

Astral Hand

Mob Rules

Running on a book of secret pages
Never thought to be a foolish child again
Heading for the little pride of ages
Hide and fight and cries out words of pain

Don't you know what he was looking for?
I wonder why they praise the rules of war

I am a finger of the astral hand
Your prayers let my harvest grow
I got your spirit astral man
To reign the land of ice and snow

Brothers coming home
Riding horses
Sisters sweep along and fight the tales of whore
Hold a little while
Get some silver
Take me by the hand with rust and gold

Don't you know what he was searching for?
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