

## Thomas Denver Jonsson

### "End Station"

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Wash my hands in the holy water  
The tears can no longer hurt me  
Oh lord, will I die, with my head in the sky  
facing heavens glory bounds

Visiting the joyful homegrounds  
where I use to play as child  
the sun, oh lord, it was months ago  
since I saw it last

Four miles and caught me dreaming  
here on my endless journey  
Full moon, oh lord, is shining up my way  
travelling down the road

No pain, no fear, no hunger  
takes place in that peaceful valley  
where the angels above, are sending their love  
their snowwhite wings counts us in

So when the world is rising  
She call my loved ones nearby  
Oh lord, when I die, my angels will cry  
as their snowwhite wings counts me in

Oh lord, when I die, my angels will cry  
as their snowwhite wings counts me in

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