

Peter Koppes

"On Wings Of Love"

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Make mine the empire in an alien land
Which welcomes the thief from an old Rajasthan
Make the numbers turn over and the eyes gaze around
As the food of the harvest of pure thought abounds

Eerie stands the myth of a man who's called
The saviour of souls with their life faith restored
On wings of love from here we can depart

Hey maybe, in the world of our dreams
There's freedom from anguish, that comes in between
Cause hate is the avenue that leads to I'll health
Springs from a memory of injured oneself

Oh! Live with a body, a body alive!

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