

Caedmons Call "Manner and Means"

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Heart is a lonely thing to lose in the dead of the night
The heart is a sad thing to lose in the throws of a fight
The heart is a match to the fire
And the embers of desire to keep it burning

I am a shell of the manner and the means
Mine is a story of nothing as it seems
But when we've come this far
Still we don't know who we are, does it keep burning?

When it's over and you see it with your eyes
Would you rather have the truth or a lie?

I call for Angels to breathe holy on this rust
I call the snakes to come out slowly from the brush
I need a massive overhaul
A revival to fall to keep it burning

When it's over and you see it with your eyes
Would you rather have the truth or a lie?

When it's over and you see it with your eyes
Would you rather have the truth or a lie?

The heart is a costly thing to sell in the prime of the
years
My heart is thinly veiled in the usual fears
The heart is the dream and the kiss
That there could be more than this to keep it burning,
burning

To keep it burning, to keep it burning
To keep it burning, to keep it burning

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