

The Ides of March

Steel Prophet

Caesar, beware these days
I pray thee, beware these days
A vision, comes to the seer
It fills my brain
I see your pain
The nineteenth, nineteenth of march
I see you've marked the ides of march
Kiss of the queen, bite of the snake
I see your treachery filled fate

Go, run and fly free, your future I see
Dark blades you must flee
Go run and fly free, bad magic's to be
fly free

Your friends, you thought so dear
They plot your death, your death's so near
In the dark, I see their faces
Such twisted faces, I see their faces
The magic, once strong and true
It seems to fade, fade from you
The strange ones, have now come
They've come, coming for you

I see them gathered all around you
You sense their greetings false
The smell of treachery sears the air
I see you lying in your blood