

# Gamma Ray, The Spirit (Live from the Final Studio

We follow our instinct, we're livin' in between,  
The struggle of the races continues on the scene.  
A million miles above us the spirit is unseen,  
Beyond our small horizon it's got a perfect dream.

We travel through the ages, we follow our dreams  
But the spirit of a free world is the final dream.

The sun, the wind and water all we really need,  
We waste our time to satisfy our greed.

We travel through the ages, the world remains obscene  
But the spirit of a free world is the final dream.  
We're about to lose control now, the prophecy is clear,  
Does it help to sigh and hope with sentimental fear?  
S.O.S.no more lifeboats here.

If I could ask the maker about the master plan  
Could he give an answer, would I understand?

Our ignorance will drive us on, the world remains obscene  
But the spirit of a free world is the final dream.