Petrified Heart

Caedmon's Call

This old heart's been left
Out on my sleeve
And I have paid as it's been rent
Into piecesSeems everyone I've loved has
Taken a bit of my insides
I'm scattered as the woman whose body
Was torn for the twelve tribesWhen did my heart get so petrified?
When did it get so hard to feel?
When did my heart get so afraid to love?
When did it get so hard?And the easy-living Gnostic proud
Use their knowledge like a wrecking ball to tear me down
Flooding me with their fallacies
I can't walk on this water, I'm starting to drownWhen did my heart get so petrified?
When did it get so hard to feel?
When did my heart get so afraid to love?
When did it get so hard?
When did it get so hard?Strike this rock with your rod, I'll take the blows
Till your living water begins to flow
As it flowed from the Man of Sorrows' side
On that day when His body was torn for the twelve tribes
Was torn for the twelve tribesWhen did my heart get so petrified?
When did it get so hard to feel?
When did my heart get so afraid to love?
When did it get so hard?
When did it get so hard?

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