

Acts Of Man

Midlake

If all that grows starts to fade, starts to falter
Oh, let me inside, let me inside, not to wait
Let all that run through the fields through the quiet,
Go on with their own, on with their own hidden ways

When all the newness of gold travels far from
Where it had once been born like the earth over years
And when the acts of man cause the ground to break open
Oh, let me inside, let me inside, not to wait

Great are the sounds of all that live
And all that man can hold

If all that grows starts to fade, starts to falter
Oh, let me inside, let me inside, not to wait

Great are the sounds of all that live
And all that man can hold

Great are the sounds of all that live