

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 wolverine 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