

# 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