

## 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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