Arabian Nights

Stormwitch

Hot sand is all around me
singeing my skin, burning my face
I'm longing for some water
fata morgana in the haze

I feel the strong irons made of steel
and since seven years
rusty chains strangle my neck
Sore weals are the whip's hot, bloody seals
every night and day
they seem to burn on my back

Arabian nights
nightmares of heat and pain and fright
I see the light
the end of the slavery
Arabian nights
stars of the desert shine on me
I feel the light
the time's right to break the chains and flee

Three thousand miles of torture
ten thousand slaves all in a row
my eyes are dim with fever
my vital force is running low

I know that they'll never let me go
I made up my mind
to get away, to take a flight
Cruel whip, tonight I will flee your grip
I'll be off before
daylight displaces the night

Arabian nights...

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