

Metal Church, Wings Of Tomorrow

[K. Vanderhoof / R. Munroe]

With banner high they ride to glory, a new beginning to an age-old story
Spreading fear with hateful eyes, then into the night they ride
In the end the same conclusion, a weathered world of disillusion
A war of words, a chain reaction, you can hear the millions cry
They look to the sky with fear in their eyes, they pray to their gods
And they pray to survive, closing their eyes, they dream to ride
On the wings of tomorrow
Beyond this realm of death and darkness, lies the key, someone to save them
To change their ways, to fight the good fight, they're hoping for the day
To the gods they pray for salvation, an angry call from a dying nation
They'll survive, they've seen it before, again their wings will soar
They look to the sky with faith as their guide, changing tomorrow
Before our demise, a rage deep inside, they live to fly
On the wings of tomorrow
They ride into the sky, into the crimson sky
Hoping one day that things will change
The strength of a nation the pride of mankind, we'll always be destined
To the end of time, until that day comes, they will live on,
To ride on the wings of tomorrow