

Exile

Enya

Cold as the northern winds
In December mornings,
Cold is the cry that rings
From this far distant shore.
Winter has come too late
Too close beside me.
How can I chase away
All these fears deep inside?

I'll wait the signs to come.
I'll find a way
I will wait the time to come.
I'll find a way home.
My light shall be the moon
And my path - the ocean.
My guide the morning star
As I sail home to you.

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I'll find a way
I will wait the time to come.
I'll find a way home.
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My guide the morning star
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Who then can warm my soul?
Who can quell my passion?
Out of these dreams - a boat
I will sail home to you.

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written by Ryan, Nicky / Ryan, Roma / Ni Bhraonain, Eithne
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