

Van Canto, King

The night is about to fall.
Never surrender' - I still hear them call.
Images (are) passing by.
I must watch him waving a last goodbye.

It's not that he's gone away.
It's the secure feeling he will not stay.
A wanderer leaving the land
he once had entered to rise again.

Thousands cry
until the blood runs low
they make the river flow
that he'll sail on.
Are we that alone?

The king is leaving
off to a land unknown.
And though I'm wondering why,
the king has left
the spirit we now call our own.
He lit up our life!

1000 days passed by,
from the very moment he stepped into our lives.
Words were not his deal.
What he brought to us is the power to feel.

The power to believe.
The power to walk on, the power to see.
To determine wrong from right.
The power to check out the step from dark to light.

Sometimes I'm even more afraid
of times beyond the gates of now.
Remembering his glory
pounds my will onto the ground.

Can you hear us cry?
Can you see our kingdom die?
No!

Now for me it's plain to see
that everything I want to be.
Can be done by holding on
in hard and gruelling times.

We are rising high.