Amid the Falling Snow

Enya

How I remember sleepless nights, when we would read by candlelight, and on the windowpane outside a new world made of snow. A million feathers falling down, a million stars that touch the ground: so many secrets to be found amid the falling snow. Maybe I am falling down; tell me, should I touch the ground? Maybe I won't make a sound in the darkness all around. The silence of a winter's night brings memories I hold inside; remembering a blue moonlight upon the fallen snow. Maybe I am falling down; tell me, should I touch the ground? Maybe I won't make a sound in the darkness all around. I close my window to the night. I leave the sky her tears of white, and all is lit by candlelight amid the falling snow. And all is lit by candlelight amid the falling snow. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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