

Grailknights, Pumping Iron Power

Thunder racing through our veins
One breath provokes a storm
Lightning floods the iron chains
Our limbs start to deform
Voltage boils our blood in seconds
Let us now nourish on its sting
Feast on its sting

We face the heat and fight the storm
Raging in our head
We walk this road and won't step back
Till we're among the dead

Flex – muscles tight
Made of steel
Flesh delight
We are born, out of storm and thunder
Raised, tear the world asunder
Send, in the darkest hour
Pumping iron power

We put our hand on iron bars
And lift them to the sky
We scream out loud
And fight the weights
Adrenaline makes us fly
While we watch our muscles growing.
There ain't y grow larger thy should
Than muscles should

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Push - You're a war machine
Sweat - The world has never seen
Pain - Is your destiny
Scorn - Lasts eternally

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By the hands of power