

Eye of the Storm

Heathen

The prophet said beware, the judgement draws near
The time has come to save your soul
The message it is clear
Kingdoms, mountains crumble to the ground
Forgotten cities once lost, now they are found

From the north four horsemen ride
On steeds of many colours
Conquest, power, judgement of all others
Come and see, see the sword, given on to me
The sword of fire, plague and famine
Death on to thee

Reach out with your hand
Touch me if you can
I'm running from the eye of the storm

From the sea the beast shall rise
His chains they are broken
Death to those who bear his mark
For they were not chose
Thunder, lightning strikes him to the ground
Satan lost in a lake of fire, never to be found

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Touch me if you can
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I'm running from the eye of the storm
Of the storm
I'm running, just got running, keep on running
I'm running from the eye of the storm
Of the storm