

# Mercyful Fate, The Mad Arab (Shermann)

## PART ONE: THE VISION

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 blood

He 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 hands...

Later that same night, awoken by wolfen's cry  
The Arab cold with fear, saw the rock began to rise... Rise  
The 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 dark

They all started chanting ancient songs  
It was prayer in unknown tongue...  
The Mad Arab... He would understand  
The Mad Arab... It was in his hands

Solos: S/D

Daggers 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 heads

The blood running from their chests  
Had the Arab scream in horror... Giving himself away  
The Mad Arab... He would understand  
The Mad Arab... It was in his hands

Run down that mountain side, oh 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 behind

Aaaah NO!!!            They're closing in...

...TO BE CONTINUED...