Nostradamus

M.A.R.S.

In the east the wind is blowing
The boats across the sea
And their sails will fill the morning
And their cries ring out to me
Oh, oh, oh, the more it changes
The more it stays the same
And the hand just re-arranges
The players in the game
Oh, I had a dream
It seemed I stood alone
And the veil of all the years
Goes sinking from my eyes like a stone
A king shall fall and put to death
By the English parliament shall be
Fire and plague to London come
In the year of six and twenties three
An emperor of France shall rise
Who will be born near Italy
His rule shall cost his empire
Dear Napoloron his name shall be
From Castile does Franco come
And the Government driven out shall be
An English king seeks divorce
And from his throne cast down is he
One named Hister shall become
A captain of Greater Germany
No law does this man observe
And bloody his rise and fall shall be
Man, man, your time is sand
Your ways are leaves upon the sea
I am the eyes of Nostradamus
All your ways are known to me
Man, man, your time is sand
Your ways are leaves upon the sea
I am the eyes of Nostradamus
All your ways are known to me
In the new lands of America
Three brothers now shall come to power
Two alone are born to rule

But all must die before their hour
Two great men yet brothers not
Make the north united stand
Its power be seen to grow
And fear possess the eastern lands
Three leagues from the gates of Rome
A Pope named Pol is doomed to die
A great wall that divides a city at this time is cast aside
These are the signs I bring to you
To show you when the time is nigh
Man, man, your time is sand
Your ways are leaves upon the sea
I am the eyes of Nostradamus
All your ways are known to me

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