

Exile

Enya

Cold as the northern winds
in Decem - ber morn - ings,
Cold is the cry that rings
from this far distant shore.

Win - ter has come too late
too close be - side me.
How can I chase away
all these fears deep inside?

I'll wait the signs to come.
I'll find a way
I will wait the time to come.
I'll find a way home.

My light shall be the moon
and my path - the o - cean.
My guide the morning star
as I sail home to you.

Who then can warm my soul?
Who can quell my pas - sion?
Out of these dreams - a boat
I will sail home to you.