

The Prophet In Me

DemonLord

I was born from a magical touch
On the half way from evil to good
Now push aside all of your doubts
And look at the pendulum

You always fear the time passing by
It means nothing to me
You're acting like sleepwalkers in the night
But I have the gift to foresee

You don't have to believe
The things that I have foreseen
You don't have to live by my rules
But remember the prophet in me

Running in circles like dogs on the line
I only give you a laugh
I'm stepping outward to outer realms
where the distance is trapped

Maybe I'm on outcast, but I don't care
You should not knock on my door
Pieces of darkness are growing fast
I have seen mankind's fall

Some live their life so spurious
I tell you it's not curious
Remember me when your clock strikes the last
Winds of wisdom give me power
And fill my sails to leave this empty land
I don't belong here, I'm leaving the shore

And when I'm gone, the places
Beyond me full of sin
And when I'm sailing on bright waters
I'll know too, that the line I walk
Is too thin
(Between right and wrong
true and false
good and evil) is too thin