

# Cryonic Temple, Through The Skies

In the morning my engines are hot  
I am ready to fly  
Scan horizon, I see a black spot  
And the hunt has begun

Throttle up I 'm clear for a fight  
Hear my engines they roar  
Closing up my guns are prepared  
They are the bringer of death

Never gonna give up  
Always clear for attack  
Save your prayers in the sky  
In the sky you will die

Through the skies  
I will fly on my wings made of steel  
Through the skies  
I will go behind enemy lines  
Through the skies  
I'm fast I 'm mean I am steel  
Through the skies  
To the end of the line I will fly

Tails in sight you always can try  
To hide in the clouds  
There's no use it's only one way  
To the ground you will go

I am pulling the trigger of death  
The time is now short  
Feel the flames that burns in your back  
This was your last attack

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