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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