

Amon Duul II

"Archangel Thunderbird"

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When the everywhere eye
Asks you, "Who is the emperor"
Of the sky
Take the Archangel's Thunderbird

Go to Edgar Allen
In the tower of sleep
He'll tell you a story
Which makes you to creep
The echo of your cries
Is falling so deep

Rent a destroyer
And sail to Cape Cod
There lives a lion
They call him God
There is no elevator to Eden
But a hole in the sky

In shock corridors
People are standing
With their eyes in their hands
But they don't understand

Why their confessional
Folding chairs
Go into the narcotic
Flight of stairs

Baiting soldiers are sleeping
In the melting House of Wax
Why is the audience not taking
The insurrection axe?
Thousands of windows burst open
And the alarm bells are broken

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