Ion

In the Woods...

Here I am
Back again to save you
I am the incarnation of all that is pure
Of all that is you
The island in your ocean so cruel
I am warmth
Your guiding star and the wheel in your car
I am all that you are
And you will never get far
Without my presenceBut you can never have me
The words I bring and the song I sing
- Chaos cannot charge the breed of order
You'll never be able to reach me
The tales I tell of our stereo-hell
- We're doomed to be a first decree of murderThis is how I want it to be
I cannot escape and you will never get
Rid of me We ride the
Decadence of culmination
Tomorrow we may hunt down revelation
If tomorrow comes
For the chosen ones...We are the poles and the world is our feast

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