

The Storm

A Canorous Quintet

The storm is closing in
A shadow of a man drifting by
His life is all forgotten
He doesn't know the purpose of his dreams
Relive this world from sorrow and pain
A struggle in misery it shall be
In his search for the lost horizon
Pain and suffering is his lost friend
As he opens his eyes and looks at the
Rainfilled skies, grey as forever
[*] Lightning strikes as he finds that
A rainbow is bringing light to his eyes
Now he's the rider of the lost
In search of paradise and joy
But the man without a shadow
Stands in his path
The storm is closing in, again and again
Lifting a sword in desperation
Cuts through lifeless air, he is gone
The tale of gods are to be told
And a raging battle unfold
Leaving his world destroyed in desperation
The path will be neverending
As he ride through the forest of cold
Ice breaks free he is on his way
[*repeat]
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