

Man of Miracles

Styx

He was a man of miracles

Fighting the solar windstorm
A winged horse guides his way
Oracle of the ancient midnight
Calls forth everlasting pain

And I know, yes I know
He was a man of miracles
Riding golden meteorites
Ruler of distant galaxies
Born of the northern lights
Of the northern lights

Sorcerer of the dark moon
Who dare incur his rage?
First child of the scorpion
Prophet of the crystal age

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