Little Heaven

Toad the Wet Sprocket

Opened my eyes
The fire had come
Not for the end of days
Not for the faithless onesNot for vision understood
Burns because it has to burn
Change'll happen whether we
Are still or movingBreathe in waves of doubt
Bitter in your mouth
But you will exhale
Cinnamon cloudsWhen it is quiet and still
I can feel older here
Change what I can and pray
The hope will not disappearWhen we are not denying anything
Nothing is an enemy
Delicately balancing
The perfect worldRide these waves of doubt
Bitter in your mouth
And you will exhale
Cinnamon cloudsLittle heaven, little heaven
Little heaven, little heavenRiding waves of doubt
Turns me inside out
And I will exhale
Primal shoutLittle heaven, little heaven
Little heaven, little heavenWell now I understand
The fire will come
Not for the strength of will
Or passion of anyoneI understand
The fire will come
Not for the end of days
Not for the faithless ones

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