

Certain Fury

Wolverine

A blast of lightning surging
>From the cyclone warriors eternal scream
The wild sound of the jungle, now
As still as the night when the beast has made his vow
His red eyes glowing horror
And the sound of metal in his soul
The peasants feared the cyclone, war
Was the only way of justice to the core
There are no exceptions to the law
The beast is hungry, his soul is raw
May luck be with the fool of steel
He has no feelings, no time to deal...
Certain fury, Blasting it's way to the other side
Certain fury, Stealing the candle to, to kill the light
No leaders rule the future
But the machine's madness stole their dreams
Still the dog's life is eternal, peace
Was the plan of the white-eyed stalking beast
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