

Midas Touch

Pallas

Take an act of greed and a tortured soul
Place them together in the crucible
Take two men of different faith
And a scrap of earth they call their place
War is mixture you now create
From this extract the human spirit
Then pressurise it to the limit
And in wondrous vapours you will find
Creative treasures of every kind

From the essence of this spirit take good intentions
And then stir it with desire to turn all things to gold
Take care for as your dreams unfold of countless treasure
This spell can oft go wrong if hunger for power affects
Your noble measure to help your fellow man
So look deep down inside your soul and into the smouldering crucible
Is this truly gold you see?

I see banners flying in the wind
Our darkest demons rising from the flames again
Black wings of terror blocking out the sun
Just one more battle then our golden age may come

But there's no running, there's no turning away
We never wanted, wanted it to be this way
With good intentions we achieve so much
Then we take a sip from the poison cup
Midas touch

We've got the midas touch

I see glass towers rising to the skies
Down in their shadows the last red rose has died
I see machines drink our mothers blood
The mercury's rising - Lord here comes the flood

But there's no running, there's no turning away
We never wanted, wanted it to be this way
Losing everything - achieving so much
Take a sip from the poison cup
Midas touch

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Take touch of the human spirit
Pressurise it to the limit
Stir in greed and desire
Turn the temperature higher
Higher higher higher and higher and higher

Iron is the will that knows no fear
Lead is the greed that blinds us
Sulphur is the evil that lies in us all
Tin are the gods that guide us
Carbon is the strenght to conquer hate
Silver is the purest love that binds us
Gold is the power lust that divides us

If I could do magic I would weave a spell
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