

Sculptures of Pain

Morgana Lefay

Satan is calling
But we can't be free
With him we were falling
Now we stand as we are
Turned to stone
We were giants of heaven
Now we are doomed for two thousand years
We burned in sulphur and fire
Now we are sculptures in chains
Sculptures of pain
Our dreams of Utopia
Were dreams that were real
And some day we'll be there
In a time when our souls
Have been healed
But wings have been broken
Eyes have been darkened by hate
We're trapped in this nowhere
Awaiting the time when we all shall
BE FREE
Sculptures of pain
I - Gabriel the angel
A sculpture of pain
In the middle of nowhere
Not heaven nor hell
I hear him calling
From his throne, I hear him cry
He's crumbled and broken
And he sits where he sits
Made of stone
We're sculptures of pain
We're turned to stone
But we shall be free
His words are clear
We were before
We shall be again
We are sculptures of pain
Crumbled angels of hell
We're meant to be

We shall rule again, we shall be again
We are sculptures of pain
Crumbled angels of hell
We're meant to be
We shall rule again
We shall crack the shell and fly

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