

Akin, The 92nd Flight

Flying south, over a desert land
Long as
Find a water land on my side
There's a picture frame
My life burning in the flames
I'm crashing down, fire all around
Burn, I see no dawn
And my plane falling upon the ground
I can see mirror sand

In the darkness I can hear a voice
It's calling
It's calling I hear
It calling out my name

You gave me the will to carry on
In this struggle to survive
You were keeping me alive
And now I need your voice to guide me home
Point the way just like an arrow
Where it shows is shall be my road

Travelling east throung the mountains and the plain
Where it snows, where it hails and where it rains
Walking on through some foreign everglades
Frozen winds cut through me like razor-blades
If I die today they must know where my body lays
I carve my name upon a stone

In the darkness I can hear a voice
It's calling
It's calling I hear
It calling out my name

You gave me the will to carry on
In this struggle to survive
You were keeping me alive
And now I need your voice to guide me home
Point the way just like an arrow
Where it shows is shall be my road