

Sarah McLachlan, Ben's Song

On the hills of fire, the darkest hour
I was dreaming of my true love's pyre
Who will bring a light to stoke the fire
Fear not, for you're still breathing

On a winter's day
I saw the life-blood drained away
A cold wind blows on a windless day

Hear the cry for new life, the mourning's flame
You were the brightest light that burned to soon in vain
Who will bring you back from where there's no return
Fear not, for you're just dreaming

On a winter's day
I saw the life-blood drained away
A cold wind blows on a windless day