

Peter Hammill, Incomplete Surrender

Sweetheart, I want to hold back nothing,
sweetheart, I want to give my all.

Roll on the feminine side,
the lion lies down with the lamb.
Beneath the male surface,
the chaos merchant, we're all half-human:
understand only love's not blind,
only love surrenders up the heart.

The woman's heavy with the future,
with intuition unalloyed;
behind the smirk of the macho man
is the quivering lip of the little boy.
Put it all in place, I can almost taste it,
so I surrender up my heart.

I want nothing more than to be
one for once, to feel you one with me;
no finer mystery, no mystery when we start
to surrender up our hearts.

Sweetheart,
I want nothing more than to be
one for once, to feel you one with me;
There's no mystery, no mystery when we start
to surrender up our hearts.

Where's the bridge to take us
across the sexual divide?
What arc of heaven makes us complete,
makes the planets clash and the stars collide?
With emotions bare we were both alive
for a second there
and we both surrendered up our hearts.

Sweetheart, I want to hold back nothing,
sweetheart, I want to give my all

And we both surrendered,
incomplete surrender....