

Tarot "Wings Of Darkness"

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The skies are open, smell of a danger in the air
We ride in the northwind over the mountains without a
care
Adventures calling beyond the faraway stars

The battles has been won, falling enemies ships on fire
Diving through the void, the wings are spread to take
us higher
No place to call home in underworld or sky
Living on the edge, looking danger into the eye

Flying towards the stars so bright
Straight into the heart of the night
Wings of darkness carrying the spirits of us

The skies are open for atomic Vikings to roam
And when the quest is ended, Vallhalla will then be our
home
No place is safe from us in underworld of sky
Living on the edge, looking danger into the eye

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