

# The Eagles You Can Have

Krabathor

Everywhere you are flying  
You have left one feather  
You are losing small pieces of your own identity  
Your wings are waving  
You have left pieces of your skin  
You are losing small pieces of your own identity

Give me the eagles I can fly with  
Give me the reason I can smile with  
Give me the blood I can live with  
Give me the poison I can die with

Show me your hands they are shaking  
Give me a break I'm awakening  
You are losing small pieces of your own identity  
Show me your eyes they are closing  
Give me your soul which you are losing  
You are losing small pieces of your own identity