

David Gates, Mystery Of Love

The city gates at twilight
And a red ship sinking
Behind winter's grey wall
Ice in the wind
But a fire in the embers
of my heart
As darkness falls
In a candlelit room
Where your eyes are laughing
Smoking in the red chair
And nothing in the world
'cept the beating of my heart
Against the nerves of the air

And I know there's a light
At the end of the tunnel
Cos I taste it on your lips
And I feel a weight
That can bear me double
You lift it with your fingertips
So often it happens
That words prove useless
In the face of how it feels
So it is as the mystery of love
keeps growing
The more my heart reveals

Temptations endless whispers
Try to keep it in perspective
So much to distract
Walking on a wire
While your juggling desire
It's all part of this balancing act
And it gets hard to know
Just what you believe
As the argument rages on
But for all of the talk
Its only true to say
That if you have no hope
There is none

A tangle of tongues
Flesh flowers and thistles
of conscience, spittle and skin
We can't change the past
So we'll raise this cup to our lips
And drink it all in
And meantime back in civilization
The rain is cold as steel
But the mystery of love
It just keep growing
The more my heart reveals

As sure as the rose
The bright day blooms
As surely still it fades
And the night kindles stars
On empty winds
And ghosts along the collonades
And slow but sure
the sands are falling
As the bridge burns
beneath the wheel
And the mystery of love

It just keeps growing
The more my heart reveals
The more my heart reveals