

# 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