

# Black Burning Heart

Keane

I wish that I could be  
In the cellars of the sea  
And disappear in them  
Never to be seen again

Leave this life  
Its unrelenting appetite  
For feeding off the weak  
Who never had their turn to speak

The sky will be my shroud  
A monument of cloud

If we could turn back  
You can paper over the crack  
But it will return now  
And your heart will burn black

Give me your hand  
Cut the skin, let me in  
The molecules of us  
Bleeding into one again

The sky will be my shroud  
A cenotaph of cloud

If we could turn back  
You can paper over the crack  
But it will return now  
And your heart will burn black

Forgotten my way home  
Forgotten everything that I know  
Every day a false start  
And it burns my heart

I know everything you said was right and I suppose  
Everything is here forever till it goes  
You gave it all away, kept nothing for yourself  
Just a picture on the shelf

Je souhaiterais m'immerger dans les profondeurs des mers  
Y disparaître pour ne plus jamais être vu

Burning up  
Now I'm racing down a road I don't recognise  
I realise I've forgotten my way home  
Forgotten everything that I know  
Every day a false start  
And it burns my heart  
Turn back