

Nostradamus

[Justin Hayward](#)

Do you ever get the feeling
That it's all coming true
And it's all being realised by you
Do you ever get the feeling
What was prophesied was true
And it's all being witnessed now by you. The faces of the children
In the artist's loving hands
Are all returning
Into sand
The waters of the oceans
Like the rivers running dry
It brings a tear to your eye
Don't let terra die. Do you ever get the feeling
That it's all coming true
And it's all being recognised by you
Do you ever get the feeling
Nostradamus told us true
And it's all being witnessed now by you. The waters of the oceans
Like the rivers running dry
It brings a tear to your eye
The faces of the children
In the artist's loving hands
Are all returning
Into sand
And slipped right through our hands.

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