Little Heaven

Toad The Wet Sprocket

Opened my eyes
The fire had come
Not for the end of days
Not for the faithless ones
Not for vision understood
Burns because it has to burn
Change'll happen whether we
Are still or moving
Breathe in waves of doubt
Bitter in your mouth
But you will exhale
Cinnamon clouds
When it is quiet and still
I can feel older here
Change what I can and pray
The hope will not disappear
When we are not denying anything
Nothing is an enemy
Delicately balancing
The perfect world
Ride these waves of doubt
Bitter in your mouth
And you will exhale
Cinnamon clouds
Little heaven, little heaven
Little heaven, little heaven
Riding waves of doubt
Turns me inside out
And I will exhale
Primal shout
Little heaven, little heaven
Little heaven, little heaven
Well now I understand
The fire will come
Not for the strength of will
Or passion of anyone
I understand
The fire will come
Not for the end of days

Not for the faithless ones

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