

Holy Grove, Death of Magic

Wrong doing and mischief was his crime
He would watch while others stood in line
Pray to those that would keep him safe
Laugh while others burned at the stake

Master of his magic
This man has no name
Fearful for the future
Fearful for their gain

Sorcerer
They said the healer had gone bad
Taken all that he had for himself
Seasoned witch
Fear of his acts rising up to a fever pitch

Frightened by the things he could not see
Types Of truths he knows would set them free
Supernatural sorcery
His death brings new life to fantasy

Reading of the hammer
Brings them little peace
No cure for enchanter's
Knowledge their disease

Reading of the hammer
Brings them little peace

For one day...

Hunted and reluctant
Consumed by judgement and panic
Brought the death to magic

The unfortunate mystic
With his idealistic and naive ways

Hunted and reluctant
Consumed by judgement and panic
Brought the death

No one could've been braver
Their forsaken savior
He is the one (burning like the sun)

And he is reluctant
Consumed by judgement and panic
Brought the death