

# Bob Catley, The Prophecy

We knew it would be like this, a tainted eden lie  
From now the serpents gather as they sentence men to die  
They welcome fallen paradise while haunting every breath  
But the broken, cold and desolate soul defies a righteous death

For men in arms are soldiers, they fight for their belief  
The struggle never ending to find the prince of peace  
Come the time, the only crime is letting truth be heard  
When a stone inspires a castle, the meek forever feared

My angel, be my guardian now  
Sweet angel, may the song be a sweet forgiving sound

Grant us now, the prophecy, the right to carry on  
Forgive us now, the truth, the battle for the rising sun  
Give us now, the prophecy, the gift of purity and show us now  
Show the door to set the sinner free

We had to find a way to make the serpent shine  
The reaper sighs the fall of a man in a gilded temple shrine  
Then rise a golden future from the gold distorted past  
We say a prayer for the innocent in a dream too good to last

My angel, fight to foe for me now  
Sweet, sweet angel, may the word be a sweet forgiving sound

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