

Mouth On Fire

Duncan Sheik

There the bones do sleep
And there the soul is soul
And there the Gods do weep
When the angels fall
But here the thoughts won't keep
And here the blood runs cold
And here the grave is deep
And the devil calls
Brought my heart to feed, but my mouth was fire
Brought the earth my seed, but it would not flower
Where the jeweled stream? Where the eased desire?
In some fool's dream? In the ending hour?
I brought my voice, just noise to poor old silence
A clanging toy, a clanging toy, empty strident
I brought my eyes, in utter ruin sightless
The tears I cried, the tears I cried still so frightened
Brought my heart to feed, but my mouth was fire
Brought the earth my seed, but it would not flower
Where the jeweled stream? Where the eased desire?
In some fool's dream? In the ending hour?
Where the silver streets? Where the blossoming?

Where sounds so sweet? Where songs of spring?
Where words for things? Where golden memories?
Where quiet seas? Where certainty?
Where all might cease
The talk, the want, the posturing?
Brought my heart to feed, but my mouth was fire
Brought the earth my seed, but it would not flower
Where the jeweled stream? Where the eased desire?
In some fool's dream? In the ending hour?
Where poetry?
Where mystic harmonies?
Where love that frees?
Where security?
Where sympathy?
Where tranquility?
Where rest in peace?
In the dream or in the fire?

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