

# Queen, The Prophet's Song

(May)

Oh Oh people of earth  
Listen to the warning  
The seer he said  
Beware the storm that gathers here  
Listen to the wise man.

I dreamed I saw on a moonlit stair  
Spreading his hands on the multitude there  
A man who cried for a love gone stale  
And ice cold hearts of charity bare.  
I watched as fear took the old men's gaze  
Hopes of the young in troubled graves  
I see no day, I heard him say  
So grey is the face of every mortal.

Oh Oh people of earth  
Listen to the warning  
The prophet he said  
For soon the cold of night will fall  
Summoned by your own hand.

Oh Oh children of the land  
Quicken to the new life  
Take my hand  
Fly and find the new green bough  
Return like the white dove.

He told of death as a done white haze  
Taking the lost and the unloved babe  
Late too late all the wretches run  
These kinds of beasts now counting their days.