

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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