

Child hold your tongue,
Your time has come,
Sure as the mistral blows beneath the rising sun.
A new dawn broods with each new moon,
Oh Child of the evergreen you'll shine amidst the gloom.

You've found a breeze that's lifting you higher,
You've found a love that's stoking a fire in You.
And no-one can ever steal your throne,
Your final foe, you feel they must let go.