

The Tea Party, Mantra

A thousand dreams within
Within me softly burn
They burn the savage soul
That twisted what it learned
I feel this life slipping by
I can feel this life slipping by

Desire is a state
A state of ill repair
It's ill prepared to cope
It's ill prepared to care
I feel this life slipping by
I can feel this life slipping by

Time and time life's left me only
Feeling sick and feeling scared
Now my love is strong
My love is strong
I'll go on and on and on and on
And on

Mercy is the cry of the soul that stirred

Beneath the creeping vine
A flower tries to change
It tries to satisfy
It's thirst without the rains
I feel this change coming on
I can feel this change coming on

Time and time life's left me only
Feeling sick and feeling scared
Now love is strong my love is strong
I'll go on and on and on and on
And on

Mercy is the cry of the soul that stirred
Mercy is the cry and it's never heard

Love is all we have
Love is all we need