

Die to be reborn, I must turn this thing around turn this thing around

Die to be reborn, I must turn this thing around, I must turn this thing, I can't find a way

This is the perfect life, the life that's born from imperfection, I will embrace disappointment

Die to be, I must find a way, I must turn this thing around, I must turn this thing

To mend the life that's torn

This is the perfect life, the life that's born from imperfection, I will embrace

Between two headland points lies the bay of Skaill, escape from the mainland, here could tell some tales

Where the wind whips up the waves white horses see the brave, the orcas come here every year

This is the cradle of man, and seen many tears

Where the wind whips up the waves white horses see the brave

It is clear this is so, will this strange grief ever let me go?

Where the wind whips up the waves white horses see the brave