

# Wizard, The First One

You thought you were evil  
But you were wrong  
You were only blinded by the dark

Now at night you are hunting  
The days you are sleeping  
And you dream of a stake in your black heart  
Dream of a stake in your black heart

You've prayed for the bite of life  
But now you live in hell

And the first one sits on his throne  
Laughing at your pain and your life in hell

The one who has given you  
This eternal life  
Feels the same pain as you do  
In his black heart

You are a wanderer in time  
Many centuries you have seen  
But you have become tired of this life  
And thus pray for your death

The stake in your heart  
Black blood streams out of your wound  
Your immaculate skin turns black  
Your undead body begins to rot  
Your soul is now free  
But it will go straight to hell