

Lordi, Icon Of Dominance

Would you be satisfied
if I told you lies
would it make it right
no, I won't justify
your masquerade-like cries
I know it will go by

there is no soul
no soul could chain mine
and call it its own
I'll be your
reason to loathe
shoot your futile bolt
don't push it
I know you know you're
held by the cold
do what you are told
The icon of dominance

distort all you can
this full-blown masterplan
will get you in a jam
when cheers form into tears
despair is drawn near
chances grow to become
the weapons of fear

can't you see me
can't you see me stalking
day-dream escape - surreal haze
distort it all you can
there is no soul
no soul could ever make me its own