Duncan Sheik, Mouth On Fire

And there, the bones do sleep And there the soul is soul

And there the gods do weep

When the angels fall

But there the thoughts won't keep

And here the blood runs cold

And here the grave is deep

And the devil calls

Brought my heart to feed, but my mouth was fire Brought the earth my seed, but it would not flower

Where the jeweled stream? Where the eased desire?

In some fool's dream? In the ending hour?

Brought my voice, just noise to poor old Silence

A clanging toy, a clanging toy

Empty, strident

Brought my eyes, in utter ruin, sightless

The tears I cried, the tears I cried

Still so frightened

Brought my heart to feed, but my mouth was fire

Brought the earth my seed, but it would not flower

Where the jeweled stream? Where the eased desire?

In some fool's dream? In the ending hour?

Where the silver streets? Where the blossoming?

Where osunds so sweet?

Where songs of spring?

Where words for things?

Where golden memories?

Where quiet seas?

Where certainty?

Where all might cease, the talk, the want, the posturing?

Brought my heart to feed, but my mouth was fire

Brought the earth my seed, but it would not flower

Where the jeweled stream? Where the eased desire?

In some fool's dream? In the ending hour?

Where poetry?

Where mystic harmonies?

Where love that frees?

Where security?

Where sympathy?

Where tranquility?

Where rest in peace?

In the dream? Or in the fire?

Mouth on fire

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