

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
no one 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)