

I remember his eyes as he entered the hall My kingdom was lost and he spoke
unto all We see here the signs of witchcraft and I know these words to be
true The devil besieged you by means of this puppet his tool and he pointed
at me

Four years has now passed and I've seen no light no hope for the truth or a
glimpse of the world I once ruled Of all that I used to cherish of all that
I used to do remains but the prayers and my faith in the spirit of truth
and he pointed at me

Guest of the inquisition I'm a guest of the inquisition Guest of the
inquisition They stage the play
When it all began I for one can't tell but I first saw those eyes seven
years ago I never knew their true intent It strikes me now how blind I must
have been One after one we all fell strangely ill and floating lights were
seen

Awaiting the fall I guess I should have known The secretive ways of the
Master Inquisitor A sinister mind conspires a mind numbed by power and
greed Now left in this hole I see eyes and they're staring at me Yes,
they're staring at me...