

# Metal Wings

## Conquest

Feel that strange  
Weakness of your hands. It's  
Part of your human role  
Free your rage,  
Search for any chance to  
Change the core of your soul

Throw wicked flesh  
To the pack of hounds  
Find burning hell  
And call it home.

Now your dreams  
Spin like gear-wheels and  
Current flows through your hear  
Wear the skin  
Crafted from the steel and  
Find your soul torn apart

Alter your fate,  
Change your destination.  
Hunger and pain  
Will light the way

Let the rain wash away  
Sins from your metal wings  
Hold your breath, let the death  
Sing on your metal wings

Hide your desires  
Under metal plates and  
Wait for the wind  
To spread your wings