

Tears

Wuthering Heights

Grimly I recall a child who greeted life with open arms
But this child had to become a man
His own crops to sow
And 'neath the shade of sanity
Their bitter taste would grow

With false pretence were written
The articles I signed
Once aboard, to nothing came
All that I designed

If this bitter taste of anger could be washed away
Maybe I could trust the promise
Of another day
If only I could...

Cry, cry
Salty tears on dusty ground
Inner screams that make no sound won't echo
Wish that I could cry, cry
Fertile tears on barren soil
No longer trying to recoil
But rather learning to enjoy
Life as it be
Tears of anger make a man of me

I long for a time ere the mysteries were solved
As the blanks on the map were filled
The blanks in our hearts were growing
Now that all roads lead back here
There's no point in going

I want to master more
Than just staying afloat
I long to write a tale that differs
From what others wrote

If this sense of longing could be washed away
Maybe I would meet the challenge
Of another day
If only I could...

Cry, cry
Salty tears on dusty ground
Inner screams that make no sound won't echo
Wish that I could cry, cry
Fertile tears on barren soil
No longer trying to recoil
But rather learning to enjoy
Life as it be
Tears of longing make a man of me

There's no way to cut the Gordian Knot
Of past webs entangled
The cry inside you try to fight
So free breath is strangled
We might only have our berth onboard this vessel once,

no more
Would that I could cut the ropes and finally leave the
shore

Seems to me that we must walk the plank with open eyes
And not for shattered hearts of men
Do the seagulls cry...

Cry, cry
Salty tears on dusty ground
Inner screams that make no sound won't echo
Wish that I could cry, cry
Fertile tears on barren soil
No longer trying to recoil
But rather learning to enjoy
Life as it be
Tears of sorrow make a man of me