At Tragic Heights

Moonspell

And the first went and poured the vial upon the earth
And there fell a grievous sore upon the men
Which had the mark of the beastAnd the second angel poured out his vial upon the sea
And it became as the blood of a dead man
And every living soul died in the sea
It is doneAnd the fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun
And power was given unto him to scorch men with fireAnd the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air
And there came a great voice
Out the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, It is done
It is doneAt tragic heights, a failure pure
Surrender to nothing but the truth
Fall now, endlessly into the ashes
And dare to knowAt tragic heights
She hangs from the stars
A requiem played
In a broken heartAt tragic days, the weight of truth
Trust no one but your own blood
Shed now, eternally into the hearts
Then don't be cruelAt tragic heights
She hangs from the stars
A requiem played
In a broken heartAt tragic heights
She hangs from the stars
A requiem played
In a broken heartAnd the first went and poured the vial upon the earth
And there fell a grievous sore upon the men
Which had the mark of the beastAnd the second angel poured out his vial upon the sea
And it became as the blood of a dead man
And every living soul died in the seaThe stars are born
All has begun
The shadow sun
DeliriumAt tragic heights
She hangs from the stars
A requiem played
In a broken heartAt tragic heights
She hangs from the stars
A requiem played
In a rotten heart

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