

Home

Libera

Can there be a shining in the shadows,
or may we see the flicker of a spark,
is there calm amid the storm and madness
must we shelter ever in the dark. Not a bird on the wing, nor a song they could sing,
for the loved ones we see no more,
their suffering and pain
but the sound far and near, in the air plain and clear,
are the voices for ever singing 'love lives again'. For now a new day wakes the dawn,
spreading it's light across the sky,
when all misery and sadness will pass away
For then we'll find the harmony stirring
our hearts across the land
through the sighing and the weeping
we find our way, our way back home. In our mourning can we hold together?
how can we face a future all alone?
for the hope we hold amid the crying
is the dream we find a way back home. Not a bird on the wing, nor a song they could sing,
for the loved ones we see no more,
their suffering and pain
but the sound far and near, in the air plain and clear,
are the voices for ever singing 'love lives again'. For now a new day wakes the dawn,
spreading it's light across the sky,
when all misery and sadness will pass away
For then we'll find the harmony stirring
our hearts across the land
through the sighing and the weeping
we find our way, our way back home. We find our way back home.

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