

Emancipation Suite Part II: Dawn

Stratovarius

Under burning sky
Flames are rising high
Ground is turning red,
All but one is dead
Dying man his hands
Above his head
Thru the ruthless night,
Fought with all his might
Made his final stand,
Made the last demand

Paid the price,
His dying time's at hand
Nothing left to feel,
Nothing left to hear
Heroes die alone
Then he sees
First light
Dawning

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