Critical Mass

White Wizzard

Forged within redemption Creeping death surrounds you Floating in a sea of lies Your worst nightmare is coming true

Used to playing your games Stealth and out of range Hide behind a pen and words Now the cards have rearranged

I don't care what you think of me Hypocrite's philosophy Judging words flow from your pen Substance more of mice than men

Look into a mirror see Deepest hypocrisy Skeleton closet Filled with misery

Now mirror fade to black Just another useless hack One swift rush we're coming back Rip you apart like a hard attack

Shred your guts to red wine Expose your blackened soul Revealing all your worthless lies Time to pay the final toll

Chess board is revealing
A king that's met his fate
You overplayed your hand my friend
Your time has come it's far too late

Lords of karma ring bells of your toll Words manifest a backdraft in your soul Flames arise turn words to dust and ash Melting blood red reaching critical mass

The dragon spits his red flame
Burn your words into the night sky
We'll rise to take the chalice
On dark wing the wizzard flies high
Now we are growing stronger
Hold high swords of destiny
Riding upon the waves
Guiding light upon a blue sea

Angels fly - our souls ride high New rebirth - to sail the stars and sky