

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 for fighting
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