

# Savatage, Strange Wings

She is a native of the stormy skies, yeah  
I, I caught a glimpse from the depths of my eyes  
Atop a black winged mare  
Casting a wicked stare  
She throws her head back  
And rides into the night

She flies strange wings  
Behind a thin disguise  
She flies strange wings  
Still tears she cries

Oh I, I followed her  
To the brink of dawn, yeah

She, she took control of my very soul, yeah  
She's still a mystery  
In her arms I long to be  
I don't know why  
I turn and reach to the sky

She flies strange wings  
Behind a thin disguise  
She flies strange wings  
Still tears she cries

She flies strange wings  
Behind a thin disguise  
She flies strange wings  
Still tears she cries

Strange Wings  
Behind a thin disguise  
Strange Wings  
Tears she cries