

Wuthering Heights, Too Great Thy Gift

I'm freezing; I'm cold
I've fallen into this dark hole
Lights out; in darkness the fears unhold

Drown in waves of no meaning
Through the night I am screaming
Throw me a rope to hold

Empty is the crystal ball; still into emptiness I fall

If I could ride the clouds; if I could crush the hills
Would it mend what's growing chill
How shall I act not to be wasting time
Only a spark; a spark to swift
Too great thy gift

I know not what mighty powers
Granted me this life
But your crown's a heavy load

Lost in this pantomime
I could scream; but noone would hear me
If I could only believe

Empty is the crystal ball; still into emptiness I fall

If I could ride the clouds; if I could crush the hills
Would it mend what's growing chill
How shall I act not to be wasting time
Only a spark; a spark to swift
Too great thy gift

The madman's standing on the hill
Not hearing their laughs; to the sky he cries
You who gave me mind
I hail you, I curse you
Hear me cry

Give me an answer; how shall I know
Which way to go

Through the road's ahead; too doubtful its bending
Stalling 'til death in fear of its ending

Empty is the crystal ball; still into emptiness I fall

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Would it mend what's growing chill
How shall I act not to be wasting time
Only a spark; a spark to swift
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