

# 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 presence But 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 murder This 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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