Enoch, Relaxing At Home

Jason Rubero

And we walked
And we talked
And the sky grew orange with the
Dying of the day
We spoke of love
We spoke of peace
And shadows grew longer
With each and every passing word
I grew quiet
And I grew tired
I longed for home
But my friend only turned around and smiled...

You will be
You will be safer
Safer than baby in mother's womb
And you will fly higher
Than man and his achingly mortal tomb

Lyrics Submitted by Andrew Bird

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