

Duncan James

"The Wilderness"

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The word is told, now.
The word is said.
The word is old, now.
And the stone is bread.

The heart is bone, now.
The heart is flesh.
The heart is known, now.
And the no is yes.

And all we hold
Is only in the past...

The song is cold, now.
The song is spent.
The song is sold, now.
And the thought is rent.

The bird is flown, now.
The bird is fled.
The bird is gone, now.
And the wind is fed.

And all we hold
Is only in the past...

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