

I have buried my father's son
Under stone-covered, hallowed ground
So many times, and my life goes on
With the work of the many
Always feeding the few
Receiving your letter
I knew, I just knew
As legend you know me
Beware!

It's either black or white
It's either true or false
It's either on or off
It's binary magic

It's either black or white
It's either true or false
Life or death

I've been walking these dusty roads
I've been walking through rain
But the drought and storms
They all pale

To the memory of magic
The wind in her hair
The sound of her laughter
As light as the air
As legend you know me
Beware!

It's either black or white
It's either true or false
It's either on or off
It's binary magic

It's either black or white
It's either true or false
Life or death

As our wanderer is along his path
There's an awakening of sorts
Somehow the children
Learn the secrets of his craft
And in the darkness they resort
When Leibniz calls

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Life or death