

Before The Dawn, Guardian

Nevermore shall the choir of angels sing the song of despair with fear on their voice
Or the darkest creatures shed the blood of divine

Dark princess of mine.. spread your wings and fly

Flying high
Reaching on the sky..

Flying high
Reaching on the sky so divine
My princess

Never again shall the fire of angels light of stars go out and darken the sky
Not the scythe of the reaper reach the heart of divine
Dark princess of mine.. spread your wings and fly

Flying high
Reaching on the sky..

Flying high
Reaching on the sky so divine
My princess

Flying high
Reaching on the sky..

Flying high
Reaching on the sky so divine
My princess