

# Kamelot, The Spell

where has all the magic gone  
lost behind or lost along  
a victim of the pulse of our society  
don't you miss the ancient times  
the riddles and the subtle signs  
a relative perspective on reality  
I get stronger in the splendor  
of a lucid moon  
I'm a creature of the night  
all my demons cast a spell  
the souls of dusk rising from the ashes  
so the book of shadows tell  
the weak will always obey the master  
heading for the dragons lair  
another time and a different sphere  
I leave the nothingness behind  
and when the sense of logic yields  
I'll escape the outer shields  
into the universal mind  
I get stronger in the splendor  
of a lucid moon  
only creatures of the night  
can heal my wounds