

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.