

# Blinded

## Queensryche

From the night comes a roar of thunder  
Beholding light on the spell you're under  
And the signs of death descend your way  
Fighting back from the devil's hunger  
Freeing souls from their chosen number  
And the sword of right will guide your way  
And thus you'll find that only demons fill your mind until you wake  
But only time will tell the answer you've been blinded from today

Burning dreams cause your mind to wonder  
Iron crosses are the calling numbers  
And the fight for the answer still remains old  
But the night will reflect the hunger  
And the blackness will pull you under  
Still the sword of right will guide your way  
And in the night you'll hear the voices calling down and they will stay  
But only time will tell the answer you've been blinded from today.

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