

# Arabian Nights

## Stormwitch

Hot sand is all around me  
singeing my skin, burning my face  
I'm longing for some water  
fata morgana in the haze I feel the strong irons made of steel  
and since seven years  
rusty chains strangle my neck  
Sore weals are the whip's hot, bloody seals  
every night and day  
they seem to burn on my back Arabian nights  
nightmares of heat and pain and fright  
I see the light  
the end of the slavery  
Arabian nights  
stars of the desert shine on me  
I feel the light  
the time's right to break the chains and flee Three thousand miles of torture  
ten thousand slaves all in a row  
my eyes are dim with fever  
my vital force is running low I know that they'll never let me go  
I made up my mind  
to get away, to take a flight  
Cruel whip, tonight I will flee your grip  
I'll be off before  
daylight displaces the night Arabian nights...

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