

Patti Smith, Till Victory

Raise the sky.

We got to fly over the land, over the sea.

Fate unwinds and if we die, souls arise.

God, do not seize me please, till victory.

Take arms. Take aim. Be without shame

No one to bow to, to vow to, to blame.

Legions of light, virtuous flight. Ignite, excite.

And you will see us coming, V formation, through the sky.

Film survives. Eyes cry.

On the hill, hear us call through a realm of sound.

Oh, oh-oh. Down and down.

Down and round, oh, down and round.

Round and round, oh, round and round.

Rend the veil and we shall sail.

The nail, the grail: That's all behind thee.

In deed, in creed, the curve of our speed.

And we believe that we will raise the sky.

We got to fly over the land, over the sea.

Fate unwinds and if we die, souls arise.

God, do not seize me please, till victory.

Victory. Till victory. [repeat]