

Factory Of Art "Wings Of Destiny"

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One million soldiers are marching to war.
One million tanks wait for destroyal.
One million phantoms make the sky turn pitchblack,
They're setting out to the last attack.

Riding on the wings of destiny,
Praying for the end of this endless way.
Riding on the wings of destiny,
Praying for the end of this senseless way.

Once more again we have survived.
On TV screen reports of war
And advertisement we accept it
Because it will be late before we rise to fight.

Riding on the wings of destiny,
Praying for the end of this endless way.
Riding on the wings of destiny,
Praying for the end of this senseless way.

Millions of people take no notice of this
Battlefield of human creation.
How long will wars be going on?
As long as people exist.

Riding on the wings of destiny,
Praying for the end of this endless way.
Riding on the wings of destiny,
Praying for the end of this senseless way.

Riding on the wings of destiny,
Praying for the end of this endless way.

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