

There once was a time
And a place
With a different name
And a different face

Bound by the shackles
And Kept out of sight
The fire it crackles
At the dawn of first light

Remnants of love
Shattered about
They fit like a glove
This, there is no doubt

Left for the wanderer
Who must have a key
Not wanting to squander
What only the wounded can see

Take a piece if you must
To heal your wounds
And rebuild your trust

A key to give
From he who once lost his soul
There is more life to live,
After love, has taken its toll

For this is the beginning
Of a new day and life
Your path is no longer thinning
The end, of misery and strife.

Strong as the ox
And faithful as the bow
A paradox
We all should know

The fire still crackles
And burns out of sight
You're free from your shackles
As day turns to night.