

# Mouth On Fire

Duncan Sheik

There the bones do sleep  
And there the soul is soul  
And there the Gods do weep  
When the angels fall

But here the thoughts won't keep  
And here the blood runs cold  
And here the grave is deep  
And the devil calls

Brought my heart to feed, but my mouth was fire  
Brought the earth my seed, but it would not flower  
Where the jeweled stream? Where the eased desire?  
In some fool's dream? In the ending hour?

I brought my voice, just noise to poor old silence  
A clanging toy, a clanging toy, empty strident  
I brought my eyes, in utter ruin sightless  
The tears I cried, the tears I cried still so frightened

Brought my heart to feed, but my mouth was fire  
Brought the earth my seed, but it would not flower  
Where the jeweled stream? Where the eased desire?  
In some fool's dream? In the ending hour?

Where the silver streets? Where the blossoming?  
Where sounds so sweet? Where songs of spring?  
Where words for things? Where golden memories?  
Where quiet seas? Where certainty?

Where all might cease  
The talk, the want, the posturing?

Brought my heart to feed, but my mouth was fire  
Brought the earth my seed, but it would not flower  
Where the jeweled stream? Where the eased desire?  
In some fool's dream? In the ending hour?

Where poetry?  
Where mystic harmonies?  
Where love that frees?  
Where security?

Where sympathy?  
Where tranquility?  
Where rest in peace?  
In the dream or in the fire?

Mouth on fire  
Mouth on fire