

## Hexen

### "A Time Of War"

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He takes to the skies  
At the crack of dawn  
Iced wind at his face  
The end on his mind  
Off to war in his flying machine  
On top of the clouds he cannot be seen

Machine guns' fire rips the air  
Sounding the battle cry  
The attacker comes out of the sun  
No time to guess who or why

It's a Time of War  
A Time of War  
Everyone's fighting  
What are they fighting for?

The wings of his plane  
Are riddled with holes  
The smell of gasoline  
In the air  
Greatest of fears  
And nightmares come true  
To go down in flames is all he can do.

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