

Night Blackmore's "Storm"

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A timeless and forgotten place,
The moon and sun in endless chase
Each in quiet surrender
as the other reigns the sky...
The midnight hour begins to laugh
A summer evening's epitaph
The winds are getting crazy
As the storm begins to rise...

Wild were the winds that came
In the thunder and the rain
Nothing ever could contain
The rising of the storm....

In the wing of ebony
Darkened waves fill the trees
Wild winds of warning
Echo through the air...

Follow the storm, I've got to get out of here...
Follow the storm as you take to the sky...
Follow the storm now it's all so crystal clear,
Follow the storm as the storm begins to rise...

She seems to come from everywhere
Welcome to the dragon's lair
Fingers running through your hair
She asks you out to play...

In all of nature's sorcery
The most bewitching entity
Hell can have no fury
Like the rising of the storm...

Follow the storm, I've got to get out of here...
Follow the storm as you take to the sky...
Follow the storm now it's all so crystal clear,
Follow the storm as the storm begins to rise...

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