

Steve Hackett, Like An Arrow

Like an arrow in the night
Like an arrow by the day

Come away from your bed at night
Leave all those empty halls behind
Have no fear of death, have no fear of life
The taste of victory ahead, the spirit never dies
Like an arrow in the night
Like an arrow by the day

A mission bell by the ghostly station
Tolling in the wind
The veins in your hand
Stretch like broken trees of winter
The last call the last port of entry
Like an arrow in the night
Like an arrow by the day