

# Holy Land

## Angra

(Matos)

We were born in a Golden Age  
Beyond the creed  
Blown with the winds to meet  
The ones who creep  
And pray  
Unshold feet traces on fresh sand  
A map unfold  
Spreading out knowledge,  
Magic and love  
And then  
... ooh, and then,  
Carried by wooden gods  
We leave toward the sky  
Gushed out the holy blood  
>From those who die  
To bless  
Ooh, and dance...  
Ooh, still dance...  
Someone has sent  
Somebody here  
To bring an age  
Long disappeared  
Holy Land - Throw your scars on me!  
My soul just tends to be  
Your friend  
Holy Land - Holy Land around  
Holy Land - Holy Land is all...  
Someone has sent  
Somebody here  
To bring an age  
Long disappeared  
Holy Land - Show your signs to me!  
'cause I'm still here to see  
Your face

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