

Starsailor, White Dove

Found us in a small cafe
happened to be out that day
to watch it go by
It came to pass that we shall be
early signs of victory from out of their eyes
If you lay your guns to ground
feel the weight of coming down
fall from your mind
Something that I ought to say to take away the pain of day
I'm leading the blind
Old man drifting won't you carry me out of this place
Found us in a small cafe
happened to be out that day
to write it all down
As they fell upon the floor
thought of all that's gone before
they went to the ground
The white dove is rising to the sound of your god given grace
To the sound of your god given grace