

Duncan Sheik, The Wilderness

The word is told, now
The word is said
The word is old, now
And the stone is bread
The heart is bone, now
The heart is flesh
The heart is known, now
And the no is yes
And all we hold
Is only in the past
The song is cold, now
The song is spent
The song is sold, now
And the thought is rent
The bird is flown, now
The bird is fled
The bird is gone, now
And the wind is fed
And all we hold
Is only in the past