

Tears Of An Old Wizard

Desaster

On a winter evening
When I met him in the woods
Hair loing and white
Blowing in the wind

How can we await the return
How can the holy land burn
When the hate is not enough
When the knowledge is too small
See the tears of an old wizard

Grey is his long beard
A coat which is black
Sadness in his face
As he took me in his arms

How can we await the return
How can the holy land burn
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Do you want to learn everything?
To learn the whole knowledge?
To become stronger and stronger?
Give me your unholy promise!
I screamed in the night

Learn to control your body
To control your whole mind
Be your own master
Your own god
And do what thou wilt
See every idea as a present of your mind
Act with your instinct, your own sense
And worship the ancient pagan gods of freedom

We wandered through the woods
Where no one walked before
Mysterys of the past
The wise man knows them all

How can we await the return
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He showed me everything
The secrets of life
I learned and understood
Cursed are you Nazarene
I am my own God !!!