

Queensryche, Prophecy

Wings of fire, are sailing past the pint of no return
Blinding eyes, from which it hides the key
Seek to rise, begotten are the fools who'll never know
Force will hide the presence that we see

There's no time to run away
A prophecy will make its stay

Course of rage, a never ending fight for the unknown
To justify the formulated scheme
So we find a gleaming light to lead us far beyond
The closing gates of our society

There's no time to run away
A prophecy will make its stay