

# Caedmon's Call, Petrified

This old heart's been left  
Upon on my sleeve  
And I have paid as it's been rent  
Into pieces

Seems everyone I've loved has  
Taken a bit of my insides  
I'm scattered as the woman whose body  
Was torn for the twelve tribes

When did my heart get so petrified  
When did it get so hard to feel  
When did my heart get so afraid to love  
When did it get so hard

And the easy-living Gnostic proud  
Use their knowledge  
Like a wrecking ball to tear me down  
Flooding me with their fallacies  
I can't walk on this water  
I'm starting to drown

When did my heart get so petrified  
When did it get so hard to feel  
When did my heart get so afraid to love  
When did it get so hard

Strike this rock with Your rod  
I'll take the blows  
Till Your living water begins to flow  
As it flowed from the Man of Sorrows' side  
On that day when His body  
Was torn for the twelve tribes  
Was torn for the twelve tribes

When did my heart get so petrified  
When did it get so hard to feel  
When did my heart get so afraid to love  
When did it get so hard  
When did it get so hard