

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