

Xtreme

"Mystica Deamonica"

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I've got a story that shouldn't be told
One from an age told long ago
From the deep down caverns and the bowels of the
earth
A rising evil with a mystic curse
A fallen angel with fire for a name
A curse for a feeling, revenge was his game
From the Pillars of Atlas to the deep down mines
In the circle of the old ones he serves his time

Just call my name:
Mystica Deamonica

Well, his key to freedom is his name itself
An age-old tounge spoken by himself
And he hasn't been idle in this tomb in the ground
So he sends a message to the one he has found
An innocent, not mighty but true
Just a forlorn traveller, not a-much to do
" Come to the circle and cross the line
And speak my name from the deapths of your mind &
quot;

Just call my name:
Mystica Deamonica

Shout my name, 'cause here I come
The bastard son of the evil one
Mystica Deamonica

Only in this way can I bee free
To strike the world and what it did to me
I begin to murmur and the line dissolves
Now nothing can stop me from my resolve
I feel the fire burning deep within
Not a smile on my face, but an evil grin
I crush my friend with an icy glare
At last I'm free from my captive lair

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