

Nixons

"Sacred Heart"

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A place without a name
A heart that's wrapped in chains
I hear a broken cry
There's nothing here but what's in your mind
And down a dark road through an open gate
That seemed to move alone
Myth or truth is so hard to say
Still it chills my heart
Sacred heart

Snow yields to rain
And somehow I never felt us change
I'm running for the son
A quiet home above

Down a pathway through an open gate
That seemed to move alone
There the truth is so hard to say
Still it chills my heart
I couldn't tell you everything
There's something I should keep for my own
I couldn't tell you everything
Got secrets that you wouldn't want to know

A place without a name
A heart that's wrapped in fairytale chains
I'm running for the son
A quiet home above
Sacred heart

Do not be afraid of
It's only dark
I'm freezing
From the heart
Sacred Heart

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