

# Coming Home

## Winterborn

We left our loves and friends behind, it's time to say goodbye

Hear the call of waves, silence conquer mind

Sailing under pale moonlight and chasing Northern star

We face the secrets of the darkEmbrace by the sea, alone with stormy breath

Thunder's getting near, and sun will disappearYeah, I'm coming home again

We rope the sails, cold winds of north lead us through the rain

Yeah, come hell or high water

I will survive, this ocean will not be my graveStanding in the pelting rain, the clouds are painted black

I pray the god of sea, be merciful to me

From far away we hear the sound, so gently buoys ring

We catch the note and turn the shipAcross the stormy seas, we sail and still believe

We touched the edge of world, I'm ready to returnYeah, I'm coming home again

We rope the sails, cold winds of north lead us through the rain

Yeah, come hell or high water

I will survive, this ocean will not be my graveAnd in the morning, the hills, bright in marble sunlight

I'm finally homeWhoa, oh, I'm coming home

Whoa, oh, I'm coming home

Whoa, oh, I'm coming home

Whoa, oh, I'm coming home

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