

# Fra Lippo Lippi, Freedom

Somewhere the horizon draws a line  
Between the sea and the sky  
And in that line of land  
You'll find a heart no rain can wash away

The sun slips in, it's beautiful  
It's everything at once  
An open field a line of trees  
A right for one and all

This is where we live  
This is where we breathe  
This is where we sow

This is where we reap  
This is where we live

Walk the promised land  
And ride the waves upon the foaming sea  
Live are but with the hands and not with words  
But words can make you see

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An open field a line of trees  
A right for one and all