

Like An Arrow

Steve Hackett

Like an arrow in the night
Like an arrow by the day

Come away from your bed at night
Leave all those empty halls behind
Have no fear of death
Have no fear of life
The taste of victory ahead
The spirit never dies

Like an arrow...

A mission bell by the ghostly station
Tolling in the wind
The veins in your hand
Stretch like broken trees of winter

The last call the last port of entry

Like an arrow...