

Parachute Club, Secret Heart

Imagine a world where the truth always changes
the more that you listen, the more you can hear
A world full of questions and no single answers
Memories a minefield of dangerous tears
Icons are symbols,
they haunt us through time
Anger's a weapon,
that seems to divide

Along the road,
that leads to desire,
inside our secret heart
Pleasure we take
is our desire
We found our secret heart
(Our Secret Heart)

Boundaries of pleasure remain undecided
Instinct's a power that never stands still
Looking for answers in unknown places
In the depths of our darkness, we will find our will
Speakin' in a language, not found within
It's a curious stranger who fools with sin

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Illusions are something we reason inside us
Secrets are something we keep close to home
Oh I know that you think it's a vague supposition
(ya well) Yet here we are in the wild zone
(Wild Zone)
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