

Blinded

[Tara MacLean](#)

There's a fire on the mountain
Path through the sea
You were blinded by the flames in me
There's a broken land I've seen it
Hail to swallowed love
I can feel my fingers sleeping
And maybe I don't know what love is
But it isn't this, no, it isn't this
There's a truth long forgotten
A trust long denied
And a child somewhere hungry and crying
And maybe I don't know what love is, oh
But it isn't this, no, it isn't this
And maybe I don't know what love is, oh
No, but it isn't this, no, it isn't this
There's a path through the mountain
Fire on the sea
You were blinded by flames in me

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