

Enya

The Age Of Electric

Enya, In your language is there a word for anger
Or is it in your temple where you hide?
Enya, In your temple you flowers bloom like fire
But now your colours faded and you're cold
Hide in your inner circle, Strength ain't muscle
Whatever makes it better, Hold onto your pride
In time your faith will wither, f**ked up and gone
Hurt won't live forever
Enya, In your garden all of your angels gather
Taking you into hiding, Under their wings
Enya, In your saviour can you find hope for future
Where all fears and angers won't cloud your way
Enya, In your shelter, Is there a fire for comfort
Burning your inhibitions away