

God of Thunder

Death

You've got something about you
You've got something I need
Daughter of Aphrodite
Hear my words and take heed
I was born on Olympus
To my father a son
I was raised by the demons
Trained to reign as the one

God of thunder and rock and roll
The spell you're under
Will slowly rob you of your virgin soul

I'm the lord of the wastelands
A modern day man of steel
I gather darkness to please me
And I command you to kneel
Before the

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