

Iona, Healing

You've returned like some unsung hero
With nothing in your hand
How can a flower grow in the desert
How can a boy grow in a wasteland
There is healing

A time will come when the pain will go
A time will come when love will flow
A time will come when your heart will know
Healing

Someone paints you a view of Heaven
Someone touched your hand
There can be life for your warrior spirit
There can be freedom in this wasteland
There is healing

I watch you wait for the pain to go
I watch you wait for love to flow
I watch you wait for your heart to know
Healing