

Oratorio, Believer's Destiny

Death greets me warm but my soul is not to be damned.
This never ending agony deep inside my soul
The sun is setting down - the pale being of the moon brings
memories I don't want to bear.

Oo-oo

My past is nothing but scars.

So lightly wind blows the leaves.
Why my being here is not the same way?
Living now with all this pain but
God's with me all the way
Trough fire, Believer's destiny

I'm scared. I don't want to be lost. Believing this what is
left will be gone.
My only comfort is that there will be a day when I cry my last tear.

Oo-oo

Did I find my reason to be?

So lightly wind blows the leaves.
Why my being here is not the same way?
Living now with all this pain but
God's with me all the way
Trough fire, Believer's destiny