

Krog

"Wings"

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I'm fighting through shields
forgetting old axes
I'm digging up holes
and laying down swords

I'm looking for needles
in a mind full of haystacks
I'm building up rage
and melting down blades

I'm making up lists
I'm building an army
I'm holding up fists
and bringing down walls

I'm packing my bag
getting ready to travel
I'm up on a hill
I'm ready to go

100 thousand people screaming my name
I don't know when I'll be back again
say goodbye to family and friends
I'm going to war
to free myself

The forest is still
the moon silhouettes me
every movement is slow
I'm stringing my bow

I'm feeling a chill
I try to forget it
something is close
something else than the crows

I'm thinking of home
I safe place to be
where I know every road
and everyone knows me

there's no room for fear

my enemy is near

100 thousand people screaming my name
I don't know when I'll be back again
say goodbye to family and friends
I'm going to war
to free myself

I'm going to war
to free myself

I'm going to war
to free myself

I stand before a lake
With a mirror-like surface
I'm looking down at my face
it's looking back up at me

I'm raising my sword
and he does the same
then he and me both
throws it away

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