

Fighters Foo

"Iron and Stone"

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Made the sinners cry
He oped up his sky
The rivers ran with blood
The deserts name was love
Said who can not be saved
Soul of a man is much depraved
Don't act as if you are his clone
Made of iron and of stone
Justice swept the land
To raise the mortal made
And when he overcome
The war has just begun
As the darkness spreads across his land
Soul of man who stays his hand
Forms the basis of his home
Made of iron and of stone
When it came the time
To confess his crime
The people stood and stared
And didn't even care
And the morning had died

The millions knew that there was no lie

Temple was built and the worshiping showed

Made of iron and of stone

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