

Queen, The Prophet's Song

(May)

Oh Oh people of earth
Listen to the warning
The seer he said
Beware the storm that gathers here
Listen to the wise man.

I dreamed I saw on a moonlit stair
Spreading his hands on the multitude there
A man who cried for a love gone stale
And ice cold hearts of charity bare.
I watched as fear took the old men's gaze
Hopes of the young in troubled graves
I see no day, I heard him say
So grey is the face of every mortal.

Oh Oh people of earth
Listen to the warning
The prophet he said
For soon the cold of night will fall
Summoned by your own hand.

Oh Oh children of the land
Quicken to the new life
Take my hand
Fly and find the new green bough
Return like the white dove.

He told of death as a done white haze
Taking the lost and the unloved babe
Late too late all the wretches run
These kinds of beasts now counting their days.