

Nostradameus, Master Of The Night

For so many years I've been looking
for a way to understand
All the prophets and preachers
who tells me what to do

They says "that is right ans that is wrong no
matter what you do"
I say why can't I enjoy
my life without being cursed

Thousand rules you're telling
me that I must obey
I hate those fucking prejudices
more than I can say
Buried deep inside our minds
so hard to take away
Opinions based on lack of knowledge
telling me to pray

On the wings of steel we're on a journey
Through the halls of night over the hills
Across the sea of fear we fly through the dark
Waiting for the sign from the
master of the night

Everywhere in the world
there's fanatic people trying to subdue
All creative thoughts and all
human rights you have
You've been given a gift been given the right to
decide on your own
Gotta use that gift gotta use it right and be
the one you want

Thousand rules...
On the wings of steel...

On the wings of steel...
On the wings of steel...