

Spinal Tap, Flower People

There they go the last two hundred.
The fire is waiting.
Silent eyes, watch them.
The flames of power knew no hatred.
But still they dance
Around the witchfire.
Around & around, without fear.
But fire comes ruining the truth.
Love is the master of hate.
The drums of death
Are soon to follow.
They gave their blood for life.
Burned, chased for holy reasons.
Saving his people from evil.
Where are the silent ones.
Where are the traitors.
Who told them lies.
They saw the golden light.