

Kick Axe "Magic Man"

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The Smell Of A Fiest Was In The Air
And Street Merchants Everywhere
In The Caverns Brave Men Told Stories
Of Mystic Lands And Magic Glories
In His Flowing Robes He Stood, High Above The Crowd
Cold Blue Eyes On Fire, Stared Confident And Proud
He Raised His Hands To The Sky, And Brought Lots Of
Power Down
His Deeds Brought Victory And We Stole The Kings
Crown
In The Shadows Of The Morning Light
The Soldiers Rest From A Days Long Fight
And 'round The Campfire Tall Tales Are Told
Of Mystical Wonders And Days Of Old
High Up Top The Mountain
His Words Reached Us All

"I Am The Chosen One And Must Answer Their Call"
On A Winged Charriot Of Fire, He Travelled Across The
Planes
To An Unknown Destiny And There He Still Remains
He Was A Magic Man
Nothing Could Stand In His Way
Be Warned Disbelievers
Of The Powers Of Yesterday
He Was A Magic Man
Holy Fighter In An Ancient War
Only Light In The Darkness Shining Forever More.
Shining, Forever More...He Was A Magic Man,
A Light In The Darkness, Shining, Shining Forever More
The Powers Of Yesterday, Nothing Can Stand In His
Way
He Was A Magic Man...

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