

# Rafael

Beatenberg

Sometimes it feels like heaven and sometimes it feels like hell  
But you keep on going until it gets hard to tell  
And your body moves with the grace of an archangel  
Like a stroke of genius from Raphael

You lie down  
On the backseat under covers  
And every part of you is aching but your face is radiant  
Because you went right through the pain  
You wrestled with an angel  
You waited in the rain  
St. George and the dragon  
On a pressed and painted plain

The sweat upon your forehead  
It did not fall not vain  
It didn't fall in vain

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The crowd was still  
Like a fresco in a chapel  
9-7 in the fifth, O St. Sebastian must have been beside you all  
the way  
The greatest match in history  
You put them all to shame  
4 hours and a Rolex  
Could not put you away

You did it for yourself  
And now the people sing your name  
The people sing your name

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