

The King Of The Sky

Vision Divine

Push down the bar, climb the white clouds
My engine is roaring so loud
The hunt has begun, from my windscreen
I see them dive fast from behind my tail

Lines in the sky drawn by crossing contrails
Soon all this blue, will be turning red

My Winged Horse, fly high
Take me where no one would ride
Make 'em feel the fright
For they've met the King of the skies
Here they die

The prey has turned to hunter now they try to run
It's time to fire my guns

Lines in the sky drawn by crossing contrails
Soon all this blue, will bleed in my name

My Winged Horse, fly high
Take me where no one would ride
Make 'em feel the fright
For they've met the King of the skies
Here they die

My Winged Horse, fly high
Take me where no one would ride
Make 'em feel the fright
For they've met the King of the skies
Here they die

I'm the King of the Sky