It snows a day, a night, a week I walk, I wade, go down waist deep this grove, these trees burn with frost and I hear a voice I th ought I'd lost I believe it but I need to know yeah I believe it but you need to show me if you mean it I'll never go (tell me if what I'm seeing isn't you) each step, your breath against my ear you're face to face then disappear you're there, your hair is in my eyes I trip, I fall but you catch my stride and I believe it but I need to know yeah I believe it you need to show me what I'm seeing will never go (tell me if what I'm seeing isn't you) I still believe we belong to the night