

# Intro

## M83

We didn't need a story, we didn't need a real world  
We just had to keep walking  
And we became the stories, we became the places  
We were the lights, the deserts, the faraway worlds  
We were you before you even existed  
Carry on, carry on, carry on  
And after us the flood  
Carry on, carry on, carry on  
Our silver horn it leads the way  
Banners of gold shine  
In the cold, in the cold, in the cold  
Footprints of snow  
Blind from the road  
Hail! We carry on, carry on  
Follow us, we are one  
The battle's fought, the deed is done  
Our silver hum runs dark and strong  
Hand to the heart, lips to the horn  
We can stand we can say we are reborn  
Hand on my breast, I'll keep you warm  
Hail!

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