

NRG, Instruments Of Destruction

Iron birds of fortune
Adrift above the skies
Cloudy revelations
Unseen by naked eyes
Flying tools of torment
Will penetrate the sphere
Erupt the rock of ages
Bringing final fear
Instruments of destruction
Tools of foul play
It's a vile interruption
Existance drifts away
Does it really matter
When nothing really does
Grave eternal darkness
When you're, drained of every ounce
And when the nightmare's over
The final from the storm
Dust of all creation
To ashes we transform
Instruments of destruction
Tools of foul play
It's a vile interruption
Existance drifts away