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 understoodBurns because it has to burn
Change will happen whether we
Are still or moving
Breathe in waves of doubtBitter in your mouth
You will exhale cinnamon clouds
When it is quiet and still
I can feel older here
Change what I can and prayThe hope will not disappear
When we are not denying anything
Nothing is an enemy
Delicately balancingThe perfect world
Ride these waves of doubt
Bitter in your mouth
You will exhale cinnamon cloudsLittle heaven
Riding waves of doubt
Turns me inside out
I will exhale primal shoutLittle heaven
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

Songwriters
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