

Mob Rules, New World Symphony

Strange desire burning in my head
Taste of future, keep it secret till you're dead
Endless sorrow tell the tales of time
Think of future don't regret the unknown signs

That's over when the cold wind blows
Right there the almighty power grows

Same old story, same old fate
Script of mankind is the script of war and hate
After darkness when the sun returns
Think of future, don't regret and try to learn

That's over when the cold wind blows
Right there the almighty power grows

When the war is over now
Then they all get up and the rain comes down
Holy smoke and water falls
And signs of future life