

# Hearts Are Free

Michael Kiske

I'll be gone when the air gets rough  
I can't breathe enough  
I'll be gone before all passion is burned  
Have you heard about how much it takes  
When your heart just breaks  
Under all that's not a lift on your turn?

I'd be the last one who leaves  
A ship on its trip to these  
Fulfilling islands that pleases  
But it's going under  
Give me a reason sail  
On with those winds that just fail  
To feed us true after all  
I know your reason's small

Hearts are free to wander  
Or go all under  
Souls can fly to the sun  
And burn or conquer  
Worlds of freedom and beauty  
That makes you wonder  
Ah, ah!

I'm still here 'cause your heart is true  
I see more in you  
And I dare to trust in all that you are  
Is it really the pain that eats  
All your swing that needs  
A good shot of god we assume always far

You'll be the last one to know:  
Impossibilities grow  
And in the end it will show  
How much you really want it  
Hand me your ladder to the sky  
I hold it until we fly  
And when it starts to get cold  
We keep the best of all

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