

Eye Of The Storm

Leprous

From Metropolis to Necropolis
By the storm of Pandemonium
In the light of the darkest season
In long for a glimpse of reason

Déjà vu of loss, visions of hate
Abstract damage, it's all too late
Surreal images, before my eyes
Parabola curve, in death's size

I, I've seen the eye of the storm
The head of the worm, pressure increasing
Might, might's in the eye of the storm
In a fearsome form through life it's piercing

Raping and killing the life that we're leading
But I'm not too sorry it came to this
Demons and angels all dressed in storm clothes
I'm not too sorry it came to this

It's the eye of the storm

The blurry picture
I'm dead and dying
Where is the line?
The earth is crying

Love, hate, life, death,
Who draws the line?
Dream, real, feel, think,
Turn blood into wine

The eye of the storm
Time is running
Out of my mind
And into nothing

In the eye of God
I see it now,
The eye of it all,
I am, I am

Eye of the storm!