

The Spirit

Gamma Ray

We follow our instinct
We're livin' in between
The struggle of the races
Continues on the scene A million miles above us
The spirit is unseen
Beyond our small horizon
It's got a perfect dream We travel through the ages
We follow our dreams
But the spirit of a free world
Is the final dream The sun, the wind and water
All we really need
We waste our time
To satisfy our greed We travel through the ages
The world remains obscene
But the spirit of a free world
Is the final dream We're about to lose control now
The prophecy is clear
Does it help to sigh and hope with sentimental fear?
S.O.S. no more lifeboats here If I could ask the Maker
About the master plan
Could He give an answer
Would I understand? Our ignorance will drive us on
The world remains obscene
But the spirit of a free world
Is the final dream

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