

# Beneath The Heart Of Darkness

Ed Harcourt

Beneath the heart of darkness  
Lies an old machine that's dying  
Spluttering like an army of artillery sporadically firing  
The roots of the house are cracking, caving in  
There's no way out, it's trapped in

Beneath the heart of darkness  
Lies an old machine that's reeling  
Forgotten dust and sunlight  
Silent and removed from feeling  
The peace in my mind is drowning, fading down  
There's nothing left burning, it's all out

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Lies an old machine that's...

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