

You go with feet bare in the snow
You raise up your head to the dead
You seek of such magical things
And nobody knows where you've been

In the light the growing light
You know it isn't hard to fight
The demons you left behind
The demons you left behind

You run up the hills through the sun
You go head held high, face the sky
You know of such magical things
And nobody knows you within

In the rain the pouring rain
Don't lose your hope, don't loose in vain
There's demons you fear tonight
Those demons you have to fight
Fight

And if you struggle hard
Rest on your brother's weary shoulder
And if you shall ever wonder
Listen to your wise mother

In the dark the growing dark
You know that you can find the spark
That guides you home my friend
That guides you home my friend
My friend Josefin