"The priest returns to the village, quietly he and Marie begin to change things.

He restores the church to its former glory. To remind him of how the money was

raised he writes a message on the lintel above the door give up hope all who enter

this place and places a statue of Asmodeus in the church entrance. He builds

a tower to house the relic but tells the villagers 'tis the work of f olly by some $\ \ \,$

landowner. Except for the fish hanging above a pool, the tower is emp ty and it is $\ensuremath{\mathsf{E}}$

there they have a vision."

The years have passed by in the blink of an eye A devil guards the church door Above the door I've written some more there is no hope if you enter here

With my new found power, I've built a tower To hide the relic away From prying eyes, hidden from spies It now has a place to stay

I feel overcome with the work that I've done
My time on this earth draws near
But before I go there is more to know
It comes to me in a vision

The vision is before me like a film on the wall How John became the master, Christ no longer held in thrall

My sorrow for all that I've done, I'll soon be gone
My sorrow I won't see this through to the end
My sorrow for all that I've done, I'll soon be gone
My sorrow excuse me my friends it's time to tend
My sorrow

When I look back over my life, was it wasted, I'll never know Praying from a bible written three hundred years
After the Christ had atoned

Now the mantle must pass to someone in my stead Someone who can spread the word Without any fear or dread

My sorrow, leaving behind a world so unkind My Sorrow never to see the world that's to be Sorrow a slash of a knife brings the end of my life My Sorrow never to see the world that's to be Sorrow A man of sorrow A man of sorrow