Prophet of Pestilence

From out of nowhere Like a new born child he comes With wisdom greater than the world Some need to be lone So that we will follow This force messiah made of lights He says come with me, into eternity Share this thing with me

Prophet of pestilence Holding on, to the sounds of the weak without Forces of tyranny, in the night In the dreams they will rise right on

The angels calling With burning eyes of last And they will fall down on their knees The sign of the cross, is in power To manipulate the holy wars He says ride the sky, into oblivian Leave all you have behind

Prophet of pestilence Holding on, to the sounds of the weak without Forces of tyranny, in the night In the dreams he will rise right on

Prophet of pestilence A disease, in the railway with no-one Around and around they go Carousel, of emotions of dark betrayal

[solo]

Prophet of pestilence Holding on, to the sounds of the weak without Forces of tyranny, in the night In the dreams he will rise right on

Prophet of pestilence A disease, in the railway with no-one Around and around they go Carousel, of emotions of darks betrayal Without warning, he's gone