

# 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 through 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

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