

Vocals

Ashes of Dreams

From NieR: Gestalt and Replicant

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Transcribed by Giles

Moderato ♩ = 90
dolce

Voice

Once there were trees - full of birds, Mea-dow-lands vi-brant with flowers.

Care-free the songs our chil-dren once sang, gil-ding our mi-nutes and hours.

Clouds came and cov-ered the sun, The breath of a bale-ful un - ease.

Tur-ning to A - shes, flowers in their fields, si-lenced the birds - in the trees.

Hi-dden so deep, in veils of de - ceit, im - pri-soned in twis-ting spells -

Are we the play-things of fiends, or mere-ly the dreams That we're tell-ing our - selves,

tell-ing our - selves? Strive 'till the phan-toms are bro-ken.

Fight 'till the batt-le is done; The squa-drons of night can't con-quer the

day, nor sha-dows ex - tin-guish the sun. Sto-ries of dan - ger, fear-less a -

tack, Spec-ters of plague and pain. All of these ghosts of our own de - lu-sions come

96 *ff* *appassionato*

back and we'll be haun-ted a - gain, haun-ted a - gain. For tho the storms are

105

o - ver and past, though the thun - der's rage is quiet - ted at last, Well this night-mare's laid me

113

down in the rags here to mourn, here to mourn. The night has left us

121

cri - ppled with grief as we strive to keep a - live our be - lief, but a loss so great

129 *mf* *ff* *pp*

it clouds all our hopes for the dawn. Hi-dden so deep, in veils of de -

138 *mp*

ceit, im - pri-soned in twis - ting spells - Are we the play-things of fiends, or mere-ly the

146 *f*

dreams That we're tell-ing our - selves, tell-ing our Sto-ries of dan - ger, fear-less a - t-tack,

155

Spec-ters of plague and pain. All of these ghosts of our own de - lu-sions are back. Have

163 *f* 6 9

we been figh-ting in vain? Figh-ting in vain?