

Runrig, This Darkest Winter

On a long dark loch
On a Uist moor
Before the winter turned
We watched the circle round the moon
And the storm clouds gather round
So I turned to you
But you were gone
So I turned for home alone
Over last year's rotting corn I walked
Where the harvest winds had blown

The Blinding Lines
Have turned away
Shadows from your door
And my worn heart
Is young today
This darkest winter gone

Where the darkness whines
On an eerie wind
In the hour before the dawn
We scanned this wasted land for life
All seemed void and without form
So I turned to you
But you were gone
So I stood and watched alone
Where the doubtless clouds of firstlight formed
Their shapes across the soul

The Blinding Lines
Have turned away
Shadows from your door
And my worn heart
Is young today
This darkest winter gone

So I turned by collar
To the wind
And I asked myself in vain
Did I walk out there with you today
Or did I come alone?
But then I saw
A distant sight
A heart behind the grey
Come shining through the darkest sky
Establishing my way

The Blinding Lines
Have turned away
Shadows from your door
And my worn heart
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