

Mystic Charm, Lost Empire

The last sharp shooter
The lasy of shadows
The prisoner,
And the little boy

The last sharp shooter
Came to the sign of three
All together in the lost empire
Searching for the mystery

The paths lead them
Through the waste land
Determined they go on
All the way to the dark tower

On their way to a better world
Following the light
Memories haunt them
Dreams warn them

They watch through day and night
Nothing can be certain
Only the voices rule
The voices in their heads

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The mighty and mysterious tower
That is their goal
What they will find there
Nobody knows

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