

## Salvation

Gabrielle APLIN

♩ = 134

4

You are the av alan che o ne world a way  
my make be li ev ing while I'm wide a wake

9

just a trick of light eyes to bring me back a round a gain ette I ne ver meant to fall  
Those wild eyes A psychedelic silhou ette

14

— for you — but I — 3 — was bu — ried un der neath and all

18

— that I could see was white — My sal va — tion my my —

24

My sal va — tion my my — *f* o —

33

*mf* are the snow storm I'm puri — fied The dark est

40

fairytale In the dead of — night — Let the band play out As I'm

45

making my way home a gain Glo ri ous we than cend Into a psyche de lic sil hou

50

ette I ne ver meant to fall — for you but I — 3 — was bu

55

*rit.*  
— ried un der neath and all — that I could see was white —