

Heroine

Sentinel

There is a wind that drives the rain
Seas burn the tide of clouds away
High shines the sun in blinding glare
Moon clips the view & hides the flare

There is a tribe on lonely land
Shadows cast the shapes on evening sand
Mission in the static comes in clear
We move beneath the stars in golden fear.

Chorus

Time swallowed a capsule of you!
Galaxies unfolding in on you!
Millions of miles they return to you!
Stars are born with the grains of you!

Chorus Repeat.

Lyrics submitted by Tarabud.

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