

I have found my heart again

I have found my heart again;
It was buried in the snow.
Amidst the rolling hills,
It was lost for quite some time.

Lost or stolen, it matters not,
For I'm finding my way now,
I'm forging a home with my paintbrush,
And writing my name in the hall.

There's not a rhyme nor reason
To the lively feeling's season,
But rejoice;
I've found my heart again.