

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