

Saturday's Warrior

Lyrics to Title Song by Doug Stewart, Music by Lex deAzevedo © 1974 by Omega Productions
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Who are these children coming down, coming down.
Like gentle rain though darkened skies.
With glory trailing from their feet as they go.
And endless promise in their eyes!
Who are these young ones growing tall, growing tall.
Like silver trees against the storm.
Who will not bend with the wind or the change,
But stand to fight the world alone!

These are the few, the warriors
Saved for Saturday, to come
The last day of the world
These are they, on Saturday.
These are the strong, the warriors
Rising in their might to win
The battle raging in
The hearts of men, on Saturday.
Strangers from a realm of light
Who have forgotten all.
The memory of their former life.
The purpose of their call.
And so they must learn why they're here
And who they really are.
They must learn why they're here
And who they are!

These are the few, the warriors
Saved for Saturday, to come
The last day of the world
These are they, on Saturday.