

Stênio Március - Calendário

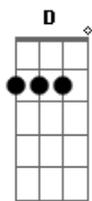
tom: D

Quando o dia da graça chegar
 Ouça o barulho das pedras rolando
 Pois as muralhas da alma em queda livre ruirão

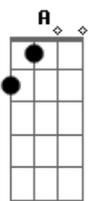
Quando a vontade do Rei se mover
 Olha o vermelho brotando das rochas
 Onde era pedra um coração de carne nascerá

Quando

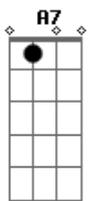
Acordes



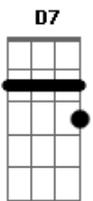
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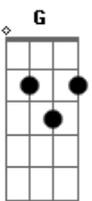
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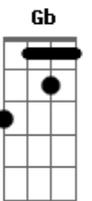
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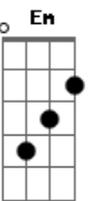
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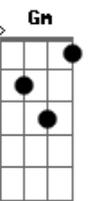
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Num calendário antigo

Chegar o dia e estiver marcado ali

Há muito tempo escrito ali teu nome

Então

Essa rainha ativa

Tua vontade comovida de joelhos

Ouvirá a voz de seu real Senhor

Quando o tempo das flores chegar

A primavera batendo em teu peito

Veja o deserto brotando em verde, em vida, em fruto e flor