

# Hunger For The Flesh

Howard Jones

Spare a thought for the souls  
Who cannot leave this earth  
The attachments bind so tightly, not a chance  
Not a chance of a new birth

The river gently beckons  
But the answer is no  
Gripping their illusions  
They cannot let them go

Hunger for the flesh  
Leads them to a weaker heart  
Mortals who imprisoned themselves  
Let them have a new start

Wishing to hold onto life and all it's games  
Singing their lament song  
Holding back the change

They came here for to dance  
To learn and not to cling  
Holding onto life  
As if it were the important thing

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Hunger for security  
Caught up in the mesh  
Caught up for eternity

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