

Anette Olzon, Rapture

Like a thief in flight
In the dead of night
Brings a roar to a thousand lightnings
Sons of day
Child of light
Carried away
But you my friends are not dwelling in the dark
One hand that will guide to heaven
One hand for judgement day
From ashes rise a world demised

As four winds clear the dark
With every trumpet roar
The dead will rise again
To be judged at heaven's door
The world will come to end
Thy kingdoms crumble down
In rapture we'll ascend
In grace of heavens crowns

In darkest times
And darkest crimes
They defy forever his accord
Watch the flame ignite
As they try to fight
The coming of the lord
But you my friends are not dwelling in the dark
One hand that will guide to heaven
One hand for judgement day
From ashes rise a world demised

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