

Of Creations

Elitist

Above me are the thunders of the inner deep
The pouring rain will shape this earth
I've got nothing to hide, I've got nothing to keep
I will chill your shuddering breath

This seed, that i'm about to plant
Will be, your marvelous end
This seed, that i'm about to plant
Will be, your marvelous end

Of Creations
Of my creations (creations)
And in this life
I am nothing but what i create

Above me are the thunders of the inner deep
The pouring rain will shape this earth
I've got nothing to hide, I've got nothing to keep
I will plant the seed, of my creation

Of my creation, of our creations.