

Heart of My Own

Basia Bulat

Under that burning ether that falls
Down on these walls
Burning my arms
I've been alone
When I sat by you
For every word I could undo
I've been uncrossed and I've been untrue
I've been the thorn
I've been the heart
But the heart of my own
Burn it down low
The light in your verse and the shadow between
The way that I was when I used to roam
If I go, what do I hold?
Oh, the maid or the mother I'll be
If only the loom and the thread would hold
It is work to be dancing out here
If tomorrow I'm mending the empty bones
There are roses that come without seeking
There are the ones that I have to sow
And your verses that I am repeating
The way that I was when I used to know
I wrote on these walls a simple charm
To keep the wolves at bay
Gave of my heart
The strength of my arms
To hold you close and safe
But I kept my eyes closed, I'll never know
Where the shadows are these days
I stood in the room of a house divided
Oh, and it washed away from me
It washed away from me, oh
And it washed away from me
It washed away to take my own
Burn it down low
The light in your verse and the shadow between
The way that I was when I used to know
If I go, what do I hold?
Oh, the maid or the mother I'll be

If only the loom and the thread were whole
It is work to be dancing out here
If tomorrow I'm mending the empty bones
There are roses that come without seeking
There are the ones I have to sow
In your verses that I am repeating
The way that I was when I used to know
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