

Motley Crue "Of Gods"

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And so the change is on...
And has it not been on for aeons long, for
ever and beyond ever?
Has it not been on for longer than eras
passed, and forgotten by all, forgotten
even, by those that has been dead for ever
and beyond ever?
Perchance it is but some foul trickery
engineered by the wicked scribbler of
destinies...
Perchance it is something else...Some
ancient and dreadful secret about to
unlock...

Something is stirring inside me.
Something new, yet it has always been
there, for ever and beyond ever.
I feel something awakening inside,
memories that are not mine, but they
belong to me.
I am no longer searching for the answer,
for I know that I shall never find it
before I find myself.
I know that I am the riddle, I am the
quest, and I am the answer.
Yet I feel hollow, I am waking up, I see
my world and the havoc I have wreaked upon
it and I regret no thing.

I feel hollow, I am the universal shadow,
the maker of gods and the owner of the
lost silver heart.
I cannot seem to find myself, there are so
many spirits here, there are too many
riddles here.
In this chaos I call the screaming
mountain I search, and what findeth I but
tortured souls and essences blackened by
the worlds they come from? For how long
can I endure the screams and moans of the
screaming spirit mountain?

Myriads of paths, a labyrinth of
labyrinths...Where lieth the answer? Where
am I? Must I travel into the blackest
depths of my self to find my self?
It is time to chose, it is time enter a

new world, conquer it, become a god once
more, and perchance this will bring me
closer to my self.

One riddle has been solved, the answer has
been found. Yet the answer in itself is a
labyrinth of new questions.

The rainbow prince walks aimlessly no
more, not after he saw that his tormentor
and his arch enemy was himself. Did he
live in a dream all this time, was none of
this real?

Little does it matter. He was a king and
his own slave. The world in which he
wandered for what seemed aeon upon aeon,
suffered his merciless tyranny. Worlds
unknown to him, alien to him, were cast
underneath him, landscapes of green were
stripped and bereft of beauty and quickly
laid barren and dead.

Yet, he feels no regret, no sadness or
grief for the dead and dying.

Command and conquest, bereave or be bereft
has always been the key to unlock the door
of life.

And such was his quest, his one purpose in
life. To find himself, to make himself
king, and to live on when others die.

The first world has come to an end, it is
time to enter another, to find a new place
to live, solve new riddles and live again
for aeons more.

And so the awakening begins. The endless
journey to find that which all search for,
yet so few of us truly find.

The rainbow prince finally exited his
nightmare, and stepped into another
portal, into another world, to conquer and
kill if need be, to find his self. And
will he ever find, or perchance he will
find that his self never was.

(The Rainbow Prince awakens)

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