

Thunderbird

The Golden Filter

In the whitest white house, in the house made of the dawn
In the reddest red house, the house of evening light
In the blackest black house, you purify the day,
you're soaring through the night,
you're soaring through the night

Storms forming as the great bird flies
Stirring her winds of the world
Watch lightning flashing from her eyes
Your fearsome form dominates the skies

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Residing on the mountaintop
Wings soaring through the night
Born of the condor I control the rain
Faithful servant to the sky

Purify the day, soaring through the night
Purify the day, soaring through the night
In the house made of the dawn, in the house of evening light
In the house made of the dawn, the house of evening light
You purify the day, you're soaring through the night

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In forests and fields, in rivers and from ponds, all that have
webs, cloven footed ones.
To the Grand Ark, together friendly came, whose several species
were to everlong to name.

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