

Chamber

Amber Run

It's the leaves in autumn,
And the bird in flight,
It's the world you're seeing in the dead of the night,
It's north on your compass,
And the wind in your sails,
Or the forward movement when all else fails.

Oh it's the empty chamber of a loaded gun,
It's the finish line of a race half run,
Oh it's the breath to a candle who's flame won't burn,
And if it's all of these things,
Why wouldn't you want it,
That much,
At all.

(Chamber)

It's the snow in winter,
And the lion's roar,
Or the moves you're making when you're hungry for more,
Oh it's the smell of your best friend and the time it takes,

To know for sure if your heart can break.

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(Chamber) (Chamber)

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