

# The Glance Of Fame

## Mob Rules

A strong wind's going down the western shore  
A high tide's floating  
Get's around the world

He could see the rivers flowing  
He could hear the feathered cry  
And all his thoughts were still ongoing  
It's worth to have a try

Lived his dreams about the stratosphere - cold and  
clear  
This kind of magic

Still earthbound in heaven  
The world gets insane  
His name is constantly shining  
In the glance on his fame

Thirteen days and few hours  
He could manage it, dreams came true  
Launched his flight, could never fall  
A last view to home town

Mighty clouds with rain and blizzard  
No more green fields on the ground  
Recognized the mighty wizard  
He never gives a second round

Lived his dreams about the stratosphere - cold and  
clear  
This kind of magic

Still earthbound in heaven  
The world gets insane  
His name is constantly shining  
In the glance on his fame

Still earthbound  
A sky session  
It's the world in his flame  
This light is constantly shining  
The glance of his name

Lived his dreams about the stratosphere - cold and  
clear  
Failed the reach the empty space beyond the earth  
The world of magic

Still earthbound in heaven  
The world gets insane  
His name is constantly shining  
In the glance on his fame.