

# The Chosen One

Thunder

You glide through the ugly scene  
Like an eel riding Vaseline  
Listen in to everyone  
Keep your distance from the smoking gun

Pulling strings from forbidden rooms  
Greasing palms when you need to  
Stop at nothing to get your way  
Right or wrong

And you lied  
But we'll never know the half of what you've done  
Oh no, you must be the chosen one

Breathing air with the fêted few  
Assassin smiling like an ingénue  
You're the enemy they're keeping close  
The friend that they fear the most

Did you call every favour in  
When the whole affair hit the fan?  
Tell me how you can sleep at night  
After all you've done

Go and hide  
While your friends all take the blame  
You cut and run  
Because you're the chosen one

And it's no surprise  
As you're slithering out the shade back into the sun  
You're looking like the chosen one

When the world was camped at your door  
Just like karma's army had come for a war  
Was that a tear in the steely eye  
Of the Almighty's favoured chosen child?

And you lied  
And God only knows what the hell you've done  
You can't question the chosen one

And it's no surprise  
You're coming around again like you were never gone  
No shame about what you've done  
You must be the chosen one