

Souls Travel

Bettie Serveert

All the souls travel on horseback, baby
And they're lacing up the stars to save
It's just a metaphor for what they're looking for
You need a satellite to see where they will soar

The souls come down ecstatic
And the crows are there to pave their way
They shine their inner light on all of human kind
And try to find the edge to leave the past behind

Free from of all their bodies of pain
They know they will never have to suffer in vain
Going through the mill & out the other side again

But for their friends and lovers there's no relief
They still have to go through 7 stages of grief
Somewhere down the line they will understand and see
There's no need to worry
I'll be fine

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