

Gnarls Barkley

"Instruments Of Destruction"

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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 away

What 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

* Repeat

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