

Call Caedmon's "Petrified Heart"

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This old heart's been left
Upon on my sleeve
And I have paid as it's been rent
Into pieces

Seems everyone I've loved has
Taken a bit of my insides
I'm scattered as the woman whose body
Was torn for the twelve tribes

When did my heart get so petrified
When did it get so hard to feel
When did my heart get so afraid to love
When did it get so hard

And the easy-living Gnostic proud
Use their knowledge
Like a wreking ball to tear me down
Flooding me with their fallacies
I can't walk on this water
I'm starting to drown

Strike this rock with your rod
I'll take the blows
Till Your living water begins to flow
As it flowed from the Man of Sorrows' side
On that day when His body
Was torn for the twelve tribes

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