

Instruments Of Destruction

N.R.G.

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

Bringing final fear* Instruments of destruction

Tools of powerplays
It's a violent eruption

Existence drips awayWhat it really matter

When nothing really counts
Grave eternal darkness
When drained of every ounce
And when the nightmare's over
The final from the storm
Dust of all creation

To ashes we transform* RepeatDeath Of Optimus PrimeArtist: Vince Dicola

Writer: Vince DiCola

Producers: Vince Dicola, Ed Fruge'

Arrangers: Vince DiCola, Ed Fruge'

Engineer: Tony Papa

Lyrics provided by

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