

Aaron Thompson

"Den Of Wolves"

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For your kind of touch
There's a hand that's felt too much
For your kind of touch
There's a hand that can't feel

For your kind of truth
There's a mouth that lies for you
For your kind of truth
There's a mouth that lies

I caught a glimpse of your heart
And it weeps in the dark
In the den of the wolves
In a bed made of fire

In your greedy eyes
There's a sea of hungry flies
In your greedy eyes
There's a red moon on the rise

For your kind of love
There's four hundred words
And I've seen them all
And not one of them is love

In your broken bed
There's a hundred lonely heads

I caught a glimpse of your heart
And it weeps in the dark
In the den of the wolves
In a bed made of fire.

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