

As far as I see, the sun is hiding behind us  
Come stand next to me, and I will hold you still here  
Oh, what kind of freedom lies in every golden hour?  
There's nothing to see, but come the morning  
I'll be fallen proud

What hope is a seed I found you tending  
Come spring in the streets  
Where their footprints lead to mend us  
No word is unsaid  
Nobody is coming to save us

I'll grieve for a year or more for what we've lost here  
What we've lost here  
The river runs clearer where I saw you last there  
Saw you last there  
The stones call me nearer where I lie across them  
Lie across them  
Come walk toward the night, and I will hold a light for  
Hold a light for