Clarion

Guillemots

All the notebooks in the world
Can never hold the lives I hold
But I've gotta make them real
It's like covering a bird in solid steel
All of these thoughts that I conceal
Through silence
All the hearts in this red world
Can never hold the love I hold
But I'm throwing it away
It's like swimming in oceans made of clay
Swimming in circles 'round the bay
So blindly
Well, feed me out to the lions
My heart's a liar
Feed me out to the lions
Well, I make excuses pass the buck
I play the crowd but it's down to me not luck
When the lights are on
The dreaming clouds they're living in

They try to hide their master fear
But their tears they catch on fire
And as they drop they dance with my desire
Don't think a plane could get much higher
(Plane could get much higher)
Higher than I do
Just on imagination, just on hope
Just on the thought
That you will someday have a face
Give me a beat and real sound
Maybe some feet on this cold ground
To find you
Well, feed me out to the lions
If I say this one more time
Feed me out to the lions
I beg, I hope, I wish, I pray
But that's not gonna send me on my way
When the lights come on

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