Enya, Exile

Cold as the northern winds In December mornings, Cold is the cry that rings From this far distant shore.

Winter has come too late Too close beside me. How can I chase away All these fears deep inside?

[Chorus:]
I'll wait the signs to come.
I'll find a way
I will wait the time to come.
I'll find a way home.

My light shall be the moon And my path - the ocean. My guide the morning star As I sail home to you.

[Chorus]

Who then can warm my soul? Who can quell my passion? Out of these dreams - a boat I will sail home to you.