

The Prophet

Dragonsfire

Magic mist, black candles burn, as the prophet
Makes his turn, see the darkness in his eyes
See the truth beyond the lies
His spirit calls me, his mind is born free
Say your prayers, do it well
When the prophet casts his spell
Divine gift or evil curse
Will his knowledge make it worse?
His voice inside my mind, the truth is what I find

Look into your crystal ball, tell the truth and
Start to call, the evil curse is upon you
Witchcraft, spells and curses old
Let your fortune be told
See, the curse is still on you
Feel the prophet's pain
The shades of things to come
Feel the prophet's pain
Fear what you have done

Lonely is the one who knows, what the
Crystal ball shows, no one wants to be warned
No one wants to be harmed
So many fear it, so many hear it
Magic signs are all around
On the walls and on the ground
Sacrifice and uphold his magic charm
Blind eyes may see far
Strong minds behold the shining stars

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