

Ava Ineri

"Of Men And Angels"

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Staring down an empty page, he wrings his mind
And wishes that his thoughts would somehow find a
way

To fill this bare and lonely place that lies between
What he wants to say and what you need to hear

And so he knocks with determination
At the door of imagination
But it seems no one is home today
The words do not come
And the hunger for wisdom goes on

If only he could speak with the tongues of men and
angels
Reveal any mystery of heaven and earth
And if with a word to the mountains he could rearrange
them
Without love, could you tell me
What would it all be worth?

How do I pretend to send what is deep within
To the surface of my soul and spilling of my lips
My friend, all that I have been
Isn't meant to win you over
'Cause if love can be heard
I don't even need these words

And I cannot speak with the tongues of men or angels
Reveal any mystery of heaven or earth
And if with a word to the mountains I could rearrange
them
Without love, could you tell me
What would it all be worth?

Stapper!
(Bass solo)

It would be nothing
Nothing but lines on a page
Nothing but an endless strain meant to entertain
Am I trying in vain?

Is this all empty gain?

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