

You go with feet bare in the snow  
You raise up your head to the dead  
You seek of such magical things  
And nobody knows where you've been

In the light the growing light  
You know it isn't hard to fight  
The demons you left behind  
The demons you left behind

You run up the hills through the sun  
You go head held high, face the sky  
You know of such magical things  
And nobody knows you within

In the rain the pouring rain  
Don't lose your hope, don't loose in vain  
There's demons you fear tonight  
Those demons you have to fight  
Fight

And if you struggle hard  
Rest on your brother's weary shoulder  
And if you shall ever wonder  
Listen to your wise mother

In the dark the growing dark  
You know that you can find the spark  
That guides you home my friend  
That guides you home my friend  
My friend Josefin