

## It's a Mystery

Stratovarius

In the middle of the jungle  
There are ruins of temples build along ago, stone by stone  
They were made by the Mayas  
A tribe that is not so well known

Each picture's on the wall  
Recorded history

They were gazing at the sky  
Seems stars turning back the days all the year  
The remains might die  
But altars meant death and fear

Worshiping Gods  
Now gone a long time ago  
The population grew  
New cities were found

What happened then?  
Was it strange decease that wiped away almost everyone  
Or it might have been starvation  
Caused by drought and a scorching sun

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The way they disappeared  
It's now history  
We will never know

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