

The Wilderness

Duncan Sheik

The word is told, now
Word is said
Word is old, now
And the stone is breadHeart is bone, now
The heart is flesh
The heart is known, now
And the no is yesAnd all we hold
Is only in the pastSong is cold, now
The song is spent
The song is sold, now
And the thought is rentBird is flown, now
The bird is fled
The bird is gone, now
And the wind is fedAnd all we hold
Is only in the past

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