

This Heart

Bishop Allen

Should I go and console the wise men?
See what the wise men have to say?
They council patience in their wisdom
But would I rather be wise than brave, anyway?

Should I go and console the ocean?
See why the ocean looks gray?
I'm throwing pebble after pebble in
But I can't seem to make any waves

And he whose face does not shine bright
Shall never be a star
And if you find you are
Trying to close your eyes
You've got to keep them wide
To see this world anew
Because nobody else is ever gonna do it for you

And though our strength may not move heaven
That which we are, we are
Free spirits passing through the sunshine
Just to follow in some old sinking star

And time and fate may make us weaker
But always will be strong in will
To set and drift our ships at midnight
To strive, to seek, to find and not to use

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