

Everything Is Eventual

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Everythin is eventual

When birds are bullets from flower guns
When ships are anchors and planes are bombs
When the war is over and we are gone
Will our love live on?

The buildings burning and disintegrate
And trees like armies we dominate
With the concrete cracking in silent streets
Reveals the beauty beneath
Reveals the beauty beneath

When we leave
Mmmmmmm
When we leave
Mmmmmmm

When submarines go dead and drown
When takes are treasures beneath the ground
When walls dividing are broken down
Will our souls be found

When streetlight stars echo the dawn
And clouds stop crying their endless song
When animals run to and can belong
Will our love be gone?
Will our love be gone?

We deserve our fate
Yes, it is too late
Oh, We deserve our fate
We deserve it
We deserve it

Birds are bullets from flower guns
And ships are anchored and planes are bombs
When love is over and we are gone
Will our love live on?