

# 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