

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