Saxon, Midas Touch

See the man in the bookshop See his withered hand He walks very slowly Never stands in crowds

Children stand in wonder As he turns and walks away Closely guards the secret Of the fury in his eyes

He's the man with the midas touch (*)
He'll make you burn with just one look
He's the man with the midas touch
He's got the fury in his eyes

He looks so innocent As he shuffles down the street But he is the holy sentinel That guards the gates of Hades

To stop the Lord of Darkness Coming straight from Hell The bringer of disaster The one who took the bread

(Repeat *)

Until the final conflict He has to walk the earth To do his master's bidding And stop the evil force

He waits for Armageddon The Nazarene will come Rising from the ashes Of the fallen one

(Repeat * three times)