

White Dove

Starsailor

Found us in a small cafe,
Happened to be out that day,
To watch it go by. It came to pass that we shall be,
Early signs of victory from out of their eyes
If you lay your guns to ground,
Feel the weight of coming down,
Fall from your mind. Something that I ought to say to take away the pain of day,
I'm leading the blind.
Old man drifting won't you carry me out of this place.
Found us in a small cafe,
Happened to be out that day,
To write it all down. As they fell upon the floor,
Thought of all that's gone before,
They went to the ground.
The white dove is rising to the sound of your god given grace.
To the sound of your god given grace.

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