

Chasing Victory, First Steps To Recovery

Footsteps marching, and the
Soft angel voices singing to the sound of
Hundreds and thousands of lives
All muted by a wave of the ocean's fury
Pack your bags, here we come
Pack your bags, here it comes
To come and take you away
There's an angel begging you to come to her
I know the ocean took you by surprise
But I don't worry, child it will be alright
There's a message to the king
It reads of disappointing numbers of the
Children who have come home to kiss his ring