

Tara McLean, Blinded

There's a fire on the mountain
A path through the sea
You were blinded by the flames in me
There's a broken land I've seen it
Here to swallow love
I can feel my fingers slipping
Maybe I don't know what love is
But it isn't this,
No, it isn't this
There's a truth long forgotten
A 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
There's a path through the mountain
Fire on the sea
You were blinded by the flames in me