

## Solar Wind Riders

Steelwing

We are the chosen, the few and the proud  
Escapees of the final apocalypse cloud  
We journey through the blackness of the vast empty space  
To secure the survival of the New Human Race

And with fire in our eyes  
We will storm the heavens high  
Though far away it seems  
As we cross the cosmic seas  
In exile we will be riding the winds

As mankind succumbed to the treacherous rule  
Of the blind and the jesters; the priests and the fools  
The wonders of Science, once raised to the skies  
Became weapons of God in the hands of the vile

We are the last of the true  
We are the first of the new  
So with our destiny revealed  
We're running free on wings of steel  
Solar wind riders