

# 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