

Tara MacLean, Blinded

There's a fire on the mountain
Path through the sea
You were blinded by the flames me

There's a broken land I've seen it
Here to swallow love
I can feel my fingers slipping

And maybe I don't know what love is
But it isn't this
No, it isn't this

There's a truth long forgotten
Trust long denied
And a child somewhere hungry
And crying

And maybe I don't know what love is
But it isn't this
No, it isn't this

And maybe I don't know what love is
No.....
But it isn't this
No, it isn't this

There's a fire on the mountain
Path through the sea
You were blinded by flames
In me