

Savatage "Strange Wings"

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She is a native of the stormy skies, yeah
I, I caught a glimpse from the depths of my eyes
Atop a black winged mare
Casting a wicked stare
She throws her head back
And rides into the night

She flies strange wings
Behind a thin disguise
She flies strange wings
Still tears she cries

Oh I, I followed her
To the brink of dawn, yeah

She, she took control of my very soul, yeah
She's still a mystery
In her arms I long to be
I don't know why
I turn and reach to the sky

She flies strange wings
Behind a thin disguise
She flies strange wings
Still tears she cries

She flies strange wings
Behind a thin disguise
She flies strange wings
Still tears she cries

Strange Wings
Behind a thin disguise
Strange Wings
Tears she cries

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