

Mercyful Fate, The Mad Arab

Pre>
Part one: the vision

The son of a shepherd, abdul alhazred
Travelling in the mountains, the mountains to the east
One night before him, there stood that giant rock
3 symbols carved in blood

He built a fire at it's root
To protect him from the wolves...

The mad arab... he would understand
The mad arab... it was in his hands...

Later that same night, awoken by wolfen's cry
The arab cold with fear, saw the rock began to rise... rise

The son of a shepherd, abdul alhazred
Shivering he saw them coming, the mountain's evil priests
Black robes came together, around the floating rock
3 symbols in the dark

They all started chanting ancient songs
It was prayer in unknown tongue...

The mad arab... he would understand
The mad arab... it was in his hands

Solos: s/d

Daggers held high to the sky
The chanting had turned to screams
From the pit where the rock had been
8 snake-like monsters came
And the priests burned in red☐ and the priest had turned their heads

The blood running from their chests
Had the arab scream in horror... giving himself away

The mad arab... he would understand
The mad arab... it was in his hands

Run down that mountain side, oh but they had seen him
The priests had caught his scent
Running faster... they're chasing him
Can't go no faster... they're still behind
Aaaah no!!!☐ they're closing in...

...to be continue... /pre>