

Colony 5 "God"

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I run towards the eye of the storm.
I run so fast I hit the peak of my form.
I stand alone as a god in the making,
I wear you down till you are breaking.
I stand firm in the climates fighting.
I blow the wind and create the lightning.
I whip the rain from the face of the seas.
I spin a tornado that folds the trees.

I have to keep sane in a world of senseless noise.
I have to keep silent if I want to spare my voice.
I should hide underground
Where the silence sounds
Ill reach up and take the moon away,
Ill put up a sun and make the night into day!

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