

Running on a book of secret pages  
Never thought to be a foolish child again  
Heading for the little pride of ages  
Hide and fight and cries out words of pain

Don't you know what he was looking for?  
I wonder why they praise the rules of war

I am a finger of the astral hand  
Your prayers let my harvest grow  
I got your spirit astral man  
To reign the land of ice and snow

Brothers coming home  
Riding horses  
Sisters sweep along and fight the tales of whore  
Hold a little while  
Get some silver  
Take me by the hand with rust and gold

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