

Brocas Helm, Satan's Prophets

It starts with the evil
In all of the good
Doing good things
That you know that you should

Never have to worry
About ever being free
Satan cast his spell
On you and me

Lightness is his darkness
Darkness is his magic
If you don't listen
You'll wind up
something tragic

Starts with the evil
In all of the good
Doing good things that
You know that you should

Satan's prophets
Satan casts his spell on you
Satan's prophets
Satan casts his spell

You played with your magic
But you dropped out of school
Learning bad things
Never did nothing for you

You idle hands were
The Dark Lord black tools
Now the Reaper will harvest
And leave nothing for you

You could have walked
the white line
The straight and narrow road
Pledged glory to Jesus
Sanctified your soul

But no you took a gamble
For that pot of gold
You came up a winner but
You still lost your soul