

Nostradamus

Justin Hayward

Do you ever get the feeling
That it's all coming true
And it's all being realised by you
Do you ever get the feeling
What was prophesied was true
And it's all being witnessed now by you
The faces of the children
In the artist's loving hands
Are all returning
Into sand
The waters of the oceans
And the rivers running dry
It brings a tear to your eye
Don't let Terra die
Do you ever get the feeling
That it's all coming true
And it's all being recognised by you
Do you ever get the feeling
Nostradamus told us true
And it's all being witnessed now by you
The waters of the oceans
And the rivers running dry
It brings a tear to your eye
The faces of the children
In the artist's loving hands
Are all returning
Into sand
And slipped right through our hands
Do you ever get the feeling