

I Am Free

Tal Bachman

Sea, sand and stone
Wreath 'round this ground I call my own
White dark, concrete sky
Blacks out the sun with icy night

Even though the ocean roars
And the storm is bold, and the rain is cold
Here I was born

Though winter winds have blown
And bitter seeds been sown
I gave you all I am and all I hope to be
Now I am free

Wind fill my frame
Fire me with your immortal flame

Even though I am poor
Through the looking glass, I watch unfold
What can't be told

Though fortunes rise and fall
It's no concern at all
I gave you all I am, and all I hope to be
Now I am free

Even though I am poor
Through the looking glass, I watch unfold
What can't be told