

# Mike Scott, Savage Earth Heart

Ooooh!

...let me see the savage  
I want to see the savage coming  
crashing through your face  
I want to be there  
when the savage comes  
I want to be there  
when the savage comes  
When your savage earth heart  
cuts through

I wanna be a witness  
or a victim to your spell  
Crackling in lightening  
dressed in shadows  
Red like a carousel

I want to be there  
when the savage comes  
I want to be there  
when the savage comes  
when your savage earth heart  
...cuts through

Will you lay all of your  
deepest wildest secrets bare?  
Will you let all of those  
rumbling old gods take rage?  
I want to be there  
when the savage comes  
I want to be there  
when the savage comes  
When your savage earth heart  
cuts through!

Then I was taken smoothly  
by the vulture of the soul  
That hideous strength  
that numbs the tongue  
And he led me like a cinder  
through the fields of hell  
to doubt my friends and to hate myself  
But when my savage earth heart  
...cuts through  
When my savage earth heart  
cuts through  
Then my savage earth heart  
...cuts through  
And the culture of the soul laid waste