

Wild Heart

Wolves At The Gate

Knee deep in the swelling seas without a thought
Or realization of my dying need,
I cannot keep out this grim disease
For it has plagued and overtaken all,
All our dying breed.

Waist deep in the ocean's sleep
Without a thought or realization of my dying need,
(I cannot) can't keep what I didn't reap
For I see justice coming swiftly for,
For every thought and deed.

None had taught.
Such wickedness from the start.
In deed, in thought, my heart was tearing apart.
In vain I fought.
Hoping this pain would depart.
Still no one could tame this wild heart.

Lawless and reckless, my will and my art.