

# The Prophet In Me

DemonLord

I was born from a magical touch  
On the half way from evil to good  
Now push aside all of your doubts  
And look at the pendulum

You always fear the time passing by  
It means nothing to me  
You're acting like sleepwalkers in the night  
But I have the gift to foresee

You don't have to believe  
The things that I have foreseen  
You don't have to live by my rules  
But remember the prophet in me

Running in circles like dogs on the line  
I only give you a laugh  
I'm stepping outward to outer realms  
where the distance is trapped

Maybe I'm on outcast, but I don't care  
You should not knock on my door  
Pieces of darkness are growing fast  
I have seen mankind's fall

Some live their life so spurious  
I tell you it's not curious  
Remember me when your clock strikes the last  
Winds of wisdom give me power  
And fill my sails to leave this empty land  
I don't belong here, I'm leaving the shore

And when I'm gone, the places  
Beyond me full of sin  
And when I'm sailing on bright waters  
I'll know too, that the line I walk  
Is too thin  
(Between right and wrong  
true and false  
good and evil) is too thin