

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...