

New Skies

Dan Mangan

New skies will find us
It seems the worst is behind us
Clouds once filled with rain
Now separate
And start to make way

Gone is the gray
The end of the thunder
Oh, the end of the slumber
Eyes that once only dreamed
Crippled by sleep
Now opening
Ready and willing
Able to see

New skies will find us
It seems the worst is behind us
Clouds once filled with rain now separate
And start to make way
Gone is the gray

The end of the thunder
Oh, the end of the hunger
Hands that knew only need
Burst at the seams
Over-flowing
Gone is the greed
A new royal we