

(In the land of) Wind and rain

Mob Rules

He searching for the truth of time
But does not find answers
Watch out: high on the wire
The world seems like bugs on the ground
He blinded by the light of fire
Goes deaf and dumb slightly
Look out: Hear the echoes of your past
See the mirror of your mask
Feel the hurt of endless pain
In the land of wind and rain
Behind the walls of time and space
You recognize your freedom
Look out: high on the wire
You stand on the edge of the world
Hear the echoes of your past
See the mirror of your mask
Feel the hurt of endless pain
In the land of wind and rain
Hope one day we will find our home in space
Time after time we'll stay
To find the glory ways
Our path away
Home in space
One day
Our glory way
Hear the echoes of your past
See the mirror of your mask
Feel the hurt of endless pain
In the land of wind and rain

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