

Howard Jones, Hunger For The Flesh

Spare a thought for the souls
Who cannot leave this earth
The attachments bind so tightly, not a chance
Not a chance of a new birth

The river gently beckons
But the answer is no
Gripping their illusions
They cannot let them go

Hunger for the flesh
Leads them to a weaker heart
Mortals who imprisoned themselves
Let them have a new start

Wishing to hold onto life and all its games
Singing their lament song
Holding back the change

They came here for to dance
To learn and not to cling
Holding onto life
As if it were the important thing

Hunger for the flesh
Hunger for security
Caught up in the mesh
Caught up for eternity

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