

# Thrice, Moving Mountains

I speak in many tongues of many men  
Argue with angels and I always win  
But I don't know the first thing about love

I prophesied and know all mysteries  
All hidden things are opened up to me  
But I don't know the first thing about love

I have the keys to open any door  
Give all off my possessions to the poor  
But I don't know the first thing about love

And moving mountains ain't no thing to me  
I've faith enough to cast them to the sea  
But I don't know the first thing about love

But all other things shall fade away  
While love stands alone and still holds sway  
All other things shall fade away  
Into the ground, into the grave

I give my body up into the flames  
And never once have I denied your name  
But I don't know the first thing about love