

Song For A Warrior

Swans

There is a growing
Golden light
a flower unfolding
Behind the mirror of your eyes

If an angel could hold it
In his polished white hand
I know he'd release it
Like a bird to the sky

Now you are the warrior
Who will conquer this land
On a horse made of clouds
You will scatter the sands

Some people say
God is long dead
But I heard something inside you
With my head to your chest

Within
All the wrong
They say
I have done

There lies
A seed
Of a million more
Just waiting to become

Send them home!
Send them home!
Send them home!

Use your sword
Use your voice
And destroy
And destroy

Then begin again