

Mob Rules, The Miracle Dancer

I see the dancer at the gates of dawn
His dances bring you to the tales of his world
The son has left him in a burning war
His wife has suffered from this failure

A day or a year
Is it far is it near to his home?
He lives and he cries
Without ache, without lies he goes

Don't look back in anger
Just try to picture the world in your head
The miracle dancer
Is turning his soul in a heaven-sent miracle dance

Miles from nowhere I see this mountain man
No move, no step has blown away with the wind
The dancer spent his life in sacred lands
Gave his life to dance, you see the romance?

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