

Final

Children 18:3

Oh, hide me, would you love
Until all have gone?
Horsemen riding, shouting, laughing
To their hunting song

Somber words would feign contentment
With eyes half drawn
But in my secret place the voices
Whispers on

Go ahead and show yourself
As you were born to do
Their fathers killed the prophets
Hallelujah, they're going to kill us too

Maidens sing at the harvest
Children dance on the ground
Angels join the gladness

The end will come here soon
As broken men exalt in their own ruin

Stand by me, would you love?
As if queen and pawn
White or black both sides attack
Until victory is won

But you must choose
To win you lose
And when sides are drawn
From my secret place the voices push me on

Go ahead reveal yourself
As you were born to do
Their fathers killed the prophets
Hallelujah, they're going to kill us too

Maidens sing at the harvest
Children dance on the ground
Angels join the gladness

The end will come here soon
As humble men rejoice in their own ruin

Stephen, 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 sound

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The 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