

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