

Waiting for the sun  
To burn away the season  
Revealing the place we called home  
Built by our blood and our blood alone

We will find our summit again

This blood does not flow through her veins  
As she walks on floors by mother laid  
Sheltered by the roof my father built tall  
To shield us from all that may fall

We will find our summit again  
It will take more than the snow  
To bury all that you have known

Waiting for the sun to burn away the season  
Revealing the place we called home  
Built by our blood and our blood alone  
Soon will come the winter's end  
We will find our summit again  
It will take more than the snow  
To bury all that you have known