

The Power Behind the Throne

Crystal Eyes

Once there was a mighty king
whose tragedy bards still sing
He ruled his realm right and fair,
doing evil no one ever dared

Then one day a stranger came
"Randal," He said, "is my name
the art of magics is my trade
and I'll entertain if I get paid"

And the king gladly took him in,
never seeing the wizard's grin
From that day the blissful years
forever changed into times of fear

Day by day, the wizard was slowly taking control
Day by day, the king was slowly losing his soul

And no one could see
the shadow, which fell
upon the old king
A sinister spell!
The cause of his pain
no one could tell
The wizard just laughed,
his plan worked so well!

As the wizard rose in might,
he turned the king from the light
The king became grim and cold
and did whatever Randal told

The king began a terror reign,
taught his people feel pain
They never knew that he was prone
to the power behind the throne

The malice gleamed in the wizard's eyes
when he was feeding the king with lies