

# Vicious Rumors, Neodymium Man

(Lyrics: Morgan Thorn, Geoff Thorpe)

I am the prodigal son, the ghost of the chosen one  
I am the god that you want, the god that you need...  
Calling out to the young and the old  
The torched, the twisted, metallic and cold  
Forge and fire, unwilling to bleed  
The few, the proud, new metal machines...  
Carry the torch over sea, over land  
Cutting my way through the "new master plan";  
Saving the soul of a world that's on crutches  
But I can't save you all, unless you take a stand  
And answer the call...  
I am the prodigal son, the ghost of the chosen one  
I am the god that you want, the one that you need...  
Neodymium Man, catch me if you can  
Neodymium Man, I'm the master plan  
Neodymium Man, catch me if you can  
Neodymium Man...  
Open your arms to the new metal man  
I'm welding your future as fast as I can  
So let it be written, so let it be done  
And listen to the law, my fellow man  
And answer the call...  
I am the prodigal son  
So look out here I come  
Adaptation or extinction...  
Neodymium Man, catch me if you can  
Neodymium Man, I'm the master plan  
Neodymium Man, catch me if you can  
Neodymium Man...