

# Iceland

## Marc Romboy

Last night I dreamed of icy cliffs  
Standing on the precipice  
I leaned to see just where the edge would take me  
The wind came up, I closed my eyes  
I heard a shout and to my surprise  
A hand reached out and pulled me back to safety  
What's a hand, what's a dream  
Who can say what it means  
When everything that you know  
Can disappear  
Don't look back, the spirits cry  
Just be glad to be alive  
Everything that you love is right here  
Everything that you love:  
Life feels smaller than this stone  
Worn smooth inside my palm  
I keep it like a charm inside my pocket  
I keep thinking I'll flame out

Leave no one with a doubt  
That I was meant to fire like a rocket  
What's a stone, what's a flame  
There's always someone else to blame  
When everything that you know disappears  
Don't look back the spirits cry  
Just be glad to be alive  
Everything that you need is right here  
Everything that you need:  
When I'm left here on the shore  
The ancient basalt moor  
Will beckon me to sleep among its heather  
Who's not tempted to fold in  
So that sleep may come again  
Where the fire and the ice hide their treasure  
Everything that you love  
Everything that you need

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