

Heir Apparant, The Servant

A servant's life is always short
I never wonder why
An angel fails to keep his wings
Falling from the sky

On your way -on your way
On your way -to the ground

A misty dew settles down
On the Earth below
The Winds of Time are telling me
I've got no place to go

I'm on my way -alone

But now, I'm free
To find the reasons why
I must beleive, in faith within my mind
-and in my wings

A servant's life is always short
I never wonder why
An angel fails to keep his wings
He knows it's time to live or die...

Fly on!