

# Wings Of Tomorrow

## Metal Church

[K. Vanderhoof / R. Munroe] With banner high they ride to glory, a new beginning to an age-old story  
Spreading fear with hateful eyes, then into the night they ride  
In the end the same conclusion, a weathered world of disillusion  
A war of words, a chain reaction, you can hear the millions cry  
They look to the sky with fear in their eyes, they pray to their gods  
And they pray to survive, closing their eyes, they dream to ride  
On the wings of tomorrow  
Beyond this realm of death and darkness, lies the key, someone to save them  
To change their ways, to fight the good fight, they're hoping for the day  
To the gods they pray for salvation, an angry call from a dying nation  
They'll survive, they've seen it before, again their wings will soar  
They look to the sky with faith as their guide, changing tomorrow  
Before our demise, a rage deep inside, they live to fly  
On the wings of tomorrow  
They ride into the sky, into the crimson sky  
Hoping one day that things will change  
The strength of a nation the pride of mankind, we'll always be destined  
To the end of time, until that day comes, they will live on,  
To ride on the wings of tomorrow

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