Mystical End

Iced Earth

On the plains of the desert
A murmured cry was heard
From the echoes of a wind song
Singing of a wordThe word of the land begotten
Is very seldom taught
To natives of the desert
Which tribes of old have soughtWay up in the sky the sun is Burning bright
All the natives screaming, Screaming to be free
The teachings of a wasted Life and a darker death
The burning sun is turning Black falling from the skyAs the moon fades away
And the sun turns black
The darkest fall from the sky
Prepared for their attack
In the dawning hour
The doom and destruction begins
Inside the natives minds
It seems it never ends
At once the sun turns back
And the battle stops
Everyone's in grave danger
Except for those of the dead
For the one who shall deceive us
Is the one...

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