

Hexx "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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