

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?