

Last Days

"May Your Days Be Gold"

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Thinking of what lies ahead
Making real all the tales you have read,
Your days out here are not alone:
Now you have a place to call
 Â«Your homeÂ».
As every snow fall comes to rest,
Each day will end in sunset.
I know that your days will be cold
Before we fade as all of us
Grow old.

Brand new footprints on this land,
Touching colors with your hands.

We look upon this new frontier
With mountains far and rivers near.
The wilderness your playground.
Now we rest with all our safety far.

Brand new footprints on this land,
Touching colors with your hands.

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