

Caedmons Call, Manner And Means

The heart is a lonely thing to lose in the dead of night
The heart is a sad thing to lose in the throws of a fight
The heart is the match to the fire
And the embers of desire, to keep it burning

I am a shell of the manner and the means
Mine is a story of nothing as it seems
But when we have come this far
And still don't know who we are, does it keep burning?

When it's over, and you see it with your eyes
Would you rather have the truth or a lie?

I call for angels to breathe holy on this rust
I call the snakes to come and slowly from the brush
I need a massive overhaul
A revival to fall, to keep it burning

The heart is a costly thing to sell in the prime of the years
And my heart is thinly veiled in the usual fears
The heart is the dream, and the kiss
That there could be more than this, to keep it burning.