

## **Aeone**

# **"A Matter Of The Heart"**

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It's just this time of night  
When all the living  
When all my work is done...  
It's just this kind of day  
When all the hours fade  
And circle into one...

No healing voice  
No curve of skin  
To warm this empty place  
So I  
Sink down into the earth  
Down into the space...

There's something missing...

Come the morning  
Will I be myself again?  
As light is forming  
Will I see the image change?  
For the moment  
Here in the dark  
It all comes down  
To a simple matter of the heart...

There's just this time of life  
When all that's certain  
Is the company of one...  
There's just this kind of love  
That everybody needs  
But never seems to come...

Each living soul  
Seeks loving hands

To touch the hurt they've seen  
And I  
Can feel it in my bones  
And underneath my skin...

There's something missing...

Come the morning  
Will I be myself again?  
As light is forming  
Will I see the image change?  
For the moment  
Here in the dark  
It all comes down  
To a simple matter of the heart...

Come the morning  
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