

Sting, Visions Of The Night

Gazed into the visions of the night
Seen the darkness fall
I've heard a mountain fall away from sight
Heard the thunder call

Seen the beast I call my father
Creature of the night
I feel the creeping darkness close
That (i need) electric light

They say the meek shall inherit the earth
How long will you keep it?
They sow a harvest but what's it worth?
There's no one left to reap it

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