

## What Is Mine

O.A.R.

Iron winter, got me cold  
Convicted like a criminal  
Sharp and nimble, the wind unfold  
Got me to my feet again  
Past the mountain I hear a cry  
Coming from the pinnacle  
Oh, In the distance a city shines  
Oh, what a welcoming

Been to the black rock  
Found my salvation  
Rendered me patient  
But wearing me thin  
So Iâ