

## Final

Children 18:3

Oh, hide me, would you love  
Until all have gone?  
Horsemen riding, shouting, laughing  
To their hunting song

Somber words would feign contentment  
With eyes half drawn  
But in my secret place the voices  
Whispers on

Go ahead and show yourself  
As you were born to do  
Their fathers killed the prophets  
Hallelujah, they're going to kill us too

Maidens sing at the harvest  
Children dance on the ground  
Angels join the gladness

The end will come here soon  
As broken men exalt in their own ruin

Stand by me, would you love?  
As if queen and pawn  
White or black both sides attack  
Until victory is won

But you must choose  
To win you lose  
And when sides are drawn  
From my secret place the voices push me on

Go ahead reveal yourself  
As you were born to do  
Their fathers killed the prophets  
Hallelujah, they're going to kill us too

Maidens sing at the harvest  
Children dance on the ground  
Angels join the gladness

The end will come here soon  
As humble men rejoice in their own ruin

Stephen, Stephen, tell me  
Weren't you even scared?

Maidens sing at the harvest  
Children dance on the ground  
Angels join the gladness  
Listen to the most beautiful sound

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The end will come here soon  
As broken men exalt in their own  
The end will come here soon  
As broken men rejoice in their own