

Instruments Of Destruction

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Iron birds of fortune
Adrift above the skies
Cloudy revelations
Unseen by naked eyes
Flying tools of torments
Will penetrate the sphere
Erupt the rock of ages
Bringing final fear

Instruments of destruction
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Tools of powerplays
It's a violent eruption
Existence drips away
What it really matter
When nothing really counts
Brave eternal darkness
When you're drained of every ounce
And when the nightmare's over
The final from the storm
To dust of all creation
To ashes we transform