

Marc Almond, The Frost Comes Tomorrow

Weary of life you retired from the world
The voice in your soul that cried follow (follow)
Told you of treasures of silver and gold
Locked up in an heart that seemed hollow (hollow)

Secretly yearning to open the gate
To escape from your hurt and your sorrow (sorrow)
Painfully learning the cost of experience
Comes with the frost of tomorrow

You were always in a world of your own
At night leaving out food for the angels (angels)
You tried hard to capture them like little birds
You would keep them in cages forever and ever

Frightened by all that seemed golden and pure causing
All around you hurt and sorrow (sorrow)
Painfully learning the cost of experience
Comes with the frost of tomorrow

Resisting temptaion to unlock your heart
Living all of the time you could borrow (borrow)
Afraid to be free in a world without freedom
A life spent from to shadow to shadow (to shadow)

Once back in time in a white house of dreams
You hid all of your hurt and your sorrow (sorrow)
Painfully learning the cost of experience
Comes with the frost of tomorrow

Though you search all your life for what
Lay in your heart
And the treasure
The pleasure you follow

Painfully learning the cost of experience
Comes with the frost of tomorrow

Tomorrow, tomorrow
The cost comes tomorrow
Tomorrow, tomorrow
You're learning tomorrow

Painfully learning the cost of experience
Comes with the frost of tomorrow