

Genesis, Apocalypse In 9, 8

Can't you feel our souls ignite

Shedding ever changing colours,
in the darkness of the fading night,
Like the river joins the ocean,
as the germ in a seed grows

We have finally been freed to get back home.

There's an angel standing in the sun,
and he's crying with a loud voice,
"This is the supper of the mighty one",
Lord of Lords,
King of Kings,
Has returned to lead his children home,
To take them to the new Jerusalem.