

## Transatlantic "In Held (Twas) In I"

Visit "[In Held \(Twas\) In I](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Glimpses of Nirvana]

In the darkness of the night, only occasionally relieved  
by glimpses of  
Nirvana as seen through other people's windows,  
wallowing in a morass of  
self-despair made only more painful by the knowledge  
that all I am is of my  
own making ...

When everything around me, even the kitchen ceiling,  
has collapsed and  
crumbled without warning. And I am left, standing alive  
and well, looking up  
and wondering why and wherefore.

At a time like this, which exists maybe only for me, but  
is nonetheless  
real, if I can communicate, and in the telling and the  
bearing of my soul  
anything is gained, even though the words which I use  
are pretentious and  
make you cringe with embarrassment, let me remind  
you of the pilgrim who  
asked for an audience with the Dalai Lama.

He was told he must first spend five years in  
contemplation. After the  
five years, he was ushered into the Dalai Lama's  
presence, who said, 'Well,  
my son, what do you wish to know?' So the pilgrim said,  
'I wish to know the  
meaning of life, father.'

And the Dalai Lama smiled and said, 'Well my son, life  
is like a  
beanstalk, isn't it?'

Held close by that which some despise  
which some call fake, and others lies  
And somewhat small  
for one so tall

a doubting Thomas who would be?  
It's written plain for all to see  
for one who I am with no more  
it's hard at times, it's awful raw

They say that Jesus healed the sick and helped the  
poor  
and those unsure  
believed his eyes  
- a strange disguise  
Still write it down, it might be read  
nothing's better left unsaid  
only sometimes, still no doubt  
it's hard to see, it all works out

[In the Autumn of My Madness]

In the autumn of my madness when my hair is turning  
grey  
for the milk has finally curdled and I've nothing left to  
say  
When all my thoughts are spoken (save my last  
departing birds)  
bring all my friends unto me and I'll strangle them with  
words  
In the autumn of my madness which in coming won't be  
long  
for the nights are now much darker and the daylight's  
not so strong  
and the things which I believed in are no longer quite  
enough  
for the knowing is much harder and the going's getting  
rough

[Look to Your Soul]

I know if I'd been wiser this would never have occurred  
but I wallowed in my blindness so it's plain that I  
deserve  
for the sin of self-indulgence when the truth was writ  
quite clear  
I must spend my life amongst the dead who spend  
their lives in fear  
of a death that they're not sure of, of a life they can't  
control  
It's all so simple really if you just look to your soul  
Some say that I'm a wise man, some think that I'm a  
fool  
It doesn't matter either way: I'll be a wise man's fool  
For the lesson lies in learning and by teaching I'll be  
taught

for there's nothing hidden anywhere, it's all there to be  
sought  
And so if you know anything look closely at the time  
at others who remain untrue and don't commit that  
crime

[Grand Finale (instrumental)]

Visit [Transatlantic](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.