

# Firewood

Excalion

Winter  
Has not yet come  
But it's not afar  
As I approach  
My fireplace

Wary  
This is a sanctuary and a hideaway  
I light a flame and end the day

And something comes alive, it's burning, turning into fire  
Shows me a wonder under the november sky  
I stare and stare and dare not speak a word or whisper  
I might scare it away by the smallest sound

Tonight  
I don't need much for a serene mood  
A hatchet  
And some firewood

And something comes alive, it's burning, turning into fire  
Shows me a wonder under the november sky

I'm not alone  
There just happens to be no-one here  
Where the stars are near and air is clear  
Crystals of water are frozen into ice  
Where your eyes don't meet the city lights