

Eye of the Storm

Liege Lord

A tailored suit of terror
Rains from the sky
Made of us all
Thousands will die

Burning, surrounding, nowhere to hide
But they're looking for those
Who can't see the light, yeah

A vast cry of outrage
Raises its head
A little too late
Thousands are dead

Burning, surrounding, nowhere to hide
But they're looking for those
Who can't see the light, yeah

(in the eye) of the storm

If we don't act now, then actors we'll be
Playing the part of life's insanity

Burning, surrounding, nowhere to hide
But they're looking for those
Who can't see the light, again, & again & again

You better not ever, Get caught dead lying in the
Eye of the storm