

# The Final Battle

## Nostradameus

[Intro solo Michael][The prince:]

Here we are, we stand together, fighting for what's right  
We're marching on towards the palace, soon it is in sight  
Does the evil prophet knows that we're coming, will he  
be prepared to die  
Has he understand the signs that's written in the sky  
The prophet of evil is standing proud and tall until the end  
of time  
The prophet of evil he doesn't know the time is running out for him, I curse his soul  
What is this, an ambush, it's  
a smaller unit enemies  
It seems to me we are expected, I wonder how he was able to see...  
As we're marching into the city I see, enemy  
troops on the streets facing me  
Hundreds of them, thousands of them, behind them there I see:  
The prophet of evil...[Prince / The people:]  
We still remember, how it used to be  
In this fair land, before he came  
To tear apart, he is to blame [x2][The prince:]  
We fight, we fight, the sun shines so bright.  
We fight for our brothers and for what is right  
We fight, we fight, we can see the light.  
Defeating the enemy before the night  
Our arms are strong, we're fighting what's wrong.  
Respect our opponent, we know that he's strong  
See you, see me, and what we will be.  
Guardians of justice, strong proud and free  
Our men are fighting brave in front of me.  
And I don't beleive in what I see  
The evil forces seems to kneel for me.  
The prophet escapes and now I see  
Now I understand, they're in my command.  
Get after the wiz someone says in my mind  
I follow him into the palace, my home.  
And suddenly I find myself all alone  
But then I see, up the stairs there he is.  
I'm grabbing my light-sabre, how can I miss  
He's facing the wall and got nowhere to go.  
I look into his eyes, I'm making this slow  
Now you will pay for what you did, you see.  
To my father, to my mother and to me  
I stab my sabre thru his heart.  
But he's laughing and his clothes just falls apart  
[Solo Michael / Jesse / Michael / Michael][The people:]  
The prophet of evil is dead and gone, defeated by the son of the crown.  
The prophet of evil he will no longer lead us into misery, cursed be his soul

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