

The Eagles You Can Have

Krabathor

Everywhere you are flying
You have left one feather
You are losing small pieces of your own identity
Your wings are waving
You have left pieces of your skin
You are losing small pieces of your own identity

Give me the eagles I can fly with
Give me the reason I can smile with
Give me the blood I can live with
Give me the poison I can die with

Show me your hands they are shaking
Give me a break I'm awakening
You are losing small pieces of your own identity
Show me your eyes they are closing
Give me your soul which you are losing
You are losing small pieces of your own identity