

Mystic Prophecy

"False Superstitions Made By Tellers Of Legends"

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Cross your fingers, hold breath
The omen is approaching
Knock on wood, shut up your mouth
A misfortune will happen
Don't walking under a ladder, close your eyes
The bad luck follows you
Avoid a black cat, take a shelter
You are in danger!

Wizards foresee my dark future
Witches predict my misfortune
Priests ask me to pray
I pledged my life!

Damned mongers of the destiny
They amuse with my innocence
How can I disbelieve of them?
If they have my destiny in their hands

Crossed my fingers, held my breath
I lost my faith
Knocked on wood, shut up my mouth
I lost my honor
Didn't walking under a ladder, closed my eyes
I lost my dignity
Avoided a black cat, took shelter
I lost all my hope

Wizards foresee my dark future
Witches predict my misfortune
Priests ask me to pray
I pledged my life!

Damned mongers of the destiny
They amuse with my innocence
How can I disbelieve of them?
If they have my destiny in their hands

False superstitions torment my mind
I don't need those lies to live my life

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