Heaven Is Empty

Aldous Harding

Heaven is empty, nobody's there
I brought my camera, it stayed in its bag
People ask me all the time what I want
The answer is one, Heaven is empty

Unconditional love, a crane at the top of the lake
I'll hang like Jesus, on my pulling bed
Heaven is empty

If a big cold bird tried to bring me a baby
I feel I would get on his back, kissing his neck
Breathe in and out, kissing the doubt
And whisper softly, I don't want entry
That place is empty

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