

Days we will see.
The radiant greens
and the long strides.
Walks of our own,
every word to be kind.
Galvanic lights
over us all these miles.
I believe
we're going to see,
things will come right
this time.

And we will see,
and leap to our feet,
in song flights,
and mark it down:
the healing has now been authorized.
Held in the arms,
carried along this far.
I believe
we're going to see
things will come right
this time.