

Dodheimsgard "Ion Storm"

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[words 16/2-99, music 93]

Am I not your super hero
Am I not your golden chain
War fixation, I won the game
Transmit this remedy
Transmit this gain

Prosperity - I'll came across you between the shades
With superior blessings
That apparently was holding the staff
Of which blindness could foresee

Trouble in the corridor
Drained through the system of foundations,
Dear in cruelty
Simulating the opponent
Well besmeared with toxic phlegm

Let me lick you, frustrated joy
A canyon of courage with soar feet
A paradise in motion,

Born without a scruple
Could I please be left alone now

In my hand I hold the science, of which
Nothing can ever penetrate
In my hand I hold the plague
Where silence will proceed
Wild bindings, an opportunity for great men,
And with or without them in honor, just for fun
I mingle with the fountains of all that I've seen

Substantial is the millenium
And proud is the frog that predicated his amusement
All for benefit of reluctant ideas
Like envy is the falsehood, while the morning after
Is all that is between us
As laughter is planted in mortal void
And unwilling wisdom is abroad

Wandering alone in this shapeless halls of nothing
And watch it increase as the shining becomes stronger
This stranger is a "place" for you to rest

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