

Keeping the Wolves from the Door

White Magic

This is how it was meant to be
I was meant to go on hoping
Even though there's really no hope
In this land or on the sea
Becoming familiar with an illusion
Becoming familiar with lapses of joy
Illusion
Something is abiding
Something believes unceasing
In keeping the wolves from the door
I wonder when you're older
You'll find there was a disappearance
Disappearance of the meaning that you had, that you had, that you, oh
The very inner of my being
It is infinite trouble
You'll always be on the outside of it, of it, of it, oh
Oh, oh, oh
Something is abiding
Something believes unceasing
In keeping the wolves from the door
I wonder if you hear thunder like I do, like I do
If you know living like I do
Feels the same, if it is as sweet as
Something is abiding
Something believes unceasing
In keeping the wolves from the door

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