

Enya, Journey Of The Angels

Somewhere
in a winter night
the angels
begin their flight;
dark skies
with miles to go,
no footsteps
to be lost in snow.

They fly to you
Oh, new-born king
They fly to you
Oh, angels sing

one is sorrow
one is peace
one will come
to give you sleep
one is comfort
one is grief
one will take
the tears you weep

New star
in a midnight sky
in heaven
all the angels fly
soft wings so true
and all things
they will give to you

Somewhere
in a winter night
the angels
begin their flight

Tonight
all sing
Oh, angels,
a new-born king
Tonight
all sing
Oh, angels
a new-born king