

Colony 5, God

I run towards the eye of the storm.
I run so fast I hit the peak of my form.
I stand alone as a god in the making,
I wear you down till you are breaking.

I stand firm in the climates fighting.
I blow the wind and create the lightning.
I whip the rain from the face of the seas.
I spin a tornado that folds the trees.

I have to keep sane in a world of senseless noise.
I have to keep silent if I want to spare my voice.
I should hide underground
where the silence sounds

I'll reach up and take the moon away,
I'll put up a sun and make the night into day!