

Visions prelude (Adapted from

Angra

Cold wind, sad moonrise
Dark clouds in the sky
Storm ends the mourning time
Howling in the night Vision of the land
After the horid end
We build again from the start
Holy lenient heart A treasure of the land
Torments have brought the end
We build again from the start
Holy lenient heart Visions come from the sea
Oceans bring to me
I reach the sand with a kiss
Treasures bristling from a bliss

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