

Bells Aloud

Castanets

There is no sweetness to send
There is no trusting friend to fail
There is no way to defend what we do
To ourselves, me and you
Don't it get difficult

There is a sea collapsed
It's splitters surround
There is a worn trap of time
And aren't we restless

There is the weather inside us
In motion lightening
Over air over she
Don't it get dark outside

You better hold me
You better hold me only, better hold me
But there's no way of knowing
There's no way to tell
And aren't we deep and dangerous wells

There is no true work to be done
There is no sure and simple fun
That we don't pay we have not been given here
And we cannot earn, we were not taught
One thing that we could learn

Out sounding bells are loud
For the sake of something's ring
Out gathering and grabbing
For the sake of giving things

And we could have taken any of these roads
But who knows 'bout this one we chose?
And who knows, friend, how far it goes?

And you better hold me closely
Better know me truly
How this could pass right through me
And back into that bleed
We better know just what we need