

The Little Things

Madder Mortem

Like a rolling tide
Like a gentle slide nears the point where you and I converge
I won't have you say that my wilful ways is a vast new land just now emerging

You know what I am

I'm the fire you thought you'd lost
I'm that breathless touch of frost
The one spell that will endure
The cancer and now the cure

And you seem to find a pleasant peace of mind in the fact that I'd take on the world for you
Does it strike you then, when you withdraw again, that it might be worth your while to see it through?

Make a leap of faith
Trust the riddles and the signs
Cross that cold, forbidding line
Find the trail between the words and chase down what you have stirred

'Cause I know you feel it change
From a whisper to a storm
From a keyhole to a door
From a flow of honeyed brine
to your tremors locked in mine

I was never moved by serenades beneath my window, but by your gentle touch on my spirit and on me

I am!
I am spirit, I am clay
I am growth and I'm decay
I'm a saint ablaze with sin and I end where I begin

And I will not be defined by another's set of rules; by a Reason void of Truth
My own path is mine to choose, but my heart is all for you

It's the little things, like this need to sing
Like the way your voice resounds in me
Like the way you resound in me