

Northern Child

Chilblaine Winters

A compass and the years have aided in my search
For a cruel and mortal beauty I have yet to unearth

The savvy travelers heard a tale about a place I'd like to know
Where wolves cry jealous of men who howl at moons that are not full

THE NORTHERN TREELINE BREEDS A NORTHERN CHILD
THE LAND BRINGS OUT THE MAN IN THE CANADIAN WILD

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CANADIAN WILD

A good axe and an okay woman are all that man would need
Maybe a little whiskey, the price for what they bleed

That livin' is hard and brutal, for most a bitter taste
Sweetened by the maple trees and a lover who lays no waste

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CANADIAN WILD

Seasons compete for life and winters dance is bold
Earth wood and sweat congeal to shelter from the cold

Many think that they're living true but so many will never know
Until wolves run from where you're pissin', you're living below

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CANADIAN WILD

Northern child
In the Canadian wild

Lyrics Submitted by Kurt G.

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