

Acts of Man

Midlake

If all that grows starts to fade, starts to falter
Oh, let me inside, let me inside, not to wait
Let all that run through the fields, through the quiet
Go on with their, on with their own hidden ways
When all the newness of gold travels
Far from where it had once been
Born like the earth over years
And when the acts of man
Cause the ground to break open
Oh, let me inside, let me inside, not to wake
Great are the sounds of all that live
And all that man can hold
If all that grows starts to fade, starts to falter
Oh, let me inside, let me inside, not to wake

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