

Izabela Trojanowska, Over the fire

I see You over the fire
The warm light shines on Your face
The stars will guide us tonight
We'll find our promised land
We'll wash the dust from our hands
We'll wipe the pain from our hearts
I hope it's heaven we'll find
Across the border line

I know a place for us
A land where people live forever
I know a place for us
Where streets of light
Are paved in gold
Hold out Your hands for me
And I'll lead You through the wire
Open Your eyes to see
The light that is Your destiny

We sit and talk of a land
Where we can speak without fear
And through the eyes of a child
I see Your promised land
We sell our souls to be free
We tear our flesh on the wire
I hope it's heaven we find
Across the border land

I know a place for us
A land where people live forever
I know a place for us
Where streets of light
Are paved in gold
Hold out Your hands for me
And I'll lead You through the wire
Open Your eyes to see
The light that is Your destiny

I see You over the fire
The warm light shines on Your face
I'll get You over the wire
We leave our land in disgrace
I hope it's heaven we find
Or maybe just some peace of mind
Across the border line