

## The Storm

### A Canorous Quintet

The storm is closing in  
A shadow of a man drifting by  
His life is all forgotten  
He doesn't know the purpose of his dreams  
Relive this world from sorrow and pain  
A struggle in misery it shall be  
In his search for the lost horizon  
Pain and suffering is his lost friend  
As he opens his eyes and looks at the  
Rainfilled skies, grey as forever  
[\*] Lightning strikes as he finds that  
A rainbow is bringing light to his eyes  
Now he's the rider of the lost  
In search of paradise and joy  
But the man without a shadow  
Stands in his path  
The storm is closing in, again and again  
Lifting a sword in desperation  
Cuts through lifeless air, he is gone  
The tale of gods are to be told  
And a raging battle unfold  
Leaving his world destroyed in desperation  
The path will be neverending  
As he ride through the forest of cold  
Ice breaks free he is on his way  
[\*repeat]  
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