

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 wintry and gray
Next moment bountiful and green
One moment wintry and gray
Next moment bountiful and green
One moment wintry and gray
Next moment bountiful and green
Wintry and gray

Bountiful and green
Wintery and gray
Bountiful and green
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Bountiful and green