Wayfaring Stranger

H.P. Lovecraft

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Travelling through this world of woe;
And there's no sickness, toil, no danger
In that bright land to which I go.
I'm going there to meet my brothers,
And from that land we'll find a way;
I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,
Looking for a brighter day.One of these mornings and it won't be long
All men will rise, stand side by side;
Than hand in hand we'll stand together,
Vibrations calling all mankind.
I'm going there to meet my brothers,
And from that land we'll find a way;
I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,
Looking for a brighter day.
Brighter day
Brighter day
Brighter day

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