

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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