

# Man of Miracles

Styx

He was a man of miracles

Fighting the solar windstorm  
A winged horse guides his way  
Oracle of the ancient midnight  
Calls forth everlasting pain

And I know, yes I know  
He was a man of miracles  
Riding golden meteorites  
Ruler of distant galaxies  
Born of the northern lights  
Of the northern lights

Sorcerer of the dark moon  
Who dare incur his rage?  
First child of the scorpion  
Prophet of the crystal age

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