

# 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