

# Tara MacLean, Divided

Check your weapons at the door  
You don't live here anymore  
but a heart can not repent  
when it doesn't know it's spent it's lifetime  
beating itself to death

There you are, still as stone  
stretching skin over bone  
Well they say I've lost my will  
but I'm just standing still  
In a world that swallows cowards for the crime of killing time

I'm checking out the scenery  
from as high as I can be  
Come, let faith be your garden  
always changing, always still...  
still breathing

And there you are in my mind  
Pale from living underground  
Divided and divided until  
noone can be found  
nothing left to break down

But I'm checking out the scenery  
from as high as I can be  
Come, let faith be your garden  
always changing, always still...  
still breathing

(Musical Interlude)

I'm checking out the scenery  
from as high as I can be  
Come, let faith be your garden  
always changing, always still...  
still breathing  
Always still (always still), Always still (always still)  
Come, let faith be your garden  
always changing, always still, (always still)  
Come, let faith be your garden  
always changing, always still  
(Fade Out)