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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