

Title : Eternity

Composer : Band Of Slaves

Lyricist : Ian Xavier

at the spear of a sheltering sky a military back beat to march a forsaken army-crackled
with enemy fire in a distant mire soon I'll die to lie in a satire of
eternity all is pleasant now wind falls steering clear the darkness the edge
of the light well the end is coming near flames would burn a tree well my
heart will never seize well don't you be afraid as the end is coming near take
my soul if you please blow me to a breeze I wouldn't be afraid there
wouldn't be days like these o let the heavens follow me from the dark light
and the sea I want to get there in a breeze o let the heavens rescue me