

Brennan Maire

"The Mighty Ones"

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No more pretending

No mre deny

When the sun goes down

Will I know who wears the crown

No more deceiving

No more grieving

When the sun goes down

Will I know who wears the crown

There you stood in front of me

Dressed in glory

White to see

Spell-bound on the deep blue skies

Created on high

Cold and warm you set one's heart

'Cause you're the mighty one

Mo bheannacht duit o mo croi/ go h-iomla/n

Nach aoibhinn an radharc

Mo bheannacht duit o mo croi/ is glo/r do Dhia

Mo bheannacht duit o mo croi/

Nach aoibhinn an radharc

Mo bheannacht duit o mo croi/ go h-iomla/n

Travel on a journey task

Expedition

Breathless mask

Vision seen with glaring eyes

On top of the world

Trace the footsteps gone before

Yes, you're the mighty one

Mo bheannacht duit o mo croi/ go h-iomla/n

Nach aoibhinn an radharc

Mo bheannacht duit o mo croi/ is glo/r do Dhia

Mo bheannacht duit o mo croi/

Nach aoibhinn an radharc

Mo bheannacht duit o mo croi/ go h-iomla/n

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