I see the shadow of a tall tree fading
In the sunlit sky
I feel the aching of an old bruise healing
Blue and black as night

I will go, I will go
Where the cold wind blows
I will rise, I will rise
Where the new moon glows

I feel the ? of the breakers
Pounding me into the stone
I hear the memory of an old love
Calling me to come back home

I will go, I will go
Where the cold wind blows
I will rise, I will rise
Where the new moon glows

I will go, I will go
I will go, I will go

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I will rise, I will rise
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