

## **Tad Morose**

# **"Guest Of The Inquisition"**

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I remember his eyes as he entered the hall  
My kingdom was lost and he spoke unto all  
We see here the signs of witchcraft and I know these  
words to be true  
The devil besieged you by means of this puppet his  
tool and he pointed at me

Four years has now passed and I've seen no light no  
hope for the truth or a  
glimpse of the world I once ruled  
Of all that I used to cherish of all that I used to do  
remains  
but the prayers and my faith in the spirit of truth and he  
pointed at me

Guest of the inquisition I'm a guest of the inquisition  
Guest of the inquisition

They stage the play  
When it all began I for one can't tell but I first saw those  
eyes seven years ago  
I never knew their true intent  
It strikes me now how blind I must have been  
One after one we all fell strangely ill and floating lights  
were seen

Awaiting the fall I guess I should have known  
The secretive ways of the Master Inquisitor  
A sinister mind conspires a mind numbed by power  
and greed  
Now left in this hole I see eyes and they're staring at  
me  
Yes, they're staring at me...

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