

Sarah Brightman, Until The End Of Time

Around the world in eighty days we sailed the
Seven seas
A thousand nights and one, and forty more
In fantasy
The prophecy in destiny was falling
Calling
Falling
And calling out to me

And will we find our destination
Within a time of resignation
A night of poetry and motion
At 69, until the end of time

If I were God and ruled the world
I'd spin a wheel of dreams
Of waking in paradise
And shadows in between
The prophecy in destiny was falling
Calling
Falling
And calling out to me

And will we find our destination
Within a time of resignation
A night of poetry and motion
At 69, until the end of time

Was there in a moment in madness
And then a momentary sadness
A night of poetry and motion
All at 69, until the end of time