

Yngwie Malmsteen, Picture Of Home

Dark night, there is no light
In the realm of the black magic man
Soul's flight into the cold blight
Of the destroyer's magic land
Poor man, whose spirits are stronger
They're a little too weary
You're starting to...

Blind man, you're suckin' your own blood
Soon black magic's dying
You'd better start crying
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Soon black magic's dying
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Throw out your evil desire
The dark king's kingdom is
Made out of mire

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Keep on for the kingdom of light
There is no darkness, there is no night