Final

Children 18:3

Oh, hide me, would you love
Until all have gone?
Horsemen riding, shouting, laughing
To their hunting songSomber words would feign contentment
With eyes half drawn
But in my secret place the voices
Whispers onGo ahead and show yourself
As you were born to do
Their fathers killed the prophets
Hallelujah, they're going to kill us tooMaidens sing at the harvest
Children dance on the ground
Angels join the gladnessThe end will come here soon
As broken men exalt in their own ruinStand by me, would you love?
As if queen and pawn
White or black both sides attack
Until victory is wonBut you must choose
To win you lose
And when sides are drawn
From my secret place the voices push me onGo ahead reveal yourself
As you were born to do
Their fathers killed the prophets
Hallelujah, they're going to kill us tooMaidens sing at the harvest
Children dance on the ground
Angels join the gladnessThe end will come here soon
As humble men rejoice in their own ruinStephen, Stephen, tell me
Weren't you even scared?Maidens sing at the harvest
Children dance on the ground
Angels join the gladness
Listen to the most beautiful soundMaidens sing at the harvest
Children dance on the ground
Angels join the gladness
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Angels join the gladnessThe end will come here soon
As broken men exalt in their own
The end will come here soon
As broken men rejoice in their own

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