

Children 18:3, Final

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
Push me 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 in 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 in 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 in the gladness
Listen to the most beautiful sound
Come and join us