

500 Bc to 30 Ad, the Enlightened Ones

Pantheist

You can run, but you can't hide from the quiet flow of time
the dark tentacles of fate push you towards your destiny
and when you think you are free to live your life as you please
you'll find you're nothing but a pawn of history

There is a fire, a desire in my head
eat my battered body, drink my wasted blood
and tell me endless tales of who I am:
the man who feels inside him that change has come

There is a flame that burns inside me
it guides me in the dark and it gives me strength
its glow reminds me of who I am:
the man who sees around him the seeds of a new world

And so you will find me roaming the markets
and selling my message in lonely despair
those who shout loudest, should only be heard last
away from their noise, my word will be heard

Like honey let my teachings come to thee
don't let me be misunderstood again
open your hearts, and then you will agree
that I'm the man to change history

Together we shall walk, hush don't be afraid
and we'll exchange vows for the good of mankind
in mind and spirit, I'll be your inspiration
comfort and joy in my name you will find

Scientia Vincere Tenebras