

Banks Tony, Man Of Spells

Banks Tony
Fugitive
Man Of Spells

In shadowy holes, the light disappears,
Evening is with us now,
And all around begins the movement,
The many creatures of the night prepare.

Undisturbed by the sound, with noiseless tread,
A figure comes into view.
A trail of magic runs behind him,
The Man of Spells has come to visit you,
He knows how much you really want him,
He knows just what you all want him to do.

Drawn back cloak revealing,
Wraith-like form concealing,
Half-heard words beseeching,
Half-seen eyes unseeing,
Help me as I helped you,
Help me now I need you.

The enchantment is gone, the ghost disappears,
Leaving just a tired old man.
In restless dreams we might have changed him,
But a wanderer's all he'll ever be.
With shuffling feet he turns and is gone,
Back to his open home,
A trail of ashes runs behind him,
The man of magic has retired tonight.
He knows how much you really want him,
He knows just what you wanted him to do.