

Freur**"Matters Of The Heart"**

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Dance. Reflections on a pool
The dancing of a fool
The shining of his art
And.

Dance. The beating of a drum
When four hearts beat as one
The rising of the sun

These doors have all been open right from the start
In matters of the heart

Dance. Clowns in the street
The city is asleep
And no-one hears the beat
And.

Dance. The clowns's turning red
And heroes take a day
These eyes are painted red.

These eyes were blind and empty right from the start
In matters of the heart

Dance. Why are all these faces turning away
Dance. Hear what this body's longing to say
In Matters of the Heart

Dance. Reflections on a pool.
Revisions of a fool
The shining of his art
And.

Dance. The beating of a drum
A million hearts as one
The rising of the sun

These doors have all been open right from the start
In matters of the heart

Dance. Why are all these faces turning away
Dance. Hear what this body's longing to say
In matters of the heart
In matters of the heart

In matters of the heart

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