

Thunderstorm

"The Rite"

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When sun is goin' down with it's poor empire
Darkness is close with it's immense power
Gift of the night a full moon in the sky
Fools just can flee from the spirit fly...oh yeahhh!

Sunset of lights the preachers wood desire
Whispers & cries who is that prowler
Surrounded by fear a mother starts to cry
For seven daughter that's swallowed by the pain.....

The rite is reborn with a new century
From ashes of buried stars
The ancient lord of the sins, oh yeah
Will return to commit the crime

Flashes & sparks shadows around a bonfire
Prayers & dance the witch spreads his magic powders
Mysterious thing whose life was denied
Before my eyes appear, he's back to brigh...oh yeahhh!

The rite is reborn with a new century
From ashes of buried stars
The ancient lord of the sins, oh yeah
Will return to commit the crime

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