

Tad Morose, Guest Of The Inquisition

I remember his eyes as he entered the hall
My kingdom was lost and he spoke unto all
We see here the signs of witchcraft
and I know these words to be true
The devil besieged you by means of this puppet his tool
and he pointed at me

Four years has now passed
and I've seen no light no hope for the truth
or a glimpse of the world I once ruled
Of all that I used to cherish, of all that I used to do
remains but the prayers and my faith in the spirit of truth
and he pointed at me

Guest of the inquisition
I'm a guest of the inquisition
Guest of the inquisition
They stage the play

When it all began
I for one can't tell
but I first saw those eyes seven years ago
I never knew their true intent
It strikes me now how blind I must have been
One after one we all fell strangely ill
and floating lights were seen

Awaiting the fall
I guess I should have known
The secretive ways of the Master Inquisitor
A sinister mind conspires
a mind numbed by power and greed
Now left in this hole I see eyes
and they're staring at me
Yes, they're staring at me