

## D?dheimsgard

### "Ion Storm"

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Am I not your super hero  
Am I not your golden chain  
War fixation, I won the game  
Transmit this remedy  
Transmit this gain  
Prosperity - I'll came across you between the shades  
With superior blessings  
That apparently was holding the staff  
Of which blindness could foresee  
Trouble in the corridor  
Drained through the system of foundations,  
Dear in cruelty  
Simulating the opponent  
Well besmeared with toxic phlegm  
Let me lick you, frustrated joy  
A canyon of courage with soar feet  
A paradise in motion,  
Born without a scruple  
Could I please be left alone now  
In my hand I hold the science, of which  
Nothing can ever penetrate  
In my hand I hold the plague  
Where silence will proceed  
Wild bindings, an opportunity for great men,  
And with or without them in honor, just for fun  
I mingle with the fountains of all that I've seen  
Substantial is the millenium  
And proud is the frog that predicated his amusement  
All for benefit of reluctant ideas  
Like envy is the falsehood, while the morning after  
Is all that is between us  
As laughter is planted in mortal void  
And unwilling wisdom is abroad  
Wandering alone in this shapeless halls of nothing  
And watch it increase as the shining becomes stronger  
This stranger is a "place" for you to rest

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