

Final Fantasy

"Cockatrice"

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Oh basilisk, oh cockatrice
The prophet was a child of flesh
Stolen from the family creche
And hidden in the wilderness

A statue on a steepletop
The prophet's now a man of rock
And the hundred thousand in his flock
Will gather underneath of him

Owen and I walk among the plots
I'm guided by the slightest touch
With his fingertips upon my neck

I'm made to be a marionette

He asks me how I'd rather go
To burn in a fire, or freeze with the snow
Well, I'd rather die painful and alone
Than be a prophet turned to stone

So...
Owen, Owen protect me
From a life everlasting
Owen, Owen protect me
From a life everlasting

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