

## **Oliver Magnum "The Last Prophet"**

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Can't cope the psychic pain  
I'm wasting away  
Fear grips my second sight  
The season of change

My wisdom was for sale  
To sell was my greed  
Knowing the hours past  
Are the last for me

Prophet of prediction tell  
What the future will hold  
The distant chimes of judgement bells  
Before the sun explodes

Clouds send a desert rain  
Steaming off the hands  
Man has no chance to die  
By our brothers hand

I know my sense is right  
I prayed it was wrong  
Should I speak of what I've seen ?  
Or let it be gone

Prophet of prediction tell  
What the future will hold

The distant chimes of judgement bells  
Before the sun explodes

Walking away from things I've seen  
My mind has played tricks on me  
Death comes to all so then should I say  
Just useless words won't stop that day

I feel a passinf calm  
Wash over my face  
I told them peace would be found  
Among every race

Amidst the celebration

A sweat breaks my brow  
My gift was just a curse  
A flash melts the ground

Prophet of prediction tell  
What the future will hold  
The distant chimes of judgement bells  
Before the sun explodes

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