

Make no mistakes, my voice is clear. And though it may be a subtle threat: Mayflower, swing low, because your love has such few regrets.

We cannot distinguish all of the world. So celebrate and sing a long. It is a gift. It's where I belong.

Straight down and to the east, I place my hands out in front of me. We are ALL the crowd. To the sweet by and by I come.

To the crowd be blessed. I swear I won't let you choke. You give me nothing but rest and a loving hand. I belong to the war.

I belong to your side. I can't hold my breath but I swear I think this is the start. That's the nature of the beast.

If we have nothing left but death, it's a clear but subtle threat.

'The south is where I lay my sword and the stage is where my heart will rest'.

We are the crowd.