

# Satan's Prophets

## Brocas Helm

It starts with the evil  
In all of the good  
Doing good things  
That you know that you should Never have to worry  
About ever being free  
Satan cast his spell  
On you and me Lightness is his darkness  
Darkness is his magic  
If you don't listen  
You'll wind up  
something tragic Starts with the evil  
In all of the good  
Doing good things that  
You know that you should Satan's prophets  
Satan casts his spell on you  
Satan's prophets  
Satan casts his spell You played with your magic  
But you dropped out of school  
Learning bad things  
Never did nothing for you You idle hands were  
The Dark Lord black tools  
Now the Reaper will harvest  
And leave nothing for you You could have walked  
the white line  
The straight and narrow road  
Pledged glory to Jesus  
Sanctified your soul But no you took a gamble  
For that pot of gold  
You came up a winner but  
You still lost your soul

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