

Wizard, Collective Mind

The crowd inside the stadium
Is staring at the darkened stage
Like believers in the inner sanctum
Like vultures in an iron cage

Hyped-up glands are spreading pheromones
The hint of underlying aggression
The collective minds of sixteen thousand
Now prepared for a total psychic excess
And the band begins to play

They are here to raise some hell
To wake the dead
They are here to raise some hell
With the help of a collective mind
Gone mad

The video-screen shows hypnotic scenes
Like fragments of distorted dreams
Reaching for the deepest spheres of mind
Where only evil one can find

The music is a sequence of hidden information
Plugged inside your cerebrum
Critical mass in its final devastation
They will evoke the demon with their pounding drums

And the guitar is raging on

While the band is playing on
The brutal riot begins
Now all that was sane is gone
And darkness fills our hearts