

Firewood

Excalion

Winter
Has not yet come
But it's not afar
As I approach
My fireplace Wary
This is a sanctuary and a hideaway
I light a flame and end the day And something comes alive, it's burning, turning into fire
Shows me a wonder under the November sky
I stare and stare and dare not speak a word or whisper
I might scare it away by the smallest sound Tonight
I don't need much for a serene mood
A hatchet
And some firewood And something comes alive, it's burning, turning into fire
Shows me a wonder under the November sky I'm not alone
There just happens to be no-one here
Where the stars are near and air is clear
Crystals of water are frozen into ice
Where your eyes don't meet the city lights

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