

## Cockatrice

Final Fantasy

Oh basilisk, oh cockatrice  
The prophet was a child of flesh  
Stolen from the family creche  
And hidden in the wilderness

A statue on a steepletop  
The prophet's now a man of rock  
And the hundred thousand in his flock  
Will gather underneath of him

Owen and I walk among the plots  
I'm guided by the slightest touch  
With his fingertips upon my neck

I'm made to be a marionette

He asks me how I'd rather go  
To burn in a fire, or freeze with the snow  
Well, I'd rather die painful and alone  
Than be a prophet turned to stone

So...

Owen, Owen protect me  
From a life everlasting  
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From a life everlasting