

Song Of The Winds

Project Pitchfork

Destruction in the north
Exploitation in the south
Chaos in the east
Greed in the west

Where should we let our children dance
Let them play let them fool around
Let them explore their borders
Let them free
My love ones fly now

Be a thunderstorm in the north
Be a hurricane in the south
Be a typhoon in the east
Be a tornado in the west

Born out of my breath
Grown up to a gust
You've seen the world
You've seen the seas
You've built up waves
You've roamed the woods
You've played with leaves

Where should we let our children dance
Let them play let them fool around
Summon your strength
And now fulfill your task
My little cherubim

Be a thunderstorm in the north
Be a hurricane in the south
Be a typhoon in the east
Be a tornado in the west

My little cherubim