

# Ashbury Heights, Stormbringer

They say the storm's a one eyed fraud  
Its raging surface just an act  
There's little reason to applaud  
Such transparental deception

And they tell you to shut your windows  
And they tell you to comb your hair  
Cause outside there be monsters  
And clothes you should not wear

They say your dreams will come to pass  
That we will all someday forget  
An ambition made of glass  
Such an arrogant perception

And they tell you to shut your windows  
And they tell you to comb your hair  
Cause outside there be monsters  
And clothes you should not wear