

# Anette Olzon, Rapture

Like a thief in flight  
In the dead of night  
Brings a roar to a thousand lightnings  
Sons of day  
Child of light  
Carried away  
But you my friends are not dwelling in the dark  
One hand that will guide to heaven  
One hand for judgement day  
From ashes rise a world demised

As four winds clear the dark  
With every trumpet roar  
The dead will rise again  
To be judged at heaven's door  
The world will come to end  
Thy kingdoms crumble down  
In rapture we'll ascend  
In grace of heavens crowns

In darkest times  
And darkest crimes  
They defy forever his accord  
Watch the flame ignite  
As they try to fight  
The coming of the lord  
But you my friends are not dwelling in the dark  
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