

# The Arc

David Gray

The arc of sound  
It's the prism of the human heart  
Unspoiled, they're yearning

My feet are on that circular path  
And I'm returning  
Yeah, I'm returning, I'm back to the place  
I've never been

Eyes like two headlights in the fog  
The slate wiped clean

Like a beast, it sounds  
Through the chasm of the beaten heart  
And now I'm burning  
Like greenwood upon the fire

In my returning  
Heading out upon this coast of a road  
Beyond the reach of desire  
Desire, desire  
Desire, desire  
Desire, desire

Birth pains of the new moon  
I hope this spell don't break too soon  
Last bones are the old new  
Well I hope that I don't wake too soon

Dreams scrolling back through the years  
Laid out like rings on a tree  
Feed a feeling for the path  
The circle turning me

Returning me back to the place  
I'll never be

The arc of sound  
It's the prism of the human heart  
Year-round, it splits  
And I see you standing there inside of its  
Dark, bright rainbow  
Yeah, you're standing there inside of its  
Dark, bright rainbow  
Dark, bright rainbow  
Dark, bright rainbow

Feed a feeling for the path  
The slate wiped clean

One moment wintery and gray  
Next moment bountiful and green  
One moment wintery and gray  
Next moment bountiful and green  
One moment wintery and gray  
Next moment bountiful and green  
Wintery and gray

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