

INTRODUCTORY INSTRUMENTAL RIFF

1. As the world's caught in a storm that it's hatched from its own seeds,  
let's vanish in its eye, where we'll caress each others' needs.  
And if the world is blown away, we'll not stay for its resurrection —  
\* Lost, in the thunder, The Thunder, THE THUNDER OF AFFECTION!
2. No doubt, your heart is gentle as a shelter from the storm,  
and a shielding from the swelter, as the heat comes on too warm.  
But it's that other part of you, I want like insurrection! —  
It's that thunder, The Thunder, THAT THUNDER OF AFFECTION!
3. As the raging storm increases, I can't stay outside till winter.  
It's whirling winds pull at me, to tear down the sky to enter.  
But I dare not rip the veil, until you lay out the direction —  
To the thunder, The Thunder, THE THUNDER OF YOUR AFFECTION!

**REFRAIN** Her fury in the heat of passion makes my spirit high.  
I go blurry as she cracks me like a streak of lightening, 'cross her sky.  
No worry, in her arms I want to live, I want to die.  
I'm in no hurry for this storm to ever, ever, ever subside...

4. This is no small gale storm that we've got ourselves into.  
And I'd bet by now there's nothing either you or I could do.  
It's too late to steer clear, but we're not living for protection! —  
Under the thunder, The Thunder, THE THUNDER OF AFFECTION.
5. The crashing of the waves blasts treachery that doesn't bluff.  
My life's been like the reckless sea, but still, the thrill's not been enough.  
Outside your fold, it's just too cold to catch your passion's infection —  
I need your thunder, Your Thunder, YOUR THUNDER OF AFFECTION!

INSTRUMENTAL [WITH BUILDING THUNDERSTORM SOUNDS; THEN SUBSIDING]

**TAG** Your fury in the heat of passion makes my soul soar high.  
I go blurry as you crack me like a lightning bolt, across the sky.  
Don't worry, in your arms I want to live, I want to die.  
I'm in no hurry for the storm to ever, ever, ever subside.  
Open heaven wide... Pull my raging tide... Shudder into a landslide...  
Collapse the world, unfurled, untied; in our storm we ride, we ride, we ride.

INSTRUMENTAL [BUILD INTO CLIMAX AGAIN]

6. As the world's caught in a storm, that it's hatched from its own seeds,  
let's vanish in its eye, where we'll fulfill each others' needs.  
And if our world gets blown away, we'll incite a resurrection —  
Lost, in the thunder, The Thunder, THE THUNDER OF AFFECTION!

INSTRUMENTAL FADEOUT \*\*END

\*[Instrumental riff between each verse & refrain].  
\*\*[Fades into cracking storm sounds, from real,  
live, famous thunder storms, & such sounds].

MARKET: Mainstream Rock/Lazorrock/Alternative.

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