

Ciara Sidine

"Hollow The Breeze"

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The dark hour came too soon
Sounded in the hollow of a heart-worn room
And hard blows the breeze left behind
You had grace to speak in truth
Knowing no amount of words would the past-won
deeds undo
And hollow's the talk that you'd find

And hollow the breeze, hollow the breeze, blowing
through my mind.

We have, we want, we have, we take, we gain
Desire is all-consuming
Oh, till there's nowhere to hide
The fortune few
The grace of angels streamed from you
Streamed from you

And hard blows the breeze, hard blows the breeze,
through these times
And hollow the breeze blowing through my mind
[repeat]

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