

# BrainStorm, (E.o.C.) Cross God's Face

Silent surroundings, black skies  
On top of broken trust  
A face frozen with fear  
In memories dreams are lost  
Can a device, read my mind  
Just look in my eyes  
Black as pitch  
the picture is there  
(to horrify) but why should I care  
Raising hell and they're ready forfighting  
I know  
by the greed of a thirsty God  
war  
hunting humans and drinking white lightning  
my fear  
no you ain't got enough  
Shifting Shadows in a demons race  
Edge of chaos, cross God's face  
They have watchers everywhere  
But you don't know.  
(you will never know)  
Never born of the seed  
Took life from a barren hand  
Come from greed  
Like a child in the form of a brokenman  
Sadness in the heart  
Like a storm that ripped apart  
Walk through the ashes of man  
Will there never be an end