

# Guest of the Inquisition

[Tad Morose](#)

I remember his eyes as he entered the hall  
My kingdom was lost and he spoke  
unto all We see here the signs of witchcraft and I know these words to be  
true The devil besieged you by means of this puppet his tool and he pointed  
at me Four years has now passed and I've seen no light no hope for the truth or a  
glimpse of the world I once ruled Of all that I used to cherish of all that  
I used to do remains but the prayers and my faith in the spirit of truth  
and he pointed at me Guest of the inquisition I'm a guest of the inquisition Guest of the  
inquisition They stage the play  
When it all began I for one can't tell but I first saw those eyes seven  
years ago I never knew their true intent It strikes me now how blind I must  
have been One after one we all fell strangely ill and floating lights were  
seen Awaiting the fall I guess I should have known The secretive ways of the  
Master Inquisitor A sinister mind conspires a mind numbed by power and  
greed Now left in this hole I see eyes and they're staring at me Yes,  
they're staring at me...

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