

Of A Revolution "What Is Mine"

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I am winter, got me cold
Convicted like a criminal
Sharp and nimble, the wind unfolds
Got me to my feet again
Past the mountain, I hear a cry
Coming from the pinnacle
In the distance, a city shines
Oh, what a welcoming

Been to the Black Rock
Found my salvation
Render me patient
But wearing me thin
So I'm on the way back home
Seen the big show, thousand times
Got to get back what is mine
The only way I know
Feet been walking thousand miles
Got to get back what is mine

Bless the evening
Show the way back to where it all began
Undercover, I'm in my case
I'm quietly a gentleman
Man, to be a fool is such a waste
Eat until he's sick of it
Why not stop when you find your place?
And be happy that you made it

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