

Thrice "Moving Mountains"

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I speak in many tongues of many men
Argue with angels and I always win
But I don't know the first thing about love

I prophesize and know all mysteries
All hidden things are opened up to me
But I don't know the first thing about love
I don't know the first thing about love

I have the keys to open any door
Give all my possessions to the poor
But I don't know the first thing about love

And moving mountains ain't nothing to me
Have faith enough to cast them to the sea
But I don't know the first thing about love
I don't know the first thing about love

But all other things shall fade away
But love stands alone and still holds sway
All other things shall fade away
Into the ground, into the grave

I give my body up into the flames
And never once have I denied your name
But I don't know the first thing about love
I don't know the first thing about love
I don't know the first thing about love

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