

# Manner and Means

## Caedmon's Call

Heart is a lonely thing to lose in the dead of the night  
The heart is a sad thing to lose in the throws of a fight  
The heart is a match to the fire  
And the embers of desire to keep it burning I am a shell of the manner and the means  
Mine is a story of nothing as it seems  
But when we've come this far  
Still we don't know who we are, does it keep burning? When it's over and you see it with your eyes  
Would you rather have the truth or a lie? I call for Angels to breathe holy on this rust  
I call the snakes to come out slowly from the brush  
I need a massive overhaul  
A revival to fall to keep it burning When it's over and you see it with your eyes  
Would you rather have the truth or a lie? When it's over and you see it with your eyes  
Would you rather have the truth or a lie? The heart is a costly thing to sell in the prime of the years  
My heart is thinly veiled in the usual fears  
The heart is the dream and the kiss  
That there could be more than this to keep it burning, burning To keep it burning, to keep it burning  
To keep it burning, to keep it burning

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