vain)
Resigning to terror
(A sinful warfare)
A sinful warfare
(Innocents die)
Lost in the faith from my fragile heart...
...From my heart

Wearing black, a bow without arrows
God, have mercy on his soul
Eyes of dread, entrenched in horror
My devotions are gone!

Desperate cries)
Running in circles
(Mourning in vain)
Resigning to terror
(A sinful warfare)
Atrocious attack
(Atrocious attack)
My crusaders faith
Drowns in religious blood
But I'll fight till the end
Gonna find my Holy Grail

Running blind against the faith
Reason slips away
Churches falling like castles on the sand
Ends the Holy War

Have the good for bad.

(What does a man gain from his work?
Under the sun where he labors

What is so good for a man in life?
During his days he's just like a shadow

Vanitas! Vanitas! Utters the oracle
A chasing after the wind

Meaningless! Meaningless searches for wisdom
Everything is in vain like your hunting for shadows)

Lost my pride, fought in vain
Had to find reasons to my pain - Oh!

Running blind against the faith
Running blind again
Church is falling like castles on the sand
Ends the Holy War
Jesus was a man

With a heart, with a mind
With a body, with a sould
So divine as your own

God has no mind, has no heart
Has no body, has no soul and no resemblance of you.

No!
(Like chasing the wind...)

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