

Fifth Angel, Wings Of Destiny

Take the children
March them off to war
Only numbered
To count down the final score

Lay in waiting
For the end to come
And their only chance
Is loaded in their gun

They're riding on the wings (the wings), the wings of destiny
Riding on the wings (the wings), from so far below
Riding on the wings (the wings), the wings of destiny
Riding on the wings (the wings), that carry their souls

In battle daybreak
The field is grey and bare
They feel the presence
Of death that's in the air

They're riding on the wings (the wings), the wings of destiny
Riding on the wings (the wings), from so far below
Riding on the wings (the wings), the wings of destiny
Riding on the wings (the wings), that carry their souls

Take the children
March them off to war
Only numbered
To count down the final score

In the trenches
A battle to begin
And they're waiting
To ride the wings again

They're riding on the wings (the wings), the wings of destiny
Riding on the wings (the wings), from so far below
Riding on the wings (the wings), the wings of destiny
Riding on the wings (the wings), that carry their souls

Riding on the wings
Riding on the wings
Riding on the wings
Oh, of destiny