

Venke Knutson

"The Ark"

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There's a story to tell about mister Jones he rides
adventure into the night
Not a man of iron but a man with goals he opens
dreams to let in light
Breaking into silent tombs to steal the only key
Tries to find the hidden prize set the secrets free
Watching prying waiting lying in these hollow lives
they're dying
Upon the tomb it's written here lies the ark
Screaming praying dreaming baying there destiny
we're laying
Upon the tomb it's written here lies the ark
To struggle long and find the mark Indiana races to the
scene
To find the map and find the ark he has to cross into
the dream
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