

If I shall ever be alone,  
Who would be there to give me hope?  
To let me catch a breath and sigh,  
If I have no one left to ask?

I would be brave to brave the storm,  
But I am just a flake of snow.  
Tho' I can see the stars above,  
I can not reach them on my own.

And so I fall right through the storm.  
What's different now that winds don't blow?  
If I shall ever be alone,  
How would it matter in the snow?