

# 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  
Great are the sounds of all that live  
And all that man can hold  
Great are the sounds of all that live, that live

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