The Ides of March

Steel Prophet

Caesar, beware these days
I pray thee, beware these days
A vision, comes to the seer
It fills my brain, I see your painThe nineteenth, nineteenth of March
I see you've marked the Ides of March
Kiss of the queen, bite of the snake
I see your treacherous fateGo, run and fly free, your future I see
Dark blades you must flee
Go run and fly free, bad magic's to be
Fly freeYour friends, you thought so dear
They plot your death, your death's so near
In the dark, I see their face
Such twisted face, I see their faceThe magic, once strong and true
Now seems to fade, fade from you
The strange ones, have come
They've come, coming for youGo, run and fly free, your future I see
Dark blades you must flee
Go run and fly free, bad magic's to be
Fly free, ohI see them gathered all around you
You sense their greetings false
The smell of treachery sears the air
I see you lying in your bloodCaesar, beware these days
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Fly free, oh

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