

Critical Mass

White Wizzard

Forged within redemption
Creeping death surrounds you
Floating in a sea of lies
Your worst nightmare is coming true

Used to playing your games
Stealth and out of range
Hide behind a pen and words
Now the cards have rearranged

I don't care what you think of me
Hypocrite's philosophy
Judging words flow from your pen
Substance more of mice than men

Look into a mirror see
Deepest hypocrisy
Skeleton closet
Filled with misery

Now mirror fade to black
Just another useless hack
One swift rush we're coming back
Rip you apart like a hard attack

Shred your guts to red wine
Expose your blackened soul
Revealing all your worthless lies
Time to pay the final toll

Chess board is revealing
A king that's met his fate
You overplayed your hand my friend
Your time has come it's far too late

Lords of karma ring bells of your toll
Words manifest a backdraft in your soul
Flames arise turn words to dust and ash
Melting blood red reaching critical mass

The dragon spits his red flame
Burn your words into the night sky
We'll rise to take the chalice
On dark wing the wizzard flies high
Now we are growing stronger
Hold high swords of destiny
Riding upon the waves
Guiding light upon a blue sea

Angels fly - our souls ride high
New rebirth - to sail the stars and sky