

Waiting for the sun
To burn away the season
Revealing the place we called home
Built by our blood and our blood alone

We will find our summit again

This blood does not flow through her veins
As she walks on floors by mother laid
Sheltered by the roof my father built tall
To shield us from all that may fall

We will find our summit again
It will take more than the snow
To bury all that you have known

Waiting for the sun to burn away the season
Revealing the place we called home
Built by our blood and our blood alone
Soon will come the winter's end
We will find our summit again
It will take more than the snow
To bury all that you have known