

# 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