The Explosion "Of Men And Angels"

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Staring down an empty page, he wrings his mind And wishes that his thoughts would somehow find a way

To fill this bare and lonely place that lies between What he wants to say and what you need to hear

And so he knocks with determination At the door of imagination But it seems no one is home today The words do not come And the hunger for wisdom goes on

If only he could speak with the tongues of men and angels

Reveal any mystery of heaven and earth And if with a word to the mountains he could rearrange them

Without love, could you tell me What would it all be worth?

How do I pretend to send what is deep within
To the surface of my soul and spilling of my lips
My friend, all that I have been
Isn't meant to win you over
'Cause if love can be heard
I don't even need these words

And I cannot speak with the tongues of men or angels Reveal any mystery of heaven or earth
And if with a word to the mountains I could rearrange them
Without love, could you tell me
What would it all be worth?

Stapper! (Bass solo)

It would be nothing Nothing but lines on a page Nothing but an endless strain meant to entertain Am I trying in vain?

Is this all empty gain?

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