

# Carry the Fire

Dustin Kensrue

When all we have are rags and bones  
Just hold my hand, and don't let go  
When the husks of men haunt the roads  
Hold your breath, and hold fast hope

Cause though the night is cold, we'll carry the fire  
And though there's no way home, we'll carry the fire  
We'll carry the fire...

Where shadows hang like shrouds of lead, a light is shining  
No wolven fangs, no walking dead shall quench its flame  
In shuttered tombs and shaking starts, a light is shining  
The barren wombs, the broken hearts, shall know its name

And though the night is cold, we'll carry the fire  
And though there's no way home, we'll carry the fire

And when my body's cold, you'll carry the fire  
And when I'm finally home, you'll carry the fire