Wizard Staff

Wampire

We were searching so hard to find you,
Among the foliage and plants
you were so hard to see,
But I know.
You were there just casting your shadows,
A lonely spark in the breeze
could only light up the trees,
If you're near.
But maybe, you were so hard to see,
cuz you could hardly be,
Just casing those shadows the way that you do.
Or maybe, a lonely spark in the breeze
is all this poor man needs,
To pick up his spirits when he's getting old.
Oh yeah.
Oh maybe, the shadows fall on my soul
and wrap my mind's eye with gold,
and the magic is changing the way that I see,
Or maybe, I'll finally finish the deed
and plant this lonely seed,
with my white hair
just floating away in the breeze.
And you'll see my magic casting a spell
on every poor man until,
his pockets are full and his hunger is fed.

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