

Behold a bed of golden sand,
Upon it lies a sea of empty shells,
The dream of life on earth dissolving fast,
Like a world painted in aquarelles.

Yet in this a time there's no room for despair, for
There's more to this than what meets the eye.
Dispute no more over right and wrong, for
The song of hope is but a single cry.
A prayer for the right to be loved,
Despite all our prior sins,
No one shall cast a stone now, for
If the song is dead, nobody wins.

WHO IS THIS?

You call me Gabriel,
I'm a rider on a white horse.
The tide is rising now,
Make haste and set your course.
Don't wait for the break of dawn, for
The sun isn't gonna rise today, but
Don't worry, all is well,
In its place the moon will light the way.
And from the morrow till the end of time,
Both the sun and moon alike will reign,
It is by the hand of man, not the will of God,
That any lamb was ever slain.
But for the love of life and a life of love,
Let there be no blood shed tonight.
The only way to win this coming trial,
Is to yield your arms, and put up no fight.