

# Grailknights, Pumping Iron Power

Thunder racing through our veins  
One breath provokes a storm  
Lightning floods the iron chains  
Our limbs start to deform  
Voltage boils our blood in seconds  
Let us now nourish on its sting  
Feast on its sting

We face the heat and fight the storm  
Raging in our head  
We walk this road and won't step back  
Till we're among the dead

Flex – muscles tight  
Made of steel  
Flesh delight  
We are born, out of storm and thunder  
Raised, tear the world asunder  
Send, in the darkest hour  
Pumping iron power

We put our hand on iron bars  
And lift them to the sky  
We scream out loud  
And fight the weights  
Adrenaline makes us fly  
While we watch our muscles growing.  
There ain't y grow larger thy should  
Than muscles should

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Push - You're a war machine  
Sweat - The world has never seen  
Pain - Is your destiny  
Scorn - Lasts eternally

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By the hands of power