

## All My Love

Great White

Should I fall out of love, my fire in the light  
To chase a feather in the wind  
Within the glow that weaves a cloak of delight  
There moves a thread that has no end.

For many hours and days that pass ever soon  
The tides have caused the flame to dim  
At last the arm is straight, the hand to the loom  
Is this to end or just begin?

All of my love, all of my love, All of my love to you.  
The cup is raised, the toast is made yet again  
One voice is clear above the din  
Proud Aryan one word, my will to sustain  
For me, the cloth once more to spin

Yours is the cloth, mine is the hand that sews time  
His is the force that lies within  
Ours is the fire, all the warmth we can find  
He is a feather in the wind