

Nature of the Beast

Tommy Shaw

Feel the chill that's in the air
My eyes are dry
And the night could hardly care
Wind whistle why
And as the storm moves toward the east
I call your name
It's the nature of the beast
To be drawn to the flame
You take your life for granted
But that won't get you far
You'll never take out
More than you put in
Or you think yourself enchanted
That you'll never lose
Do you notice if you win
If you ever find your peace
I'll still be here
For it's the nature of the beast
And my eyes are clear

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