

# Eye of the Storm

Liege Lord

A tailored suit of terror  
Rains from the sky  
Made of us all  
Thousands will die

Burning, surrounding, nowhere to hide  
But they're looking for those  
Who can't see the light, yeah

A vast cry of outrage  
Raises its head  
A little too late  
Thousands are dead

Burning, surrounding, nowhere to hide  
But they're looking for those  
Who can't see the light, yeah

(in the eye) of the storm

If we don't act now, then actors we'll be  
Playing the part of life's insanity

Burning, surrounding, nowhere to hide  
But they're looking for those  
Who can't see the light, again, & again & again

You better not ever, Get caught dead lying in the  
Eye of the storm