

Colosseum Ii

"Winds"

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(Gary Moore/Jon Hiseman)

There's none to call the wind a liar.
Save those whose limbs can flow as fast.
Can creep up on unwatchful truth,
And pluck her sleeves, distract her eyes.
And leave in place the fitting image,
Burnished bright with the rub of easy belief.

The deafest ears hear falsehood's bell
A-tolling in the Belfry.
The loudest tongue is his
Whose ear is untuned to what's likely.
And thus the knowing spark
Is fanned into the mindless flame,
Denouncing all across its path.
It blots all trace of blame.

Only the blind man touches a hand
And feels a heart afire.
Only the blind man sees so well,
He can call the wind a liar, liar, liar, liar.
Behold the boomerang
Returns riding before the wind.
History written afresh
As the beginning becomes the end, end, end, end.

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And feels the heart afire.
Only the blind man sees so well,
He can call the wind a liar, liar, liar, liar.
Behold the boomerang
Returns riding before the wind.
History written afresh
As the beginning becomes the,
Beginning becomes the end.

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