

The Mad Arab

Mercyful Fate

The son of a shepherd, Abdul Alhazred
Travelling in the mountains, the mountains to the east
One night before him there stood that giant rock
3 symbols carved in bloodHe built a fire at its root
To protect him from the wolves
The mad Arab, he would understand
The mad Arab, it was in his handsLater that same night
Awoken by wolfen's cry
The Arab cold with fear
Saw the rock began to rise, riseThe son of a shepherd, Abdul Alhazred
Shivering he saw them coming, the mountain's evil priests
Black robes came together, around the floating rock
3 symbols in the darkThey all started chanting ancient songs
It was prayer in unknown tongue
The mad Arab, he would understand
The mad Arab, it was in his handsDaggers held high to the sky
The chanting had turned to screams
From the pit where the rock had been
8 snake-like monsters came
And the priests burned in red
And the priest had turned their headsThe blood running from their chests and daggers
Had the Arab scream in horror giving himself away
The mad Arab, he would understand
The mad Arab, had to run awayRun down that mountain side
But they had seen him
The priests had caught his scent
Running faster, they're chasing him
Can't go no faster, they're still behindAh no, they're closing in

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