

Agent Steel "Children Of The Sun"

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In the mist of a windswept plain
We carried the gifts that our priests had restrained
Chanting awaiting the gods of the sun
We're children of sorrow captors of none
A hole in the sky
And a tear in the eye
Of the god of the gate of the sun
>From far away lands we escaped all the plans
Of deserters who are left to decay
The gifts we obtain are placed in the hands
Of abductors to lift us away
They wept for our race
For the seed was misplaced
Their science was left to decree
Children of the sun the date was etched in stone...
Children of the sun the time is her for them to come...
Children of the sun seeking the enlightened ones...
Children of the sun be prepared don't run...
They're watching from their sensors above
They lifted us up and they taught us to grow
Ignorance runs from destruction in time
>From distant signs now Armageddon's aligned
A hole in the sky
And a tear in the eye
Of the god of the gate of the sun
Now their mark shows the white from the black
Soon the seed is in my mind
So when the comets they rip through the sky
Nevermore to see the light
Now their mark shows the white from the black
Nevermore to see the light
In the mist of a windswept plain
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