

Carry the Blessed Home

Blind Guardian

Pale faced, the innocent
Will drown in blood
Hurt and withdrawn.
Don't dare to steal my grief
In this haze of green and gold
He's gone.

Blind my eyes
And I still
Can see through the mist
To the very end
There I'll face
What I fear the most.
Blind my eyes
But it all doesn't matter
Right now.

I would bury my dead
And keep on
'Til the end
I won't give up
I won't give up
I'll turn
To the "red fields of none"
There's a grave
There's a rose.

Drift away
I can hear me say
Soon you all shall be free.
Carry the blessed home
No one's left here but me
And I'll sing out your name.

You call me insane, I know.
I've open my heart
And my soul to you son
So pale turns the innocence
And all I feel is pain.
Suddenly I understand
He's gone.

Blind my eyes and I still can see through the mist...

But it all doesn't matter
Right now

Carry the blessed home
No one's left here but me
And I'll sing out your name.
Driven insane?
No
What I feared the most
I have faced, and that's truth.
The grey faced is not innocent
Though I cry in dismay
I will follow decay

I'll move on
Is there anyone here
Who knows
How it feels to be wrong?

Blind my eyes and I still can see through the mist...

But it all doesn't matter
Right now

Matter right now
Matter right now