

## Tip Of My Tongue

The Choir

There's an oasis in the heat of the day  
There's a fire in the chill of the night  
A turnabout in circumstance  
Makes each a hell in its own right

I've been boxed-in in the lowlands, in the canyons that think  
I've been pushed to the brink of the precipice and dared not to  
blink  
I've been confounded in the whirlwind of what-ifs and dreams  
I've been burned by the turning of the wind back upon my own flames

Knock the scales from my eyes  
Knock the words from my lungs  
I want to cry out  
It's on the tip of my tongue

Well, I've seen through the walls of this kingdom of dust  
Felt the crucial revelation  
But the broad streets of the heart and the day-to-day meet  
At a blind intersection

I don't want to be lonely, I don't want to feel pain  
I don't want to draw straws with the sons of Cain  
You can take it as a prayer if you'll remember my name  
You can take it as the penance of a profane saint

Knock the scales from my eyes  
Knock the words from my lungs  
I want to cry out  
It's on the tip of my tongue

There's an oasis in the heat of the day  
There's fire in the chill of the night  
And when I know them both, I'll know your love -  
I will feel it in the twilight

Oh, as circumstance comes crashing through my walls like a train  
Or like a chorus from the mountains of the ocean floor  
Like the wind-burst of birdwings taking flight in a hard rain  
Or like a mad dog on the far side of Dante's Door

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Knock the words from my lungs  
I want to cry out  
It's on the tip of my tongue