

Living Things

"Last Letter"

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The memories of the blissful moments
I have spent with you
Come creeping over me
And I feel most gratified to God and to you
That we have enjoyed them so long
And hard it is for me to burn to ashes
The hopes of future years
When, God willing, we might still have lived and loved
And watched our sons grow
To honorable manhood around us
I have, I know, but few and small claim
Upon Divine Providence, but
Something whispers to me.
Perhaps it is the wafted prayer
Of my little Edgar that I may return home
To my loved ones unharmed.
If I do not, my dear Sarah,
Never forget how much I loved you
And when my last breath escapes me
On the battlefield
It will whisper your name.
Sarah, if the dead can come back
To this earth, and flit unseen
Around those they loved
Then I shall always be near you
In the gladdest days, in the darkest nights
Always, always.
Sarah do not mourn me dead.
Think I am gone and wait for thee
For we shall meet again.

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