Toad The Wet Sprocket, Little Heaven

opened my eyes
fire had come
not for the end of days
not for the faithless ones
not for vision understood
burns because it has to burn
change will happen whether we
are still or moving

breathe in waves of doubt
bitter in your mouth
you will exhale cinnamon clouds

when it is quiet and still
I can feel older here
change what i can and pray
that hope will not disappear

when we are not denying anything
nothing is an enemy
delicately balancing the perfect world

ride these waves of doubt
bitter in your mouth
you will exhale, cinnamon clouds
(ooh little heaven, little heaven)
(ooh little heaven, little heaven)

writhe in waves of doubt
touch me inside out
and I will exhale primal shout

(ooh little heaven, little heaven)
(ooh little heaven, little heaven)

I understand, the fire will come
(ooh little heaven, little heaven)
not for the strength of will
or passions of anyone
(ooh little heaven, little heaven)

I understand the fire will come
(ooh little heaven, little heaven)
not for the end of days
not for the faithless ones